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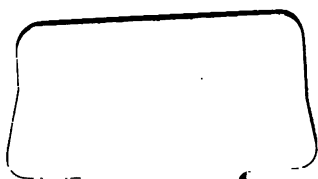
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FATH SERIES.

The Guiding Hand.



THE
GUIDING HAND:

OR

PROVIDENTIAL DIRECTION

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUTHENTIC INSTANCES,

RECORDED AND COLLECTED

BY H. L. HASTINGS.



LONDON:
HAUGHTON & CO., 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1882.

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141. j. 513.

Pardon and Sons, Printers, Paternoster Row, London.

PREFACE.

One fact is worth two arguments ; and the incidents recorded in this volume are offered as facts. It is true that some of them are given anonymously, having been gathered up during years of desultory reading, from sources so varied that it has been sometimes impossible to authenticate or ascertain the authorship of a particular account ; but a very considerable portion of the instances here recorded have occurred within the experience and observation of the writer, or that of his own personal friends and acquaintances. Others are given upon the most trustworthy authority, hence, many of these accounts are *known* to be true, and all are believed to be worthy of credence.

Called, in the providence of God, to the establishment and direction of a religious periodical, the writer determined, while rigidly excluding the pious fictions and lying wonders that defile the denominational literature of the age, to make the recital of authentic instances of God's gracious dealings with his children, a leading point of interest in its columns. Accordingly from January, 1866, each number of *THE CHRISTIAN* issued, has carried to the tens of thousands of its readers, accounts of answers to prayer, instances of providential direction, and tokens of the constant and gracious leading of God's Guiding Hand.

Many of these accounts, thus given to the public, have been copied into other journals, reprinted in tracts and widely scattered, and inserted in books by various compilers. They are now collected and arranged for publication in a series of volumes entitled, "The Guiding Hand," "Tales of Trust," "Ebenezers, or Records of Prevailing Prayer," etc. ; the labor of classifying and arranging them having been kindly undertaken by my fellow-worker, Wolcott F. Smith, without whose aid their issue must have been deferred till a more convenient season.

The first of these books is here presented, with the confident assurance that it will minister strength to trusting hearts, and prove a help and comfort to tossed and troubled souls.

We do not offer these incidents because we think it a new, or strange, or wonderful thing that God should manifest his care for his people, or guide the footsteps of his little flock; but we simply follow the example of one who said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Psalm lxi. 16.

If there are those who regard these accounts as too marvelous for belief, they are referred to the Holy Scriptures for other instances, many of which are far more astonishing than those here narrated. If, on the other hand, they doubt those wonders wrought of God in the far off ages, as recorded in his word, we lay before them these accounts, as instances of events continually occurring, through the wonder-working power of the ever living and ever loving God.

The literature of ancient Israel was full of the records of the mighty deeds of Him who wrought wonders in the land of Egypt, who divided the sea by his strength, and who went before his chosen ones, giving them manna from on high, and water from the smitten rock, defending and delivering them, and providing for all their wants.

"For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should *make them known* to their children; that the *generation to come might know them*, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children; that they might *set their hope in God*, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments." Ps. lxxviii. 5-7.

In like manner, it is meet that we make mention of the mercies of the Lord to us, that our children may learn to trust him, and in an age of doubt and unbelief, submit themselves to the guidance of the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

That this and the other volumes of the "FAITH SERIES" may be blessed to the profit of the sons of men, and lead them to "set their hope in God, and not forget his works," is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

SCRIPTURAL TRACT REPOSITORY,
Office of THE CHRISTIAN, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.,
August, 1881.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
INTRODUCTION	7

PART I.

RELIEF AND DELIVERANCE	15
----------------------------------	----

PART II.

DREAMS AND IMPRESSIONS	139
----------------------------------	-----

PART III.

CONVERSIONS	285
-----------------------	-----

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Blessed Mistake*.....	344	Senator Linn's Rescue.....	154
A Blessed Psalm*.....	60	Song in the Night.....	233
Account of Mr. Studly.....	121	Take Care of Him.....	207
A Child's Text.....	361	Tennent's Deliverance.....	141
A College and its President*.....	332	The Awakened Student*.....	264
A Fearful Ride*.....	202	The Bill and the Butterfly.....	69
A Hymn in a Tavern*.....	305	The Bullet in the Bible.....	98
A Life Saved Through a Tract.....	94	The Burning Parsonage.....	237
A Memory of Wyoming.....	163	The Captive's Release.....	130
Ann Young's Text.....	34	The Circle of Fire.....	171
A Pastor's Story*.....	41	The Czar and the Psalm*.....	287
A Poor Cottager.....	271	The Drowning Lady.....	257
A Providential Visit.....	70	The Dyke-man's Deliverance*.....	158
A Rabbit Chase.....	345	The Engineer's Premonition.....	229
Are Tracts Wasted?.....	137	The Explosion*.....	259
A Sleep—and What Came of it*.....	320	The Falling Chimney.....	52
A Star in the Crown.....	381	The First Awakened.....	324
A Starving Widow Fed.....	129	The First load of Wood.....	82
A Strange Opening.....	339	The Flying Engine*.....	272
A Stray Bible.....	348	The Frightened Robbers.....	351
A Stream in the Desert.....	293	The Gold-digging Rat.....	111
A Suicide Prevented.....	306	The Heaven-built Wall.....	132
A Timely Alarm*.....	115	The Imperiled Child.....	251
A Timely Visit.....	63	The Infidel and the Pirates.....	369
A Word in Season.....	376	The Lady and the Robber*.....	26
Begging Bread.....	198	The Light-colored Coat*.....	298
Brands Plucked from the Fire.....	328	The Little Anchor*.....	47
Bread upon the Waters.....	352	The Lock of Hair.....	104
Captain Britwell's Dream.....	195	The Lord's Leading.....	138
Captain Fanning's Deliverance.....	280	The Lost Book and Saved Sinner.....	364
Captain Harris.....	245	The Lost Deeds.....	136
Collins and the Funeral.....	341	The Mastodon's Bones*.....	81
Conversion of Count Gasparin.....	346	The Minister and the Sick Girl*.....	360
Crossing the Lake.....	92	The Mohammedan Book-binder.....	349
Captain Yonnt's Dream.....	209	The Mysterious Unkindness.....	356
Deliverances*.....	17	The Old Flint-lock.....	84
Deliverance from Despair.....	214	The Packed Trunk.....	278
Deliverance of James Melkle.....	87	The Pertinent Text.....	314
Divine Retribution.....	185	The Prisoner of Glatz.....	66
Dr. Bond's Vision.....	165	The Railway Interview.....	303
Elizabeth Walker and the Judge.....	99	The Reprieve.....	231
Father Harding's Convert*.....	372	The Rescue.....	107
Fleming's Prophetic Warning*.....	177	The Saved Railway Train*.....	239
Gobat and the Hyenas.....	113	The Scattered Tracts.....	308
"Go to Rotterdam".....	247	The Shipwrecked Crew.....	213
"Go to the Post Office".....	244	The Skeptic and the Bird's Nest.....	326
Guidance in Giving*.....	266	The Speechless Ones*.....	224
Help in Distress*.....	277	The Suicide and her Bible.....	378
Howe and the Magistrate.....	336	The Suicide Saved.....	120
Juxta Crucein.....	382	The Timely Ebb tide.....	117
Liberty for a Captive.....	366	The Torn Hymn.....	362
Money from a Miser.....	66	The Tract and the Oyster.....	377
Prayer for a Candle.....	174	The Wayside Bethel*.....	315
Praying and Dueling.....	109	The Wedding Robe.....	152
Pray over them.....	313	The Wet Grist*.....	71
Presentiments.....	187	The Widow's Prayer Answered*.....	235
Preserved by a Raven.....	106	The Widow's Wood*.....	248
Providences in Bible Translation*.....	118	The Young Deliverer.....	74
Providence Above Law.....	241	Thomas Hownham.....	191
Providence and Law.....	134	Thomas Williams' Escape.....	56
Provisional Illness.....	33	Treasures Hid in the Sand*.....	90
Provision for Caleb.....	219	Wesley and his Persecutors.....	161
Richard Boardman's Deliverance.....	185	What a Fly Did.....	379
Saved from a Robber by Rain.....	80	Who Rung that Bell?.....	96

The articles designated by a star (*) were written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

There are no arguments like facts; and God's providences are facts. Ten thousand voices from the past proclaim them to the world, and ten thousand voices from the living present echo and indorse the proclamation. And this evidence is cumulative. If every trace and record of God's providences up to this day were instantly blotted out and forgotten, new facts would be developed to-morrow, and living men and women would at once arise and testify to fresh experiences of the gracious guidance of the unseen hand of God.

There are persons who see nothing of the kind,—so there are men who hunt, and fish, and starve, for generations, seeing nothing but poverty and want around them, until some stranger comes and finds gold and silver and iron and gems beneath their feet; drops seeds into the earth, and makes the desert smile; and skirts the arrowy water-course with shops and mills, where streams that have been idle for ages, are taught to do the work of tens of thousands of men.

Shall the red savage, who has hunted over the

region for years, and seen nothing, and found nothing, but minks and muskrats, set up his ignorance and blindness against the higher wisdom of the stranger, who, with a single glance, saw mines and mills, fields and fruits, as with an anointed eye, and knew that they were all sure to come? Then let the worldling, buried in his vain pursuits, set his ignorance against the experience of those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and proved that his promises are true.

But the men who utterly deny God's providences are very few. Let the subject come up in a spirit of inquiry in almost any company, and instantly some one or more will have their story to tell, of some wonderful fact which they have witnessed, experienced, or received from unquestionable authority, illustrating the general subject of supernatural direction, and providential care. And he who will note and gather up such scattered incidents, whether related by those around him, or recorded in the writings of the candid and devout in all ages, will find a mine of precious facts which he can neither exhaust nor explore. And he who will seek in patience and in prayer to know and do the will of God, will most likely soon find for himself facts in his own experience which will set his own mind forever at rest.

It is objected by some that the accounts given of providential interposition are too marvelous to be believed; that they must be mere fiction, the product of imaginative minds and the beguilement of idle

hours. But if we reject modern accounts of God's providences, what shall we do with the more ancient records? No book is so crowded with such matter as the book of God. Shall we reject the accounts of more recent experiences because they faintly resemble in their character the records which inspiration has preserved? It is true that the Scriptures warn us against the deceptions of Satanic craft, and the "lying wonders" wrought by his aid and direction. But does not this warning imply that there are *true* wonders, and that we are to distinguish between them? If, when the canon of Scripture was closed, it had been ordained that all instances of miraculous or supernatural interposition should from that hour forever cease, how easy would it have been to have said, "This book contains a record of the wonders which God has wrought from the creation of the world; it must be believed and received; but any person who shall hereafter testify that God still hears prayer, works wonders, or directs the steps of his people, is to be regarded as an enthusiast or an impostor, and any account which relates events and facts resembling those recorded here, is to be rejected as unworthy of belief." Such a caution as this would have for ever relieved Christians from all fear or danger of deception or mistake. But no such caution was given; on the contrary, as if He who had worked wonders hitherto would still work them on the behalf of his word and his church, men were warned against the *false*, implying that there was also something true to be expected and received.

The current thought that miracles and wonders belong exclusively to a by-gone age, seems hardly worthy of a reply. Where is the proof of such an assertion? Has the Almighty changed? Does not "every good gift and every perfect gift" still come down from the Father of lights, with whom,—however man and earthly things may change,—“there is no parallax nor shadow of turning”? “The same yesterday, to-day, and forever,”—is His arm shortened, or has His promise failed? Do not all His words read as they did of old? And is not man the same? Was not Elias “a man subject to like passions as we are”? And did not his prayer shut heaven above rebellious Israel, by the space of three years and six months, until “he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit”?

No, with the same God, and the same Saviour, and the same Holy Spirit, and the same gospel, and the same promises, and the same sinful humanity, where is the change? Of old there was failure, and a single demon defeated the doubting disciples and held his victim till Christ came down from the mountain and delivered him. And now, as then, the working of the Holy One is limited by the faithlessness of the sons of men, so that over many a lifeless church and city it may be said to-day, “And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And he marveled because of their *unbelief*.” Mark vi. 5, 6. “And he did not many mighty works there, *because of their unbelief*.” Matt. xiii. 58.

A doubting, caviling generation shuts itself away from the fullness of divine blessing. For them the sun shines, but they have blinded their eyes. For them the rain descends, but their vessels are closed against it,—the blessing is ready, but they refuse to receive it, and frustrate the grace of God.

A word of solemn caution is due to those who seek the aid and guidance of the Holy Spirit. “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.”

The office of the Holy Spirit does not seem to be to create or impart new powers of mind or body, but rather to remedy defects, and repair the ruin wrought by sin. Man is a wreck, disordered and diseased; the Holy Spirit “helpeth our infirmities.”

Memory, though a natural gift, becomes impaired; the Holy Spirit brings all things to remembrance. Conscience is a natural gift, but it becomes seared or perverted; the Holy Spirit purges and quickens it, and convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Speech is a natural gift, but the Holy Spirit loosens the stammering tongue, and even bestows ability so that men speak with new tongues as the Spirit gives them utterance. The healthful human body may, by contact with the sick, sometimes impart strength, or vital force, and thus alleviate pain, the giver being weakened, as the receiver is strengthened, by the process; but when the Holy Spirit fills a man with gifts of power and healing, then divine energies work such wonders and cures

as mere human power can never approach or imitate.

So, also, there are persons who are naturally sensitive to unseen influences, and able to discern distant trouble, and foreknow coming danger, being gifted with a sort of prophetic instinct, which may be debased by vice or blunted by neglect, but which may be improved by culture, and specially quickened and exalted by the presence of the Holy Ghost.

Thus divine manifestations are possible. They are made through the channels of human thought and feeling, for man himself with all his powers is God's creature, and should in every faculty of his being respond to the moving of the Holy Ghost, as harp-strings thrill beneath the harper's hand.

Well knowing the importance of these manifestations, Satan seeks by his fascinations, spiritual manifestations, and psychological juggleries, to jumble and confound all things, human and divine, sacred and profane, decent and devilish, in one indistinguishable mass. And as all these manifestations have points of likeness, since man is the subject of the whole, with devilish art the precious and the vile are commingled till all are received or all are rejected together. The most terrible and disgraceful fanaticisms have thus sprung up among honest but incautious souls, who, while professing to be led by the Holy Spirit, have been swayed by the influence of erring men, or have found a lower depth of demoniac thrall and been "led captive by Satan at his will," till they have dishonored the Lord, and brought reproach on his cause, leading others to deny all divine guidance, reject

the Holy Spirit, and sink into formalism and death.

The only safety from these wiles of the devil is found in the most strict and conscientious adherence to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. The Holy Spirit is not given to supersede revelation or encourage laziness. To ask direction of the Holy Ghost in matters expressly commanded or forbidden by the Holy Scriptures, savors more of impertinence than of piety. But while the directions of the Scriptures are unalterably correct as a guide, and infallibly true as a touch-stone and criterion by which to examine and decide the true character of our mental and spiritual exercises, of course a book of general precepts and principles can never give specific directions to meet the special and personal duties of each individual Christian. Hence the necessity for additional direction; and here we find room for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The Acts of the apostles abound with instances of this direction. "The Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot; and Philip ran thither to him;" and by that act he sent the gospel unchallenged into the heart of Ethiopia, and into the very palace of the Queen. Acts viii. 29, 30. The Spirit said to Peter, "Behold, three men seek thee; . . . go with them, doubting nothing, for I have sent them;" and the gospel was thus carried to the house of Cornelius of Cæsarea. Acts x. 19, 20. "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them; . . . so they, being sent forth by the

Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia." Acts xiii. 2-4.

Now in all these cases, and in others like them, of course it could not be expected that written directions would be given in the Bible for the guidance of the servants of the Lord. The general precept was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" but we read that when Paul and Silas at one time "were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia," "they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not;" while on the other hand, to the cry, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us," they were enabled to render an immediate response. Acts xvi. 6, 7, 9. And when thus called and directed by the Holy Ghost, all things conspired to favor their progress, and instead of tacking and beating, "loosing from Troas," they "came with a *straight course* to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis."

Thus times and places and opportunities for Christian service are often pointed out to the child of God. And while those who ask for the teaching of the Holy Ghost as an excuse for disregarding the written Word, or to pry into secrets concealed by the Lord, deserve and may expect disappointment and deception, those who cling closely to that Word as the man of their counsel, and ask of God the wisdom which they lack, will find to their joy that he will guide the meek in judgment and teach the meek his way, and can say with the Psalmist, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

THE GUIDING HAND.



RELIEF AND DELIVERANCE.

"THE LORD PRESERVETH THE STRANGERS; HE RELIEVETH
THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOW." Ps. cxlvi. 9.

"BEHOLD, THE EYE OF THE LORD IS UPON THEM THAT FEAR
HIM, UPON THEM THAT HOPE IN HIS MERCY; TO DELIVER THEIR
SOUL FROM DEATH, AND TO KEEP THEM ALIVE IN FAMINE."
Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19.

"THOU ART MY HIDING-PLACE; THOU SHALT PRESERVE ME
FROM TROUBLE; THOU SHALT COMPASS ME ABOUT WITH SONGS
OF DELIVERANCE." Ps. xxxii. 7.

THE GUIDING HAND.

RELIEF AND DELIVERANCE.

DELIVERANCES.

In the spring of 1848, a young lady of eighteen years bade good-bye to father, mother, brothers and sisters, and turned her face from her quiet home, in the southern part of Vermont, taking the stage across the Green Mountains for Troy, thence journeying by rail to Buffalo, and there taking the steamboat on Lake Erie, intending to visit her friends in the West. Filled with youthful hopes, buoyant with activity, and health, and bloom, and beauty, nothing in all her previous mountain life had ever seemed so productive of joy and happiness, as the incidents of this first journey from home.

The boat from Buffalo did not stop at the place of her destination, and accordingly she landed at the nearest lake-port, Barcelona, ten miles distant from R., where her friends resided whom she had thought to visit first on her western trip.

A mere circumstance, however, had nearly prevented her leaving the steamer at Barcelona. She

had intended to visit other kindred further west, in Michigan, and a youthful company of associates on board the steamer, who had with her spent the time in singing and gay conversation, pressed her earnestly to go on with them. But an inward impression, that could not easily be resisted, urged her to leave the boat at Barcelona. She decided to listen to the constraining voice, and bidding her gay companions adieu, she disembarked and visited her friends.

A warm and joyful welcome awaited the young traveler at R., where, during a pleasant tarry of one year, and while engaged in teaching a school, she, when the community was enjoying a season of revival, became a disciple of Him who once pressed a sailor's pillow, but showed a Saviour's love, and manifested a Creator's power.

But alas for her fellow-voyagers ! How uncertain is human life ! This ill-fated steamer was laden with travelers who were destined, most of them, never to see the places toward which they were journeying. Only five hours after Miss S. was set ashore in safety at Barcelona, the boat, while proceeding on up the lake, took fire, and in spite of the almost super-human efforts made to save her, was burned to the water's edge,—nearly all on board, with the exception of three or four persons, perishing either in the flames or by drowning in the lake. Many a home was desolate from that sad night when the lake was lit up with the flames of the burning steamer, and many a weeping eye looked out long but vainly for the faces of dear ones who never came again.

But Miss S. escaped. She obeyed the leadings of the Guiding Hand, and thus was saved; saved by a single moment's decision, only five hours from a terrible death; saved to find Christ, the sinner's best Friend, and go back to her father's home glad in the Redeemer's love. Such was the providence of God in her deliverance; and though many years have passed away, she to this day retains a vivid recollection of that narrow escape from death on board the doomed Griffith, and thankfully herein records, by our hand, the story of her deliverance.

About the time the above events occurred near lake Erie, a young man, who had early given his heart to God and consecrated himself to the work of the ministry, in company with three Christian brethren, was crossing a portion of lake Champlain, lying between two islands, where the waves ran high and threatening, and the winds blew fiercely. The boat, which carried them safely over, seemed held together by a miracle, for it was old and leaky, requiring to be bailed every minute; and it was so rotten, that it went to pieces on the shore within two days afterwards, splitting in twain as it lay idle. He was out on one of his first missions to lost men, and God beheld the danger, and shielded the boat's crew from peril on the angry and turbulent waters.

Thus the lives of two persons, at that period utterly unknown to each other, were spared from untimely destructions, afterwards to meet and become "one flesh" at the altar, and share together the joys and sorrows incident to all who are on life's voyage

in the same boat, bound for the haven of endless rest beyond these mortal shores. Happy will they be if this voyage ends well.

Some few years after these events, in the year 185—, while this clergyman and his wife were on their way from the city of Boston to Vermont, whither they had been summoned to attend at the bedside of a sick parent, they had together a very narrow escape from violent and instant death. Reaching by railroad the village of B., at which place they arrived at nightfall, intending to take the stage to W——, some twenty-five miles, they had already alighted from the cars, handed their checks to the stage-driver, and passing round to the opposite side of the depot, sprang into the stage, congratulating themselves and each other on having secured the hinder seat, as being the most comfortable for the endurance of the long night ride among the mountains. But scarcely were they seated in fancied security, and while waiting for the appearance of the driver, when the four horses attached to the cumbersome vehicle, becoming frightened by the appearance of the locomotive, with one leap broke the tie-strap with which they were fastened to the post in the platform, and commenced running away. With no one at hand to arrest them, the two sole occupants of the stage were scarcely aware for a few moments that, locked in behind the heavy leathern bar, and with the stage doors closed, they were entirely at the mercy of the frightened steeds. Plunging forward, the brutes turned their heads toward

the river, making a sharp curve to enable them to head toward the north, and so pass up over the bridge into the village. No guard or fence protected the river bank, and with increasing speed the fugitives dragged their helpless victims after them with no power to resist, while the chance of clearing the danger and making the curve between the depot and the Connecticut appeared very small, and the danger very great. Escape for a few moments seemed hopeless. Who shall describe the feelings of those thus exposed to such imminent peril? To leap from the flying stage was fraught with jeopardy; to remain in it, was to court death. And then, would the horses escape the steep bank of the river? The bank at this place was twenty feet high, and the water twenty feet deep. Only a few nights previously, as they were afterwards told, a man had driven his team over the bank, and was drowned. A space of but ten rods of ground was all that intervened. Two rods or less from the precipitous bank, and running parallel with it, lay a section of the old railway, with the iron rails still fastened to the decayed ties. While passing the bend of the curve, and under full speed, the wheels struck the iron rails, and the coach was instantly upset. Claspings each other in their arms, the affrighted pair were dashed to the earth with great violence, amongst broken glass from the window and the *debris* of the shattered coach body. But during the anxious moments of their peril, they had bethought them of that God whose watchful eye was over all his chosen, and who

had power to save, and a quick prayer for deliverance had ascended to his ear, and was answered as quickly. A crowd of inquiring spectators rushed to the rescue and offered friendly aid to the unfortunate. Broken spectacles and torn, soiled garments; a terrible jar and crash to the earth within twenty feet of the precipitous river bank; wounds and contusions that required the physician's care for ten days; a newspaper notice of an accident, and a free ride for the rest of the journey, were among the results of the adventure. The body of the coach had, in upsetting, become detached from the wheels, and the horses ran away with the latter, leaving the former on the ground.

At midnight, after a tedious, painful ride, the preacher and his companion bowed at the bedside of the sick father, and poured out their souls in supplications and thanksgivings to that holy Being who preserves our lives from destructions. Never before had they been so near a violent death; never did deliverance seem to be vouchsafed so speedily. The newspapers of B. the next morning recorded it as an "accident." So it was, perhaps. But there are two who to this day put down on the pages of memory this thrilling episode in their checkered lives, as a providential deliverance from a seen danger, where there was but a step between them and death.


Several years later, in the fall of 1861, this same servant of Christ, with his companion, having come to the city of R., had, on a bright October morning,

taken seats in the car for a ride of two hundred and twenty-five miles, to A. Scarcely had they passed the third station on the route, ere the train, which had already acquired a speed of ten miles an hour, was suddenly checked, throwing the startled passengers against the seats in front of them, and causing a general exclamation of fear and surprise, and a rush toward the car door. Looking out, the splendid engine was seen off the track, plowed into a bank of earth, and nearly turned on its side, dragging several of the forward cars after it, and crushing and damaging the baggage. Every one involuntarily exclaimed, "What if the train had been under full speed?" and, "What if this had occurred on a high bank?" Five minutes later and so it would have been.

Again were these two, who had till now borne a charmed life, perhaps but a few minutes from destruction. The train was detained an hour, until a new one could be made up, before it proceeded on its swift way as if nothing had happened. There were two of those passengers, if no more, who performed the rest of that journey with mingled fear and thanksgiving,—fearing that controlling Power that seems to hold the destinies of human souls in his awful hand,—thanking the good Father who ruleth over all, for still preserving their persons from danger, and enabling them to safely arrive at the place of their destination.

At a time still later, in the winter of 1866, this clergyman took the train at R., for the village of P.,

intending the next day, which was Sunday, to meet an appointment for preaching at M. A ride of three hours brought us to M., at which place, after the usual tarry and changes, the train started on. Several miles beyond M., having just emerged from a long curve in a deep cut, where high lands hid all objects on either side, as well as obstructing the view in front to the open flat land beyond, and while running at the rate of thirty miles an hour—the train being behind time—suddenly the engineer gave the signal to put on all the brakes, and stop the train. Nothing is more alarming to a railway traveler, than this quick, hoarse note of alarm, especially if a glance at the window exhibits no evidence of proximity to a station. Quick as the signal the brakes were put on heavily, the great speed of the train checked, and the passengers sprang to their feet, and the men out at the door. The excited conductor, a man of eight years' experience in conducting trains, came through the car, and a voice said, "Look ahead on the track." All did so, and were startled to discover a heavy freight train on our track, scarcely one minute's ride in the distance, heading towards us, whose engineer, with our own, had seen the approaching train in time, and checked the speed of his engine. Only one minute between us and a frightful collision that would have dashed both locomotives and cars in pieces, and doubtless injured or killed every soul on board. The conductor had mistaken his orders, and thereby lost his place. The superintendent of the road, when made aware of the imminence of the peril



to passengers and train, passed an almost sleepless night, and the involuntary exclamation of all was, "What if we had met in the curve in the deep cut?" What destinies hung on that single moment that separated this freight of panting men and women from ruin of life and limb! Is it right to say ours was "good fortune" only, and that no Almighty Guiding Hand shielded the trusting and thankful ones from the dangerous catastrophe?

There was *one* at least on board that train whose work for God was not ended,—whose earthly trials and sufferings in the service of the Master had not yet accomplished his perfection, and whose life was yet to be spared for further service in the great Redeemer's cause.

Why God spares one, as if by special act, and suffers another to be taken, is a mystery which the light of eternity will more fully unfold. Let Him do as he will. But somehow, in view of the many deliverances recorded of the servants of the Lord, and our own experience in such matters, we have come to have an abiding faith that all men, until their work is done, are endowed with a sort of contingent immortality, and cannot, if faithful, be effectually harmed. And it affords great joy to rest in this faith, and learn to nestle close into the great hand of Deity. Men in God's service, while on life's tumultuous sea, are as corks on the waters—but not a hair of their heads will perish while in the line of their duty, until God is through with them on earth. For a period of a quarter of a century we have watched

the course of human life in this dangerous world, with seven or eight hundred ministers in this country who are set to herald the speedy appearing of our blessed Lord from heaven in his eternal kingdom, and with gratitude and wonder declare the fact that we know not a single instance where a minister of God among them, while in the line of his professional duty, has been cut off by an accidental or violent death. Yet no class of clergymen travel more, or are more exposed to casualties, perils, and natural dangers, braving toil and risking life and limb everywhere in proclaiming their heaven-born message. Many have died in their beds, and a few who turned from duty and took the sword to fight have perished, while the faithful are yet unharmed. Let them glorify God. And let each keep at his work, and fear not, leaving life and all in the hands of the dear good Master. He is mighty to save. In his kingdom there will be no peril or danger,—immortality will be proof against all evil, and the reward of fidelity is certain and sure.

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

In a large, lonely house, situated in the south of England, there lived many years ago a lady whose only companions were two maid-servants. Though far away from all human habitations, they dwelt in peace and safety, for they trusted in God, and feared no evil under his protecting care.

It was the lady's custom to pass around the house with her maid-servants every night, and see that all the doors and windows were properly secured, and then to lie down and sleep in peace under the shadow of the Almighty, who was her trust and her shield.

One night she had accompanied her maids about the house as usual, and having ascertained that all was safe, they left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own apartment, which was quite distant, at the other side of the house.

As the lady, thus left alone, opened the door into her room, she distinctly saw the feet of a man under her bed. Her feelings may be imagined. Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she called for help; she might be murdered before they could arrive, even if they did hear her; and if they were there, three weak and defenceless women would have been no match for an armed and desperate burglar. Danger was all around her; flight was impracticable; earthly refuge seemed to fail. What then could she do? She did what it is always safe to do—she trusted in the Lord. She knew that she had a God to go to, who never leaves nor forsakes his confiding saints; and so she possessed her soul in patience and in peace. Making no outcry, and giving no intimation that she observed anything wrong, she quietly closed the door, locked it on the inside, as she was in the habit of doing, leisurely brushed her hair, seeking the while, no doubt, the help and guidance of the Lord whom she served, and putting on her dressing-gown, she took her Bible

and calmly sat down to read the word of God, that word which is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Guided of the Lord, she selected a portion of Scripture, perhaps the ninety-first Psalm, or if not this, some passage which recites the watchful care of God over his people by night and by day. She read aloud. Never was a chapter so read before. In that lonely house, with a desperate robber hidden in the room, that helpless woman read out the mighty promises of Him whose word can never fail, and stayed her soul upon those assurances of divine protection which cannot disappoint the hopes of the trusting children of the Most High. Her heart gained strength as she read the words of truth, and closing the book she kneeled and prayed to God, and prayed as she had never prayed before. She told the Lord her helplessness and need; she commended herself and her servants in their defencelessness and loneliness to the care of a protecting God; she dwelt upon their utter lack of all human defence, and clung to the sacred promises which were given for comfort in the hours of trouble and distress. She lingered long in supplication, for it was her hour of need, and she came boldly to the throne of grace, for every other refuge was in vain. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle and laid down upon her bed,—but not to sleep.

And how felt the wretched man this while? He

was bold, he was bad, he had companions near, and in his desperation was prepared for any struggle or for any crime; but how must he have felt to hear the promises of the Almighty God read forth, and to listen to the pleading voice of that helpless woman, as she poured out her prayer to the God of her life!

Soon after the woman had laid down, she became conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He spoke to her in a voice very different, we may be sure, from his usual tone; begged her not to be alarmed, and said, "I came here to rob the house, and if necessary to kill you; and I have companions out in the garden ready to obey my call for help. But after hearing the words you have read and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you or to touch a thing in your house. If you had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, I had fully determined to murder you, and it was God's good guidance that led you to pursue the course you took. You must still remain perfectly quiet, and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word, no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed."


He then went to the window and opened it, and whistled softly, as a signal to his comrades to disperse to a distance, and returning to the bedside of the lady, who had neither spoken nor moved throughout the whole, he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer

has been heard, and no disaster will befall you. But I never heard such words before ; I must have the book you read out of ;” and taking her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure, he bade her good-night and disappeared through the open window.

Directly all was quiet, and the lady composed herself to sleep, upheld by that faith and grace which had so signally sustained her in her hour of trial ; and awoke in the morning to give thanks to Him who had covered her with his feathers, and preserved her from “ the terror by night,” and been to her a rock of refuge and a fortress of deliverance in her hour of need.

But how fared the robber ? He came for treasure, and he got it. He sought gold and silver, and gained the law of God that is better than thousands of silver and gold. He carried that away with him which outweighs all treasures, and shall outlast the world—the word of God that liveth and abideth forever. No doubt this praying woman remembered him before the throne, but neither she nor any one else could trace him in all his course of sin or sorrow through the world. But God followed him ; the Holy Spirit pursued him, and the message of God’s mercy was in his hands, and for the result we must wait and hope.

In the month of April, 1867, an aged lady, Mrs. Hannah P——, fell asleep in Christ, in the city of Boston. It was not our privilege to know her personally, though acquainted with a member of her family ; and at his request we endeavored once to



call upon her, but failed to find the place of her residence. She was a native of England, and the daughter of one of the godly Methodist women of olden time. In her old age her memory lingered lovingly about the scenes of her youth, and frequently she would relate to the younger members of her family the tales of her early English life.

One time, she said, when she was but a little girl, she went with her mother to attend a meeting of the Bible Society, or some religious society in Yorkshire, England. After several noted clergymen and others had addressed the meeting, a man arose, who stated that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the society, and told the story of that midnight scene, as a testimony to the living, saving energy of the word of God, declaring that, through the influence of that Bible and the prayers of that Christian woman, the robber was led to Christ for mercy and salvation. He paused in his narration, and as the assembly, thrilled by his story, waited breathless for the conclusion, he said, "*I was that man.*" Instantly an elderly lady rose from her seat in the midst of the congregation, and quietly said, "It is all quite true; I was that lady," and sat down again.

Many years had elapsed since the lady and the robber parted, and she had never heard of him before that day. But the Lord had watched and guided, led and saved that sinful man, and he stood forth a monument of the wonderful providence and saving grace of God.

We had met this story some time since in a

published volume. A year ago or more, a Christian brother, having read the articles in *THE CHRISTIAN* on "The Guiding Hand," sent us the account in manuscript. More recently we find the story credited to the *London Packet*, in the October number of which the first part of it appeared, while in a subsequent number the editor stated that he had received a letter fully corroborating the previous account of the lady and the robber, and narrating the additional facts of their subsequent meeting at the anniversary of the society, of which the editor had not heard when the first part of the story was published in the *Packet*.

The gentleman who furnished the manuscript account of these circumstances having lately called at the Repository, we showed him the article copied from the London publication. He had never met with the story in print before ; but stated that he had frequently heard his mother-in-law, Mrs. H—— P——, relate the account of the anniversary which she attended with her mother when she was a little girl, and of the story told by the converted robber, and confirmed by the testimony of the lady who was present to hear him.

From these independent sources we compile this account, and we present it as an illustration of the protecting care of the Almighty God, as a proof of the safety of trusting in him, as an example of the power of his living Word, and of the mysterious ways by which he seeks and saves the lost ; and as a fresh encouragement to every child of God to accept

with patient trust each trial which may come, relying upon that gracious providence of Him, who, having fitted us to be used of the Lord as vessels of mercy and messengers of grace to men, shall show us, either here or else hereafter, that all things work together for our good, and that He who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, shall glorify himself alike in our willing service and in our patient trust.

PROVIDENTIAL ILLNESS.

An English gentleman, doing an extensive business in a distant part of the country, left his house some years ago, with an intention of going to Bristol; but, when he had proceeded about half way, he was taken ill, and detained several days. As the fair by this time was in a considerable degree over, he returned home. Some years after, the same gentleman, happening to be at the place where the assizes for the county were held, was induced to be present at the execution of a criminal.

While he was mixed with the crowd, the criminal perceived him, and expressed a desire to speak with him. On the gentleman's approaching him, he asked, 'Do you recollect at such a time intending to be at Bristol fair?' "Yes, perfectly well." "It is well that you did not go, for I and several others, who knew that you had a considerable sum of money about you, had resolved to waylay and rob, and then murder you, to prevent detection."

ANN YOUNG'S TEXT.

Above a century ago, in a sequestered part of Scotland, a hard-working couple were struggling through life, and frequently found it difficult to gain a bare subsistence, and provide even necessaries for their young family. But though their lot was cast among the poor of this earth, they were honest. They lived in a thinly-peopled neighborhood, remote from town or village, and indeed at a considerable distance from any habitation whatever. The poor man could generally contrive to earn a scanty subsistence, barely sufficient to maintain his wife and four children. At times, indeed, his means of support were cut off; for, though industrious when he could procure work, his employment at best was precarious. In that secluded district, where there were few resident gentry, his resources in this respect were limited and uncertain; and sometimes this worthy couple were reduced to great necessity for want of food, when they experienced unexpected interpositions of Providence, by which help was sent to them in the most unlooked for manner. Thus God often reveals himself to his chosen ones, and in time of their need proves that he is "a very present help in trouble."

At some miles' distance from this humble cottage, was the residence of an excellent Christian lady whose piety and active benevolence had gained her the love and esteem of all the neighborhood. Lady Kilmarnock devoted her time and fortune to doing

good, and was indeed a blessing to those around her. These worthy cottagers had been frequent objects of her bounty, and through her aid they had often obtained most seasonable relief. But, though Ann Young—for that was the former name of the cottager's wife, by which she was still known in the neighborhood—had formerly been a servant in her family, yet such was her repugnance to appear burdensome to her benefactress, that it was seldom indeed that when in want her distress was made known by herself.

It came to pass on one occasion that these poor people were reduced to the greatest extremity of want; all their resources had failed. Their little store of provisions gradually diminished, till they were exhausted. Her children had received the last morsel she could furnish, yet she was not cast down, for Ann Young was indeed a Christian. She knew in whom she had believed; she had learned to trust in the loving-kindness of her God, when apparently cut off from human aid; and having found by experience that man's extremity is God's opportunity, she did not despond.

The day, however, passed slowly over, and no prospect of succor appeared. Night came at last, and still no relief was vouchsafed to them. The children were crying for their supper, and because there was none to give them, their mother undressed them and put them to bed, where they soon cried themselves to sleep. Their father was much dejected, and likewise went to bed, leaving Ann in solitary

possession of the room. And yet she felt not alone; many sweet hours had she spent in that little cottage apart from the world, with her Bible and her God. Precious had these opportunities ever been to her, of pouring out her soul to God—of spreading her sorrows, her trials, all before him, and giving vent to a full, and now, alas! a heavy heart.

Having seen her children safely at rest, she made up the peat fire on the hearth, that she might not afterwards be disturbed for the night. She then trimmed and lighted the little cruisy—a small iron vessel which served as a lamp—and hung it upon its accustomed place on the wall, and moved the clean oaken table near it, and having taken a large family Bible from among the six or eight well-read, well-worn volumes on the book-shelf, deposited it upon it. She paused, however, before opening the sacred volume, to implore a blessing on its contents, when the following text involuntarily came into her mind: “For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.”

The text, thought Ann, is not very applicable to my present condition—and opening her Bible she proceeded to look out for some of her favorite passages of Scripture. Yet, “For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills,” was uppermost in her thoughts. She knelt down and committed her case to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer; and then tried to recall former experience—to bring to remembrance the promises of God, and those portions of Scripture which used to come home

with power to her heart ; but without now feeling that lively pleasure and satisfaction she had ever found in the word of God. The text, " For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," seemed fastened to her memory, and, despite of every effort, she could not banish it from her mind. Yet, thought Ann, it is God's own word ; and she read the fiftieth Psalm, in which the text is contained. It was, she thought, a beautiful psalm, but many verses in it appeared to her more suited to her condition than the one already quoted. Again she prayed, hoping that, while presenting her supplication before the throne of grace, she might forget it ; but with no better success. Still she endeavored to encourage her drooping heart with the belief, nay, God's blessed assurance of the efficacy of earnest, persevering prayer, and continued her occupation, alternately supplicating in prayer and reading her Bible, until midnight. Indeed, early dawn found her engaged at this same employment. At length daylight appeared through the little casement, when a loud, impatient rap was heard at the door.

" Who's there ? " said Ann.

A voice from without answered—" A friend."

" But who is a friend ? " she replied. " What are you ? "

" I'm a drover ; and quick, mistress, and open the door, and come out and help me. And if there's a man in the house, tell him also to come out with all speed, for one of my cattle has fallen down a precipice and broken its leg, and is lying at *your door*."

On opening the door, what was the first object that met the astonished gaze of Ann? A large drove of cattle, from the Highlands of Scotland. As far as eye could reach in either direction, the road was black with the moving mass, which the man was driving on to the market in the south. And there lay the disabled beast, its leg broken—the poor drover standing by, looking ruefully over it—his faithful *colley* dog by his side, gazing up as if in sympathy with his master, and as if he understood his dilemma, and knew also that his services could now be of no avail.

The worthy couple were concerned for the poor drover, and evinced every willingness to assist him in his misfortune, had it been in their power. He, in his turn, felt at loss to know how he should dispose of the animal, and paused to consider what course he ought to pursue. But the more he thought over the catastrophe, the more his perplexity increased.

To drive on the maimed beast was obviously impossible. To sell it there, seemed equally so. At a distance from a market, it would not be easy to find a purchaser; and by remaining in that place long enough to do so, he must likewise detain the whole herd of cattle, which would incur more expense than the animal was worth.

What was to be done? The drover drew his Highland plaid tighter round him. He shifted and replaced his bonnet from one side of his head to the other. "I never," he at length exclaimed, "was

more completely brought to my wit's end in my life ;" and then turning to Ann, he added, " Deed, mistress, I must just make you a present of it, for in truth I don't know what else I can do with it ; so kill it, and take care of it, for it is a principal beast. I'll answer for it, a mart like that has never come within your door." And, without waiting for thanks, he whistled on his dog and joined the herd, which was soon moving slowly on its weary journey.

The poor cottagers were lost in wonder at this unexpected deliverance from famine, by so signal an interposition of Providence. And after they had in some measure recovered from the surprise such an incident was calculated to excite, the father assembled his little family around him to unite in prayer, and to give thanks to the Giver of all good for this new proof of his condescending kindness toward them ! Thus their prayer was now turned into *praise*. He then proceeded to follow the advice of the drover, and found his gift, as he told them, to be a " principal beast." All was then rejoicing, preparation and gladness, with the inmates of the cottage. They had *meat* sufficient to serve them for many months to come, and in their first joy they totally forgot that they had *no bread*. But He who " commanded the ravens " to bring to the prophet " bread and flesh," did *not* forget it. God does not work by halves. About six o'clock in the morning, another knock was heard at the door, which this time flew quickly open, when who should present himself but the "grieve," or bailiff of Lady

Kilmarnock, with a load on his back. He then proceeded to relate how that Lady Kilmarnock sent for him the previous morning, to inquire "if anything had happened to Ann Young." To which he replied, that he was not aware that she had met with any calamity, and that when he last heard of her family, they were all well. "Then," said her ladyship, "she must be *in want*; for these few days she has been incessantly in my thoughts; *I cannot get her out of my head*; and I am sure she is in distress. So take a sack of meal to her—a large one, too, and take it directly. You had better convey it yourself, that it may be safely delivered to her, and bring me word how she is; for I know she would almost starve before she applied for relief."

"I fully intended," added the bailiff, "to have brought it yesterday, as Lady Kilmarnock desired; but being more than usually busy throughout that day, I could not find leisure to come, but determined that my first employment this morning would be to fetch it to you." Thus were these pious cottagers, by a wonderful interference of Providence, amply provided for, and Ann Young found out *why* that passage of Scripture had been so impressed upon her mind, and learned to understand more fully than she did before, the meaning of that old, and yet new, and true, and faithful word of God, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

A PASTOR'S STORY.

It was December. My quarter's salary, the last for the year, had been paid me with the usual promptness. I don't wish to blame my people in the least—in many things they are very kind to their minister and family. But the plain fact is, that during my year of the five I have been with them, has my salary met necessary home expenses. We have tried to economize in every way; but as yet are unable to make the two ends of the year meet on the salary.

We were particularly tried during the month mentioned. The weather without was not more gloomy than the state of things within doors. My three eldest children were down with the whooping-cough; a little babe of only a few weeks was daily threatened; my wife lay prostrate on a bed of sickness; I myself was struggling with the severest cough that had yet overtaken me; our hired help had left and we could obtain no one to take her place; and one of the worst features of the case was that I was entirely out of pocket, not two months of my quarter having passed before every cent of my salary was spent—a most unusual circumstance, for ordinarily it would last me till within a couple of weeks of the close of the quarter. Six weeks were before me, during which I would receive no remuneration by which to meet the expenses that would not stop.

I saw no way of relief. I could calculate on no outside income of my own; I had none. My credit at the stores was good; but to avail myself of it

would inevitably plunge me in debt, for which my next quarter's salary would not be sufficient. I dared not draw from the little I had laid aside for the rainy days of the future; for when or how should I be able to replace it? The prospect before me was dark. Thoughts of it soon began to affect the peace of my mind. I could no longer apply myself calmly to sermon labor and pastoral duty. I even looked around for some employment other than my regular one, wherewith to turn an honest penny, but every door was closed. I could endure the tension of thought—the daily worry—no longer. I resolved to *lay the whole case before the Lord in prayer*. With this end in view, I first carefully estimated how much I needed to carry me through the remaining weeks of the quarter, and clear me from all debt. It would take, I thought, about one hundred dollars. I next *wrote out* my prayer, that I might afterwards know just what I had asked for, what promises I had plead, and with what sort of a spirit I had prayed.

This *written prayer* I took to my closet and laid before the Lord. I asked for these three things: that I might not get into debt; that I might not be compelled to draw from the little I had laid aside for the future; and that I might have one hundred dollars—or such sum as the Lord knew I needed to carry me through the quarter.

After prayer, I somehow became very calm. Things did not look quite so dark. I felt that in some way the Guiding Hand would appear. Now, note the result. It was that same evening I believe; at a

very late hour, when my door bell was suddenly rung. In some surprise I responded to the summons. A stranger stood before me. He came, he said, to have me attend the wedding ceremony of his daughter. I inquired into the circumstances, and found that the parties were to have been married in Boston, but on account of the mother's health, had unexpectedly changed their plans, and were to be married at home. Of course I consented to go. As he left me I said to myself, "My first five toward the one hundred dollars. The Lord means that I shall work it out. Most willing am I, if he will only give me something to do."

A few days after this came our Sunday-school Christmas festival. It was a season of much innocent merriment to the children. The Christmas tree was heavily laden, and Santa Claus was profuse with his gifts. Perhaps, thought I, the Lord will remember me to-night; but not a penny was announced for the pastor.

Nothing disturbed in my faith, I was turning to leave, when a gentleman accosted me, one who held a bill of a barrel of flour against me. It was one of the things that had given me trouble. He held in his hand the bill, and with a good-natured smile, said he wished to make me a little Christmas present. He then handed me the bill receipted. It amounted to ten dollars and sixty cents. Saying a few words of thanks and remarking on the timeliness of the gift, I returned home with a lighter heart.

A few days after this, a neighboring pastor called

and asked me to exchange with him the next Sunday. Being in no mood for pulpit preparation, on account of domestic care, I consented and went. It was a dismal day. The rain fell in torrents incessantly. Only a scattering few were present. All my efforts that day seemed to me the veriest commonplace. At the close of the afternoon service, and before I could leave the pulpit, a gentleman hastily came up and took his seat by my side. I had been introduced to him that day. He kindly inquired how I was to return, etc., and then, on leaving me, put into my hand a bill. He pressed the gift upon me so delicately, that I consented to take it. On going home I looked at the bill and found it was five dollars. I have been a minister for twelve years, but this was the first time that I had received a gift in the pulpit and on the Lord's day.

I now felt more certain than ever that God was answering my prayer. In a few days, I had received from most unexpected quarters, twenty dollars toward the one hundred I had asked for. After this, twenty-two days elapsed; and one Monday evening, as I was sitting with my wife, talking about the matters of the day, but all the while inwardly wondering whether the Lord would suffer me to begin my new quarter, which was only six days off, in debt, we were startled by a nervous ring of the door bell. On opening the door the friend who had remembered me so pleasantly on Christmas eve, entered. He had been a frequent visitor before, and his presence now raised no expectations. After an

hour's chatty conversation he arose to leave. I accompanied him to the door with the light. As I extended my hand to shake good-night, he left a roll of bills in it. Before I had time to express my astonishment, he had gone. Not having given me the slightest intimation of what was coming, this almost midnight gift seemed like something dropped from the skies. We opened the roll and counted seventy-five dollars. "Within five dollars of my hundred!" I exclaimed. "This will suffice. My prayer is substantially answered." What gratitude swelled in my heart that night. And the next day how laughingly I went to the stores, and left word at each to make out their respective bills! And with what joy I speedily cashed them all! Once more I was out of debt—and what to me was very strange, I *had some money left*. But why forget the five loaves and twelve baskets of fragments?

Previous to this event, while in one of our church gatherings, I had been invited to visit a lady who had formerly been constant at our service. In the press of my ministerial duties, I had almost forgotten this follower of the Lord. I was glad to be told that a visit from me would be welcomed. A few days after the Monday I have just spoken of, while sitting in my room, I became strongly impressed to go at once and see this lady. I did so. The day was mild and sunny. After spending considerable time in profitable religious conversation, I rose to leave. "Stop a moment," she said, and then left the room. I wondered; but imagined she had gone to get a

book to read, or to prepare something to have me take home to my wife. She quickly returned; and then extended to me her hand with a bill in it, asking me to accept it. I could not do so at first, telling her I had no need of it; but she had so many reasons why I should take it that I reluctantly consented. On my way home I looked at the gift. It was five dollars.

This made up the hundred. In two days more my quarter would end. In just thirty-six days from the time I offered my prayer, the whole answer came.

One circumstance I afterwards learned with respect to the seventy-five dollars. It came from *three* individuals only. Each of them agreed to give as much as the other would. One started with twenty-five dollars; so the three gave twenty-five apiece. The friend who brought me the gift was overheard saying some time after, that he was sorry he had not doubled his gift. Instead of seventy-five, then, I would have received one hundred and fifty dollars. Was it because I had asked for the one hundred only, that my friend did not yield to his first impulse?

I gather the above facts from my journal, where I wrote them at the time, and I hope that some struggling disciples will be encouraged by this recital to be anxious about nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let their requests be made known unto God.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.

THE LITTLE ANCHOR.

About fifty years ago there lived in Marblehead, Mass., a God-fearing sea-captain named Richard Girdler, who sought to make his vessel a place of prayer, and who trusted in God amid the perils of the mighty deep.

One night he was called upon to take charge of the brig Farnsworth, in which he had sailed to Antwerp the preceding April, and which was now laden and lying in the stream, all ready for another voyage.

Having arranged matters with the owners, Captain Girdler went on board the brig next morning, and found everything ready, with one exception. In his opinion, before starting on so long a voyage, the vessel needed another hawser and a *kedje*, which, as our sea-faring readers know, is a small anchor, not intended for security from storms, but used in calm weather, to steady the vessel, or by carrying it off to a distance in a boat, to "warp" or move a ship to another position when wind and tide do not serve. He laid the matter before the owners, and received orders to procure a kedge, and go back to Marblehead and obtain a suitable hawser for it.

The kedge was easily found, but he could not get such a hawser as he wanted in all Marblehead, and there was no rope-walk there long enough to "lay," or twist one, and the weather was too rainy to do it out of doors. But he would not go without his hawser, and was finally obliged to have it laid in two *glats*, or pieces, of sixty fathoms each, which, when

joined together, made a strong hawser of one hundred and twenty fathoms, or seven hundred and twenty feet in length.

Thus provided, the Farnsworth cleared from the port of Boston for Liberia, October 3, 1826, and sailed on her destined voyage. During the passage the service of God was not forgotten; family worship was regularly maintained when the weather would permit; and all who could be spared from duty were invited to attend, though two of the crew, who were Roman Catholics, would not accept the invitation.

About the first of December, 1826, the Farnsworth reached the bay of Gibraltar, and came to anchor, and remained there some days, with hundreds of other vessels that were moored in the bay. On the sixth of the month the weather looked threatening, and a gale seemed approaching. They made such preparations as they could for the fearful encounter, —all the anchors were over, the small bower, and the best bower; and the little kedge, with the whole new hawser of a hundred and twenty fathoms, was carried out, and everything was made trim and snug for the coming storm.

They had not long to wait. The wind freshened; at nine o'clock in the evening the gale burst upon them with tremendous power, and at eleven o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane. Not less than three hundred vessels of all classes and descriptions had found anchorage there, and the effect of such a gale among them may be imagined. Cables parted, anchors dragged, rigging was torn, and rent, and swept

away, vessels drifted hither and thither, like corks upon the water, dashing against each other and upon the shore, and consternation and dismay were on every countenance.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock the Farnsworth parted her small bower, and began to drift with the hurricane; soon her best bower followed, and away went the brig before the wind. Up to this time most of the vessels had gone on to "the neutral ground;" some of them little injured, some bilged, some disabled, some crushed by the collisions caused by the roll of larger vessels, and all in imminent peril, with death and destruction stalking wildly through the storm.

Just at this time the danger seemed to increase, for the wind had shifted, and the Farnsworth was drifting directly towards the massive mole against whose rocky side it seemed that it must crash beyond hope of escape. A little astern of her, a ship from New York had already been dashed in pieces upon the rocks; and distinctly visible through the surrounding gloom, lashed by the fury of the winds, roared the white breakers, which seemed to every one on board to be weaving for them a sailor's winding-sheet.

What now could be done? No skill could avail, no human arm could save them, and He who hushed the brute waves of Gennesaret with his word, walked not upon the dark waters to quiet their tumultuous rage. Refuge failed them, and they could only prepare to meet their impending fate.

Shrinking from their awful doom, they raised their

cries to God, and besought the captain to pray with them. On the very verge of destruction they all kneeled upon the deck, while above the voice of deep calling unto deep, arose the captain's cry to Him who was mighty to save. And he was heard. He who once slept in the hinder part of the vessel, and awoke to save his disciples from the yawning waves, had a care for this ship where his word was trusted and his name adored; and when they arose from their knees they found, to their amazement, that their ship, which had been driven from her moorings when held by three anchors, was now heading towards the wind, and riding securely, held only by her little kedge—the smallest of the whole!

At midnight the gale abated, but the morning light disclosed a fearful scene. The “neutral ground” was packed with ill-fated vessels, piled one upon another in terrible confusion. Some had gone directly upon the rocks, and had been dashed in pieces there; and of three hundred vessels that were riding quietly at anchor the day before, not more than fifty remained unharmed. The rest were either wrecked, or more or less injured; and the shore of Gibraltar was strewn with the fragments of wrecked vessels and the bodies of the dead.

But how did the Farnsworth escape? She was drifting rapidly on to the rocks, and her two strongest cables and heaviest anchors were gone. How was the vessel saved from impending ruin?

The captain sent out a boat and got up his anchors; but when he came to heave up his little kedge, he

found it almost impossible to raise it. Slowly and wearily they toiled to heave it up, and when it came under the vessel's bow, they saw with wonder that the fluke of the little kedge was hooked into the ring of a huge old Spanish anchor, that weighed more than *three thousand pounds!*

Forty-four years before, in September, 1782, a Spanish flotilla attacked Gibraltar, and Governor Elliot, who was then in command there, poured a storm of red-hot shot upon them, burning, sinking, and destroying their fleet. This may have been one of their anchors; it may not; no one but God knows who put it there, and none but He knew where it lay. He knew all about it, and he "knoweth how to deliver the godly" out of danger and temptation.

He would not suffer Captain Girdler to go to sea without his kedge. A large anchor would not answer, it must be a little kedge, just large enough to steady a vessel while lying in the stream, and *small enough* so that the fluke of it would enter the ring of that old Spanish anchor; and it must be fastened to a *new cable* strong enough to hold the brig amid the fury of the gale. God knew all about it, and he knew just when to shift the wind to bring the kedge where the old anchor was, and so deliver them from death by the very means that seemed to portend a more swift destruction. Truly, God heareth prayer; and those sailors thought so; for the two who had refused to join in worship at the family altar now refused no more, being convinced that God had heard and answered Captain Girdler's prayers.

The facts above stated are believed to be authentic; some of them were published in *The Youth's Companion* (Boston), for April, 1848, and the names, dates of clearance, etc., were furnished for *THE CHRISTIAN* from the records of the Boston Custom House, and may be relied on as correct.

THE FALLING CHIMNEY.

Some persons believe in a general, but deny a special providence, forgetting that as the greater includes the less, so a general providence is made up of special providences. *Zion's Herald* asks and answers the question, "Is there not a special providence?" in the statement of this recent and striking fact:

"During the gale on Tuesday, December 5th, 1871, Rev. Dr. Samuel Harris, of New Haven, who delivered the course of lectures before the Boston Theological Seminary last week, was sitting in his own room, number 99, Marlborough Hotel, Boston, writing. Being at a loss for a word, he clasped his hands over the top of his head, and tilted back his chair to meditate. Scarcely had he done so, when a chimney was thrown over, and a mass of brick and mortar came through the roof and the ceiling, crushing the table on which he had been writing. But for the position he was in, he would have been instantly killed. The hole made in the roof was at least ten by fourteen feet. If this is not a special providence, what is?"

A TIMELY VISIT.

The following interesting statement, contained in a volume entitled "Remarkable Providences," is from the pen of a minister who says, "The facts I received but a few evenings ago from an amiable lady of my congregation, and may be fully depended upon, though I am not at liberty to mention names. I will give the account as nearly as possible in her own words :"

"One afternoon, in the winter of about the year 1808, I had occasion to go from F—— to S——, a distance of about two miles, and was unexpectedly detained till late in the evening, when I set out to return home alone. The night was very frosty and cold, and the ground was covered with a deep snow. When I had proceeded some short distance on the road, I was stopped by two men, who were, I believe, employed in the military works in the neighborhood. They asked me if I was going to F——; I gave them an evasive answer and proceeded, not a little sensible of the dangerous circumstances in which I was placed. I went on a little distance, when they again accosted me, and once more I found means to give them an evasive reply. They passed on before me, and hid themselves in the hedge, and as I came near them, I heard them engaged in a conversation that roused all my fears; I paused a moment, and then resolved to return to S—— with all possible speed. I set off to run, with one of these men almost immediately behind me. Once I fell on the ice almost exhausted,

but remembering that my very life was at stake, I arose, and with aid communicated from on high, I pursued my journey till I reached the Turnpike House, into which I ran, and fell in a state of exhaustion into one of the chairs. At some times during the pursuit the man was not more than three yards behind me.

“In about two hours I was in some degree recovered from my fright; and that I might not alarm my friends at S—— with my return, I resolved to spend the night with a pious old lady, a member of your church, who at that time was keeping the house of a baronet in S——, who was then, with all his family, absent from home.

“Late at night, probably at ten o’clock, I arrived at the house, and still terrified with what I had passed through, I knocked at the different doors with all my might, but it was long before I received an answer. At length the old lady, who was quite alone, came to a small back door situated among the stables, to inquire who was there. I mentioned my name, and she opened the door for my admission; I related the circumstances in which I was placed, and she begged me to stay over night, to which I cheerfully assented, and accompanied her into the house.

“As we passed through the different parts of the house, I could not help remarking the circumstance that every door, even those we had to enter, and from which I supposed the old lady had just passed, were all carefully made secure; nor was I a little surprised to find that she had no refreshment to offer

me, except a little bread. But as my heart overflowed with gratitude for the deliverance I had experienced, I felt but little concern on that account. We retired to rest, and I left my friend with feelings of thankfulness to the great Preserver of my life, for the escape I had on the past night, which I can never forget.

“From this period I could not but be struck with the attention and kindness which the good old lady manifested towards me. She seemed almost to feel for me an idolatrous regard, and I sometimes felt grieved at the trouble she gave herself to promote my comfort whenever I paid her a visit.

“Mark the sequel of these events:—About the year 1818, as her husband was dead, it was judged desirable that she should leave S—— to go to reside with her son in London. She came, therefore, to take her leave of me; and, after some general conversation, she said: ‘Miss ——, I have somewhat particular to say to you. Do you remember coming to Sir ——’s house to me ten years ago?’ ‘Certainly I do,’ I replied; ‘nor can I ever forget the deliverance I then experienced.’ ‘Do you remember that you found all the doors bolted and barred,—that I came to you at a door among the stables,—and that I had nothing to offer you for your supper but a morsel of bread?’ ‘Yes, I remember it all.’ Here she burst into tears, and as soon as she could, she told me that at that time she had long labored under very heavy depression of spirits; that she had been tempted to destroy herself; and

that when I went to the house, she had fastened all the doors, and was passing down the yard with a determination to drown herself in the sea ; but that my coming in the way I did, had clearly shown her that the interposing hand of God had removed the temptation, and scattered the gloomy feelings of her mind. She added, that she had ever since endured much grief on account of the painful event ; that as she was not likely to live very long, and in all probability should never see me again, she had come to the determination, however painful the task, to disclose the whole affair, begging me never to relate the circumstances as long as she lived. I acceded to her request, nor was the affair known even to her own family, till her death had taken place."

A few months after this conversation, she suddenly passed away from a world of sorrow and distress, comforted with the hope of seeing Jesus, and sharing the joys of immortality and eternal blessedness in his presence.

THOMAS WILLIAMS' ESCAPE.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

About 1785, Thomas Williams, by trade a miner, and at that time about nineteen years of age, was working in a lead mine near Llanarmon, Denbighshire, North Wales. The mine was under a very high mountain, and while Thomas Williams and his partner were working at the farther part of the mine,

a vast quantity of rubbish fell down, stopped up their way, and kept them closely confined forty-eight hours. At the expiration of this time they were dug out by their partners; neither of them having sustained the least damage, except what they suffered through cold.

About fourteen years ago, the same Thomas Williams was employed in working in a slate quarry at Cornistone in the North of Lancashire. He was one day raised a considerable height from the bottom of the quarry in order to loosen some stone near the top, when a large quantity of earth, and huge pieces of rock gave way, and fell with all their force upon him, and undoubtedly would have crushed him to death, had it not been for two of the large stones, which, as though designed for the purpose, met together, and formed a kind of arch over him. Hence, although he was much bruised, in a few weeks he recovered.

This day, June 5th, 1805, the same man, who is now a private in the Second Regiment of Royal Lancashire militia, Captain Ridgeway's company, being employed with one of his comrades in sinking a well in this town, Colchester, went down into the well, which was some forty feet deep, about three o'clock this morning. He had scarce been an hour in the well when he heard a crack. He immediately looked up, and observed the corb—a piece of wood in a circular form, for the purpose of supporting the bricks—had given way. Instantly he endeavored to run up the rope, hoping by this means to prevent some, if he could not prevent the whole, of the destructive

materials from falling upon him. But the windlass not being fast, he was prevented escaping by this method; and was immediately covered with a vast quantity of 1500 bricks, beside the earth which fell in with them. The earth and sand enclosed him as high as the middle of his thighs. The bricks, mingled with the earth, enclosed him upwards, and pressed with such violence against his breast and back, as scarcely to suffer him to breathe. He says he could not breathe at all for some time.

Around his head the bricks were so laid as just to give him room to move his head. And the quantity of earth that covered him above was fifteen feet deep. He says he was perfectly sensible the whole time; and that he first turned his thoughts to his wife and child, who now reside in the county of Westmoreland. Expecting never to see them on earth again, he earnestly commended their bodies and souls to the mercy and care of heaven. Supposing he should soon be deprived of his reason, he endeavored to throw himself on the merits of Immanuel's blood, trusting therein for life and salvation.

In a little time he found himself able to breathe more freely, and he began to sing that reviving hymn,

“My God, the spring of all my joys.”

This he was enabled to sing through; and the words, he says, being the sentiments and experience of his mind, when he came to that verse,

“Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through!”

his soul was unspeakably happy, and his prospect of eternity peculiarly delightful.

His colonel and captain hearing of the accident, hastened to the place, and to the credit of humanity, appeared to be both deeply affected, and, as I am informed, they both wept. They determined he should be got out, if possible, dead or alive. Immediately fifteen men were employed to remove the materials beneath which he lay. The picket guard was sent for to keep off the crowd, while the colonel and captain stood by, ready to give every possible assistance.

About ten o'clock they heard him shout, and by eleven, the colonel and one of the men caught hold of his hand, and brought him out; not having received any other injury than that of being a little crushed with the pressure of the heavy materials. He had been confined to the dark cell seven hours. He informs me that he reflected with pleasure on the omnipresence and omniscience of that God who heard the cry of Jonah from the belly of the fish—Jonah ii. 2. This night he was at our chapel to request the congregation to unite with him in thanksgiving to Almighty God for his gracious deliverance.

Now what must we say to these things? Must we ascribe such deliverances to that unmeaning term "Chance," or ascribe them to the guardian care of the Infinite goodness, "Who maketh his angels spirits; and his ministers a flame of fire," giving them charge concerning his saints to keep them in all their ways? Should not every pious heart be swift

to recognize the goodness of the Lord, and the efficiency of his kind providence, by which he manifests himself a present help in every time of need, and redeems from destruction the lives of those who trust in him?

A BLESSED PSALM.

In this perplexed and vexing world the guidance of the divine counsel is our comfort and our joy. And it is a precious thought, when trials and sorrows roll in upon our fainting hearts, that the Saviour, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation provide a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.

Little does a godless world know of the secret grief that wrings so many a quivering heart; and less does it know of the wondrous wisdom of divine providence by which "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," and assuage the sorrows that threaten to destroy their souls. But Jesus knows it all—the sorrow and the joy, the trial and the consolation, the snare that Satan weaves, and the power that breaks its meshes and sets the captive free. And he who, in the spirit of Christ's love, sympathizes with the disconsolate, and seeks to heal the wounds of the broken-hearted, will listen to many a bitter tale of hidden sorrow and despair, and to many a glad thanksgiving for delivering grace in times of special need, manifested in strange and

wonderful ways, and proving itself sufficient for every hour of conflict and distress.

And in such trials and such deliverances, how often the words of divine Inspiration,—brought to view, illuminated, and emphasized by the Holy Ghost,—are made the instruments of the discomfiture of Satan, and the rescue of those whose feet had well-nigh slipped upon the dark and dangerous mountains of sorrow and despair.

The experience of a personal and valued friend of the writer, who, having been preserved through years of the bitterest grief that falls to the lot of mortals, yet lives to honor God, and serve and bless his church, so fitly illustrates the goodness of our heavenly Father, that we lay it before our readers substantially in the very words in which it was related to us :

“ At one time during my years of suffering, I had prayed, groaned, and begged to have matters different, till I thought—O God, forgive me for having such thoughts!—that I could not live any longer; and I determined to go down to the wharf and step off into the water, and let no one know anything about it. From day to day this temptation grew stronger and stronger, until it seemed to be the best thing that I could do to escape the sorrows which the wickedness of others had brought upon me.

“ After some time, one Saturday night, having finished my work in the mill where I was compelled to labor, I thought, ‘ Now I will go and step off from the wharf and end the whole.’ I prepared myself to

perform the dreadful purpose, but just upon starting I bethought me of an aged Christian pair whose friendship and affection I had prized for several years, and whose sympathy had been deep and ready in all my sorrows; and I thought I could not bear to die without seeing them, and I felt that I must go and take one more look at their dear old loving faces before I resigned myself to my bitter fate.

“Accordingly I entered their humble cottage, and the good sister said, ‘Glad to see you; we have been speaking of you;—sit down.’

“‘No,’ said I, for I feared they would begin to speak to me; ‘I am in a great hurry, but I thought I would stop a moment.’

“I was going out without sitting down, but they both said, ‘You must stop long enough to hear this chapter read,’ and the old man began to read from the Bible which lay open before him; and as I was unwilling to be rude, out of respect I tarried and sat down. Slowly and reverently the good old man read from the thirty-seventh psalm the precious words:—

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
Trust in the Lord, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,

And thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,

Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:

Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off:

But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while—and the wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place; and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth;

And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just,

And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him:

For he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow,

To cast down the poor and needy,

And to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart,

And their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath

Is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:

But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright:

And their inheritance shall be forever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time:

And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish,

And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs:

They shall consume:—into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth and payeth not again:

But the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blest of him shall inherit the earth;

And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord;

And he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,
Nor his seed begging bread.
He is ever merciful, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.
For the Lord loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein forever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judgment.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The Lord will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay tree.
Yet he passed away—and, lo, he was not!
Yea, I sought him—but he could not be found!
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the end of that man is peace!
But the transgressors shall be destroyed together:
The end of the wicked shall be cut off.
But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:
He is their strength in the time of trouble.
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them:
He shall deliver them from the wicked,
And save them because they trust in him.

“ I cannot describe the emotions of that hour, as I listened to the calm, tender, comforting voice of that godly man, and to those more precious and consoling words in which the Holy Spirit spoke to me that night. In the whole compass of the sacred volume there was not another passage so specially appropriate to my state and feelings as that. And it came to me as a new revelation, something which I did not know that I had ever seen before. And when he had finished the psalm, and said, ‘ Let us get down and thank the Lord,’ I hesitated ;—could I pray ?—could I live any longer ? ‘ Yes, blessed Jesus,’ I said, ‘ I will suffer on,’ and falling on my knees with them around their humble altar, I felt my heart melt, my purpose change, and the dark temptation to take my life, which had haunted me so long, vanished from my mind. My hurry was over ;—I could stay as well as not, to hear the words of consolation and trust that distilled from their lips upon my stricken heart, and I went forth strengthened to ‘ run with *patience* the race that was set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.’

“ Years have passed away since then ; God has been gracious unto me, and delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. My aged Christian friends still live, and pray, and cheer the desolate and sad, and their home has been an ark of rest, and a bethel of blessing to many a tossed and troubled child of tears. But they have never yet learned how much their faithful love was

blessed to one poor soul, upon that sad Saturday evening, when my feet had well-nigh slipped in the path of darkness, sorrow and despair."

Such was the story, the scenes and circumstances of which, together with all the persons concerned in it, are well known to the writer, who has placed it upon record in the hope that it may comfort some other soul in the extremity of grief, and also encourage the children of God to ever speak a word of consolation to the weak and weary ones, trusting in God to give the increase and bless the efforts made to glorify his name.

THE PRISONER OF GLATZ.

Dr. W. F. Besser, pastor of Waldenburg, in Upper Silesia, in his practical commentaries, relates the following incident which occurred not far from the place where he resides.

In a cleft of a mountain range in Upper Silesia, through which the wild and raging Neisse forces its passage down to the Oder, stands the impregnable Prussian fortress of Glatz, a natural fastness, almost unequalled in the world, begirt by mountain-peaks like walls, and fortified yet more by human skill. The valley itself is shut out from the rest of the world; and one who is enclosed by the massive walls and gratings of the castle is an exile from the world, as if buried alive. Woe to the man imprisoned in Glatz! Everything calls out to him, "No hope remains for thee! no hope!"

Here, in the second decade of this century, lay the Count of M——, hitherto petted and thronged, now hopelessly immured behind bolts and bars. By treason against the realm, and especially by personal violence offered to Frederic William III. of Prussia, he had drawn down the rage of that monarch on his head, and was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life. For a whole year he lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one star of hope in either his outer or inner sky, for he was a skeptic. They had left him only one book, a Bible; and this for a long time he would not read, or if forced to take it up to kill time and relieve his consuming weariness, it was only read with anger and gnashing of teeth against the God it reveals.

But sore affliction, that dreadful and yet blessed agent of God, that has brought back to the Good Shepherd many a wandering sheep, was effectual with the Count of M——. The more he read his Bible, the more he felt the pressure of the gentle hand of God on his forlorn and hopeless heart.

On a rough and stormy November night, when the mountain gales howled round the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, the Count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convicted of his manifold shortcomings and sins; he felt that the source of all his misery lay *in his forsaking God*. For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wet with

tears of genuine repentance. He rises from his cot, opens his Bible, and his eye falls on Psalm l. 15: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This word of God reaches the depths of his soul; he falls on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cries to God for mercy, and that gracious and compassionate God, who turns not away from the first movement of faith towards him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the storm-beaten dungeon of Glatz, and gave him not only spiritual but temporal deliverance.

The same night, in his castle at Berlin, King Frederic William III. lay sleepless in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favor was granted; and when he woke again he said to his wife, the gracious Louise, "God has looked upon me very graciously, and I may well be thankful to him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——," replied Louise, "who is imprisoned in Glatz."

"You are right," said the sick king; "let him be pardoned."

Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz pardon and release. The prayer of penitential faith had been heard, and deliverance was granted by the providence of God.

And the God of our fathers still lives; he hears the cry of his children, and many times he answers even

before we rightly call upon him. Now, as in ages past, the Lord looks down from heaven to behold the sighing of the prisoner, and to loose his bonds; and still, as of old, the king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it as the conduits of water are turned. Let us make him our refuge, and confide in his power with an abiding and unshaken trust.

THE BILL AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A poor Christian woman in Buckinghamshire—I believe Berkhamstead—was bereaved of her husband after a long illness, and left unprovided for, the only thing of value being a large chest of tools. The husband had only just been buried, when a neighbor, bearing no good character, called on the widow, and presented a bill for work done, altogether beyond the widow's power to pay. The work had been done in the husband's lifetime, was paid for by him, and the bill receipted, of which the widow had a distinct recollection. It availed not for her to assert the fact. The payment of the bill was pressed again, and longing eyes cast at the chest of tools. In great distress, the widow retired up stairs to pray, for all effort to find the receipted bill was vain.

While engaged in prayer, a butterfly flew in at the open window down stairs. The widow's little child chased it until it flew behind the chest of tools. Just then the mother came in, and the child begged her to remove the box that he might get the butterfly. The neighbor offered at once to do so; and while he was

removing it from the wall, a piece of paper fell down behind, which the widow taking up, found to be the lost bill receipted as she had said. She was overcome with praise and gratitude to God, who had answered her prayer by means of the butterfly, and caused even her enemy himself to discover the missing bill.

A PROVIDENTIAL VISIT.

Two ladies in New York, active members of a temperance society in that city, heard of a poor woman who was intemperate, but who was, notwithstanding, possessed of many highly estimable traits of character. They resolved immediately to call upon her, and, if possible, get her signature to the temperance pledge. They set out in the afternoon on their errand of mercy. With considerable difficulty they succeeded in finding the dwelling where she resided. Many poor families dwelt under the same roof. But at length they entered the room occupied by the family, the mother of which they sought. A woman, in middle life, was seated in a chair in the centre of the floor, with two trunks before her, apparently engaged in arranging the clothes. .

The ladies introduced themselves to the woman, and told her plainly, but kindly, of the object of their visit. For a moment the woman appeared perfectly amazed, her lips trembled, tears stood in her eyes, her cheeks turned pale, and then, clasping her hands with fervor, she looked upward and exclaimed, "My God, is it possible?"

The ladies were uncertain what might be the cause of the manifestation of this deep emotion, when the woman put her hand into her bosom, and, drawing out a shilling, showed it to the ladies, saying, "This money I had placed in my bosom, intending this afternoon to purchase poison with it, that to-night I might put an end to my wretched existence. And I was just now engaged in sorting out the clothes of my poor children to relieve my husband, as much as possible, from embarrassment after my death."

Encouraged by the interest which these benevolent ladies manifested in her behalf, this poor woman resolved to make a new effort. She said that she had endeavored again and again to escape from the thrall-dom of this terrible vice, but had been unable to do so. But cheered and strengthened by the sympathy of those who had come to lend her a helping hand, she signed the pledge. Many months have now passed away, and she is a temperate woman, and her home is the abode of frugality and peace.

THE WET GRIST.

"I have a story for your Guiding Hand," said a minister one day. "Let us have it, then," was our reply. "I suppose," said he, "I owe my life to the providence of God; and I will write out the story for you." He did so, and it was as follows:

"My father was a man of prayer, and in our home the family altar was never permitted to fall down, nor its fire expire or grow dim. Around that altar our

dependence on God was constantly acknowledged, and the divine blessing continually invoked. Nor was that blessing sought in vain, but mercies new and fresh from day to day were granted in answer to a father's prayers.

"One bright morning in the spring of 1850, after commending us to the Divine protection, my father put two bushels of rye into his wagon and started for the grist-mill at Rockland, R. I., a few miles distant from our home. When more than half way there he had to cross a bridge called "The Wharf," along the sides of which there were no railings, but only some logs laid upon the end of the planks.

"When on the middle of this bridge the horse stopped and began to back. My father leaped from the wagon, and the horse continued backing till the hind wheels went over the logs and off the edge of the bridge, and the wagon-seat and grain-bag tumbled out and fell into the stream. At this moment the horse stopped, the forward wheels caught on the log, and the hinder part of the wagon hung over the edge of the bridge, being held by the horse and by the forward wheels.

"Four or five men soon came to the rescue; the wagon was lifted back, the grist fished up from the water, and in half an hour my father was on his way back home to dry his grist and get it ready for grinding again.

"There was mystery about this whole transaction. We could not imagine what had made the horse back when upon the bridge. He showed no signs of fright,

and had never acted so before. My father was troubled. He had earnestly prayed that morning, that the angel of the Lord might encamp round about us that day, and now to be subjected to such an accident and so much inconvenience, was something of a trial to his faith, though it did not shake his confidence in God.

“He returned home, and we went to work to dry our grain and prepare it for grinding ; but when we spread out the rye upon a cloth in the sun to dry, we noticed, scattered all through it, fragments of a fine, glittering substance, which on examination proved to be *glass!* Thousands on thousands of little fragments and splinters of broken glass were mingled with those two bushels of rye,—enough to have caused the death of all our family and a hundred others if the grain had been ground and baked and eaten.

“We were amazed at this revelation ; and with what grateful hearts we knelt around the family altar and thanked God for his wonderful providence which had so strangely preserved our lives.

“But how came the glass thus mingled with the grain? It was all explained very soon. The rye had been kept in an open barrel, and over this barrel our neighbors had smoothed axe-handles, using pieces of glass to scrape and polish them. These pieces of glass were thus broken and splintered, and the fragments dropped unnoticed into the grain, and were measured up and placed in the bag to be carried to the mill. No one suspected the danger, and if that grist had been ground no human power could have

averted the calamity, or saved our family from the terrible influence of a poison so deadly as powdered glass. God in his providence interposed and preserved our lives ;—truly it is but right that they should be consecrated to his service.”

THE YOUNG DELIVERER.

The late Mr. Timothy Bradbury happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. Tooley, a lady in London, who was famous in her day for the love she bore to Christ, and to all his servants and people. Her house and table were open to them all, she being like *Lydia* in that respect. Mr. Timothy Rogers, who wrote the book on religious melancholy, and was himself many years under that distemper, happened to dine there the same day with Mr. Bradbury ; and, after dinner, he entertained Mrs. Tooley and him with some stories concerning his father, who was one of the ejected ministers in the year 1662. Mr. Rogers particularly related that he had often heard his father, with a good deal of pleasure, tell himself and others, of a deliverance which he had from being sent to prison, after his mittimus was written out for that purpose. He lived near the house of one Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of the peace, who was a violent persecutor of the dissenters. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. Rogers, and wanted above all things to have him in his power. A fair opportunity offered. He heard that Mr. Rogers was to preach at a place some miles distant ; and he hired two men to

go as spies, who were to take the names of all the hearers, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

The thing succeeded to his wish ; they brought the names of several persons ; and Sir Richard sent and warned them and Mr. Rogers to appear before him. Accordingly, they all came with trembling hearts, for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened to come into it a little girl, a grandchild of Sir Richard's, six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance ; and he, being fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her. At last Sir Richard sent one of his servants to inform the company that one of the witnesses was fallen sick ; therefore he warned them to come on another day, which he named to them.

Accordingly they came ; and the crime was then proved. He ordered their mittimus to be written to send them to gaol. Mr. Rogers, before he came, expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats to give her—and he was not disappointed ; for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than she was the day before. She was a particular favorite of her grandfather's, and had got such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing. She was, withal, a child of violent spirit, and could bear no contradiction. Once, it seems, when she was contradicted in something, she ran a pen-knife into her arm, which nearly cost her her life. After this, Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted

in any one thing. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers' knee, she looked wishfully at him, and he said,—

“I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to gaol.”

“To gaol,” said she; “why, what have you done?”

“Why, I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me.”

“But,” said she, “my grandpapa shall not send you to gaol.”

“Ay, but my dear,” said he, “I believe he is now making out our mittimus.”

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said,—

“What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?”

“That is nothing to you,” said her grandfather, “get you about your business.”

“But I will not,” said she; “he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you send them, I will drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed.”

When he saw the child was peremptory, it shook and overcame him. He stepped into the hall, with the mittimus in his hand, and said, “I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to gaol, but at my grandchild's request, I set you all at liberty.”

They all bowed, and thanked his Worship. Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said,

“God bless you, my dear child ! May the blessing of that God whose cause you now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity !” And then he and his friends went away.

Mrs. Tooley listened with uncommon attention to the story ; and looking at Mr. Rogers, said, “And are you that Mr. Rogers’ son?”

“Yes, madam,” answered he, “I am.”

“Well,” said she, “as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something you never knew before : I am the very girl your dear father blessed. It made an impression upon me I could never forget.” Upon this, he and Mr. Bradbury were desirous to know how she, who had been brought up with an aversion to serious religion, came to be so eminent for it.

Mrs. Tooley complied with their request, and very freely told them her story. She said that after her grandfather’s death, she was left the sole heiress of his great estate ; and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the times in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time she confessed that at the end of them all she found a dissatisfaction, both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of but by running the same fruitless round over and over again.

She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that that was

a place of pleasure, as well as health. When she came there, she was led by Providence to consult an apothecary, who happened to be a very worthy, religious man. He inquired what ailed her.

“Why, doctor,” said she, “I do not ail much as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of.”

“Truly, Miss,” said he, “I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it.”

“Books!” said she, “I get all the books I can lay my hands on; such as plays, novels, romances, etc., but after I have read them my uneasiness is the same.”

“That may be,” said he, “but the book I now speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read; I never tire in reading of it, but can begin to read it again as if I had never read it before. And I always see something new in it.”

“Pray, doctor,” said she, “what book is that? Cannot I get sight of it?” “Yes,” said he, “if you speak me fair, I can help you to it.” “Pray get it me then, doctor, and I will give you anything you please.” “Yes,” said he, “if you promise one thing, I’ll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading.”

She promised faithfully she would; and after raising her curiosity, by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it she said, “Poh (with a flirt)! I could get that at any time.”

“Why, Miss, so you might,” replied the doctor; “but remember I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully.”

“Well,” said she, “though I never read it before, I will give it a reading.”

Accordingly she began to read it; and soon saw something in it which deeply concerned her, and which caused her to grow ten times more uneasy than she was before. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She lodged at the court end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening she dreamed that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of when she awaked, but the text; but the dream made such an impression on her mind, that the idea she had of the place and the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and after breakfast said she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of London to the other.

Accordingly they set out, and went to this and the other church as they passed along; but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. At one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; they then went into an eating house, to get some dinner, and then set out again in search of the place. About half-past two they were in the Poultry, and

seeing a great many people going down the Old Jewry, Mrs. Tooley determined to see where they were going. She mixed herself among them, and they carried her to the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry. So soon as she had entered the door, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not stood long, till Mr. Shower, minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; as soon as she looked on him she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream! and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Psalm cxvi. 7. *Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that very passage for his text; and there God met with her in a saving manner; and she at last gained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest in Christ to her troubled soul.

The foregoing account of Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley is sufficiently authenticated by the gentleman from whom the writer of the letter had it, the Rev. Dr. Wood, at Norwich.

SAVED FROM A ROBBER BY RAIN.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given

him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with leveled gun, aiming at him and attempting to fire! But, the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I, not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property." And thus it is with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.

THE MASTODON'S BONES.

Many displays of God's good providence are never recorded, because of the inability on the part of those concerned to place them in form for publication. The following instance may be worthy of perusal.

Many years ago there resided in Crawford county, Ohio, an estimable gentleman, who was the owner of a large flouring mill, in the purchase of which he had become deeply involved in debt. What made his condition still worse was, the proceeds of the mill were not sufficient to liquidate the claim, and no

other visible resource was open to him for its liquidation.

As the time for the payment of the mortgage approached, no way appeared to be opened up, and as the mortgage and interest when due would amount to the sum of *seventeen hundred dollars*, it seemed almost utterly impossible that it could be paid.

Still, with some hope in the providence of God, the proprietor labored not only in the mill, but made some additional improvements in connection therewith, and while employed in improving the "mill race" he discovered the complete remains of a Mastodon, which being put in proper shape, he sold to a museum in Columbus, Ohio, and, strange to relate, it netted him *just seventeen hundred dollars*. His mortgage was paid up and cancelled, and the good providence of God clearly made apparent, so much so, that the irreligious were forced to acknowledge it.

THE FIRST LOAD OF WOOD.

Long before our coal mines were discovered, this load of wood was cut and burned. Those were the days when our grandfathers in their snow-shoes used to walk straight over the tops of the fences, and small houses were sometimes quite covered up by the heavy falls of snow; those were the days of which our grandmothers used to tell us, as we gathered around the blazing fire in the long winter evenings. The story we now relate is one of those then told.

At this period, there lived in one of our cities a

lone widow, in feeble health, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. It was a very cold winter, and during its progress there occurred one of the severest snow-storms ever known. Day after day the white embankment rose higher and higher around the city, filling every road and lane. The farmers in the surrounding country, who had supplied the city with wood, found the roads quite impassable. Weeks passed, and fuel became very scarce. Even the wealthy citizens began to be in want, and to watch eagerly for the first arrival. The farmer who should bring *the first load* into the city might receive almost any price he chose to name.

The little pile in the widow's back yard grew smaller and smaller, until none remained. No wood had yet been brought in, and when it was brought she well knew she should not be able to pay the price asked for it. Must she not suffer, perhaps perish with cold, before she could purchase? She had no resort but prayer. Not only the cattle, but the wood upon a thousand hills, belonged to God,—her God, who had promised to be the widow's stay and staff.

To the eye of sense there seemed no prospect of relief; but this humble Christian lived by faith, not by sense. She was not disheartened. It was her part to pray; it was God's part to find a way to answer her prayers.

At last, one farmer, more enterprising than his neighbors, ploughed his way through, and entered the city with the first load of wood. But the load of wood was not sold. On it went, and paused not

till it reached the widow's door. The kind-hearted farmer knew that she must be distressed, and God put it into his heart to go to her relief. Thus it was that the first load of wood brought to the city found its way not to the mansion of the wealthy citizen, but to the poor widow, who had neither silver nor gold, only faith in God, and an interest in his covenant love and faithfulness.

THE OLD FLINT-LOCK.

My grandfather, in early life, served in the Continental army, and afterwards removed from Connecticut and settled in the wilds of Vermont.

He lived at this time with my father on the farm where he had cut the first tree, in the then almost unbroken forest. Always given to early rising, it was his habit to build the morning fire—build is the proper term; for to lay in order the huge pile of logs and lesser wood, in the wide-mouthed chimneys of the olden time, was a bit of civil architecture, that would require a building-committee nowadays.

On one occasion, the fire had gone out on the hearth, and as friction-matches were in the future, as well as percussion locks and air-tight stoves, there was nothing better to be done, than to go to the nearest house for coals, or try for a spark from the flint-lock of an old continental musket, that always hung over the chimney-piece. Those old muskets combined great awkwardness and ingenuity; the fiery spark upon which the whole enginery depended lay within a dull-

looking, smoke-colored bit of flint stone, only brought out, as if in retaliation, by a foe of steel. Taking down the gun, he blew down the barrel, to make sure that it was not loaded, and put fresh priming into the gun. The spark descended, flashed the powder into blaze, and soon a bright fire went roaring and crackling up the chimney, boiling the family tea-kettle as if nothing unusual had happened. And the family slept on equally unconscious that a miracle had been performed—that an angel had come down, as it were, at the morning sacrifice, and stayed the forces of nature, for their preservation. But at tea, when my grandfather gave charge to give good heed to the fire the story all came out. And notwithstanding that my grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and understood all the ways and tricks of the regulation arms; notwithstanding the gun was reliable, “true to what was best within,” it was *heavily loaded still*, having been double-charged the day previous for a marauding hawk that had wisely kept beyond range. I shall never forget the look in my father’s face, as he took down the gun and stepping out upon the high terrace in front of the house, with one spring of the lock, without any fresh priming, discharged it with a deafening report, the contents plowing a black, jagged rent in the green turf of the slope below.

My grandfather regarded it as a special providence, for he knew how that death-laden tube had been in direct range of my parents’ sleeping apartment and at an exact level with a row of little heads in the trundle-bed, when the spark went down that

kindled the kitchen fire, the remainder being restrained. It was a lesson of the personality and love of God that has never been forgotten. The thought of God had come close to us and wrapped us about like a garment. The idea of a general providence, that takes in nobody in particular, is no less absurd than the idea of a general shower that waters and refreshes the field, causing it to bring forth by handfuls, no single rootlet or blade being reached in particular.

Blessed are they who abide under the shadow of the Almighty—under the covert of his wings. “How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.”

MONEY FROM A MISER.

“Fifty years ago,” writes an aged man from Vermont, “when I was a small boy, I had a good pious mother. One time she was in a great strait, for food or fuel, I have forgotten which.

“Though without earthly resources, she yet had great faith in her heavenly Father, and looked confidently to him. I did not share her confidence, and thought within myself, ‘I wonder, mother, how you can think the Lord will send you any money.’

“But He did send it, and in a wonderful manner. Soon after, an old, rich miser came into the house, and somehow or other, dropped his old purse, nearly full of silver money, on the floor. The money

scattered well, and rolled in all directions, and we picked it up and hunted for it till he was satisfied, and said, 'I guess we've got it all; if there is any more, you may have it.'

“When he was gone, it seemed as if it was right under the soles of his feet, we found just the sum she wanted! I believe that helped my faith wonderfully. It seems as if I had thought of it, since, a thousand times, when tempted to distrust my heavenly Father's care.”

DELIVERANCE OF JAMES MEIKLE.

When Mr. Meikle was surgeon's-mate on board the Portland, which office he filled with credit for several years, he had at Leghorn occasion to remark the interposition of Providence, in a very singular manner in his behalf. Several of the gentlemen belonging to the ship had formed a party, in order to visit the city of Pisa, which is not more than twelve miles distant, and entertain themselves with the sight of its famous hanging tower, and the other curiosities of the place. Mr. Meikle, starting in the morning of the 12th of April, went on foot by himself, and enjoyed, he says, by the way, “pleasant meditations on the love of Christ.” The rest followed on horseback. The afternoon was far advanced before they had sufficiently gratified their curiosity. In the evening Mr. Meikle's companions returned; but he, being fatigued, and observing that the wind was foul, so that the Portland, which was

to convoy, could not sail, ventured to remain at Pisa. Early next morning he set out for Leghorn; but the wind had changed during the night; and before he had reached the city the fleet had weighed, and were already several leagues on their way.

By this occurrence he was thrown into inconceivable perplexity. In a strange place, ignorant of the language, with no clothes except what were on his body, with little money in his pocket, without one personal acquaintance, and even but few Englishmen being left in the place to take interest in the distresses of their countryman; afraid, besides, of the fate of his papers and other property on board, of the loss of what was due to him on the ship's books, and of being detained long, before he could find an opportunity of getting home,—what was to be done! In his distress he applied to the English consul; but every expedient suggested by him, and some others whom he consulted, misgave.

After thus spending the remainder of Friday, and the whole of Saturday, in fruitless contrivances how to extricate himself from the embarrassments of his situation, the Sabbath came; on which he resolved, as much as possible, to banish care, and to commit himself to God. It was his custom, when an enemy appeared, or when at any time he went on shore, to put his Bible in his pocket, that, in any event, he might not be deprived of the consolation which the perusal of it is calculated to afford; and on this occasion he remarks, that he was so happy as to have along with him his dear companion, the Bible.

Early in the morning, therefore, he retired to a forest, which lay a considerable way out of town, on the road to Pisa, and spent the day in devotional exercises. He sung psalm lxiii, "a psalm written in a wilderness;" which, says he, "gave me great comfort in my wilderness." He read psalm cii, which well suits the afflicted when he is overwhelmed, and poured out his complaint before the Lord. He engaged repeatedly in prayer, and in meditation on God and the dispensations of his providence towards his people, and himself in particular.

As the day advanced, the wind sprung up, and it began to rain. He took shelter from the storm in the trunk of a hollow tree, and standing within it, he wrote a few verses expressive of the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Disposer of events; but the wind still blowing high, the evening growing chill, and he becoming faint, for he had tasted nothing all that day but a draught of water, and eaten little the day before, he returned to the city. Calling at a house to which he was invited, he had not sat long before information was brought him that the English fleet had been driven back by contrary winds, and were arrived in the roads. Animated by this delightful, but unexpected intelligence of an event which so evidently marked the care of Providence, he made all possible haste toward the shore; but it was late, it blew hard, and it was morning before he could get on board. As he rowed toward the ship it fell calmer, the wind became fair, the signal for sailing was hoisted, and within two hours after he entered

the Portland, the fleet were under way with a fair wind and a fresh gale.

The wind which chilled him, and the rain which drove him for shelter into the trunk of a tree, were the instruments of his deliverance. "This interposition of Providence for me," he says, "was astonishing." It appears to have struck even the careless sailors with surprise; for they hailed him as he approached the vessel, in their rough and irreligious manner, "Come along, you praying d——l;" adding, that the winds would not permit them to leave Leghorn without him.

TREASURES HID IN THE SAND.

In the seventeenth century, when the pilgrim fathers, having left their native land and removed to America, that they might find "freedom to worship God," had settled in Plymouth, they suffered great privations. Among other hardships they endured, they were sometimes in such straits for bread that the very crumbs of their former tables would have been a dainty to them. Necessity drove the women and children to the sea-side to look for a ship, which they expected to bring them provision, but no ship for many weeks appeared; however they saw in the sand vast quantities of shell-fish, since called clams, such as are found to this day in extensive flats that stretch out from the shore into Plymouth harbor.

Hunger impelled them to taste, and at length they

fed almost wholly on them ; and to their own astonishment, were as cheerful and healthy as they had been in England with plenty of the best provisions. The godly Elder Brewster, after they had all dined on clams without bread, returned God thanks, for causing them to “suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand,” a passage in Deuteronomy (xxxiii. 19), a part of the blessing wherewith Moses blessed the tribe of Zebulun before his death, —a passage till then unobserved by the company, but which ever after endeared the writings of Moses to them.

We have sometimes dug and often eaten clams from these same flats,—the “clam bank” being a bank whence the poor can always draw, for it never breaks even in the hardest time,—and have marked the wisdom of Providence which sent the pilgrim fathers to that precise locality. Starting for some place in the vicinity of New York ; guided in another direction by a pilot who is supposed to have been bribed by the Dutch to land them elsewhere ; driven about by the winds and currents till he himself had lost his course ; brought in safety finally to that land-locked harbor, where countless tons of shell-fish lay buried in the sands, while the brooks and springs that emptied there swarmed with myriads of fish ; these wearied exiles found their home at last upon a bleak and barren shore, but perhaps upon the best spot that could have been selected anywhere along the coast as a place of refuge and support for them in their poverty and trials that were to come.

CROSSING THE LAKE.

I went to prayer-meeting one Sabbath night rather reluctantly, says a writer in the *Sunday School Sun*. I preferred, it must be confessed, to stay at home and read. The night was so dark and cold, and home was so warm and pleasant, and then I did not care, I thought—but I fear my own heart was cold—to hear Mr. A's long exhortations, or Mr. B's cold prayers. What is the use of going? I said; why not stay at home just for to-night? I went, however, to prayer-meeting, and I was glad I went; for I heard much that night which benefited and interested me. The subject was God's Providence, and his goodness in answering prayers. After considerable talk upon the subject, and several fervent prayers, Dr. C. illustrated the matter by the following appropriate story:

“A traveler came to the shore of a northern lake late one March evening, expecting to cross on the ice and then go on to his distant home. Asking for a conveyance, he found that no one was willing to carry him over. The ice was unsafe. His business was urgent, and he was willing to attempt the passage, but not for a thousand dollars would any driver run the risk. At last a fellow traveler was persuaded by him to attempt the perilous journey on foot. Together they went along for a while cheerily and safely, but aware that the ice was growing thin and porous, so that in some places they could easily thrust their canes down through to the water. Then did the traveler realize his danger, and offer constant, fervent prayer to God that he would save his own life

and that of the impenitent friend he had urged to accompany him.

“Silently they picked their way around the dangerous places, hardly knowing how they went, but guided on in some mysterious manner. The shore was in sight, and breathing more freely, they thought the danger passed. Soon they saw stretched between them and the land a belt of open water shining in the clear moonlight. They were too weak and weary to call for assistance with any hope of an answer, and at that late hour it seemed unlikely that one would see them. Again a silent prayer was offered, and instantly from a house not far distant a person came forth with a plank in his hand which he placed over the water and called out,

“‘Come over quickly.’ They went and were saved. Then the Christian asked his companion,

“‘How did you feel when on the ice?’

“‘I felt that I was going to perdition,’ he replied, ‘and resolved if my life was spared to serve God.’

“Reaching his home the pious traveler found that his wife, not knowing his danger, or that he was on the lake, spent the whole night in praying for his safe return. Is not this a wonderful instance of God’s overruling Providence and his willingness to answer prayer?”

It is wonderful, I thought, and as I returned to my home, the night seemed no longer so cold or dark, for I thought of the starlight beyond the clouds, and the good Lord who ruleth over all, who sent his Spirit to shine into my heart.

A LIFE SAVED THROUGH A TRACT.

A minister from Exeter stated that not far from where he lived, and quite in the country, there were two young ladies residing, and both were pious. It so happened that a poor American sailor, having taken up the employment of a pedlar, passed that way, called at the house of these young ladies, and taking his box of small wares from his shoulders, requested one of them to purchase some tracts. She replied, that there was a certain tract which she was anxious to find, and that she would look over his parcel, and if it contained the one referred to, she would take it. She did so, and finding the tract she wanted, paid the man, and ordered the servants to provide him some refreshments, and went in haste to the door to receive a friend who had come from a distance to visit her.

The poor man, mean time, gathered up his scattered wares, proceeded a considerable distance on his way, and having reached a retired spot, sat down by the side of the road, and taking his jack-knife from his pocket, began to appease his hunger with the food so kindly provided for him. It so happened that in the course of the day a most horrible murder and robbery had been committed near this spot, and officers had been dispatched to seek out the criminal and bring him back to justice.

A party of them approached this poor sailor, and finding him employed with a jack-knife,—the very instrument with which the murder was supposed to

have been perpetrated,—they seized him at once and put him in prison, where he remained three months awaiting his trial. During the whole period of his confinement he was employed in reading the Bible and religious books to his fellow-prisoners, and was so exemplary in his whole conduct as to attract the attention of the jailor, who kindly interested himself for him, listened to his tale of woe, and believed him innocent.

When the trial came on, the case was of such an interesting nature that it drew together a vast concourse of people; and after the examination had passed, and the judge had called for the verdict of guilty or not guilty, a voice was heard to issue from the crowd, “*Not guilty!*”

Every eye was directed to the spot whence the sound proceeded; and immediately a young lady advanced, with a paper in her hand, and appeared before the judge. Her feelings at once overcame her, and she fainted; but recovering herself, and being encouraged to proceed, if she had anything to say in defence of the prisoner at the bar, she stated to the judge the circumstances of having the tract of the poor man, presenting it at the same time, bearing the date of the day and hour when it was purchased. She stated further, that just as the man was about leaving her, a sister whom she had not seen for many years arrived from a distance, and as she was anxious, for a particular reason, to remember the day and hour of her arrival, she made a memorandum of it on this tract, which she had happened to have in her hand.

While she was making this statement to the judge, the poor prisoner bent forward with earnestness to discover what gentle voice was pleading in his behalf; for he had thought himself friendless and alone in the world, and was comforted that any one should take a part in his sorrows, even though it should not avail to the saving of his life. But it did avail; for the hour of the murder having been ascertained, and being the same as that recorded upon the tract, it was evident the prisoner must have been in a different place at the time it was committed. He was accordingly discharged; and in a moment was upon his knees, pouring forth the grateful feelings of his heart to his kind benefactress.

And this, said the reverend gentleman, holding up a tract, is the very tract which saved that man's life.

WHO RUNG THAT BELL?

That there is a sleepless Providence watching over all the affairs of men, and often, by special agencies, bringing to light, as in the flash of a moment, the crimes which they commit, finds additional confirmation in an event which occurred in Enfield, Conn., in 1866, and which merits a more permanent record than a mere passing thought. A young man, belonging to one of our most respectable families, but who, from his irregular habits, had been strongly suspected of being guilty of criminal offences, and had been once under arrest for passing counterfeit currency, and escaped by forfeiting his bonds, on Sunday night,

a few weeks since, broke into a store at Hazardville, and loaded a wagon, which he had previously stolen and drawn to the door, with various kinds of merchandise. He then entered a stable, and attempted to lead out a valuable horse owned by the man from whom he had stolen the goods, intending to harness it to the wagon, and make off with his booty in the stillness of the night, when he thought no eye could see him and no ear hear him. Just at that moment, however, the bell from the village church tower sounded out an alarm loud and clear upon the night air, startling the inhabitants from their slumbers, who, supposing it to be a fire alarm, rushed into the street, and caught the thief with his plunder, before he had time to escape from the village.

The ringing of that bell, however, was a mystery. But upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the sexton, in ringing the bell for the church service the day previous had, by a seeming accident, so turned it up and set it, that he could not pull it down with the rope, and not having a key to the belfry door, he was obliged to let the bell remain in that position. Just in time to detect that youthful criminal, it came down without human help, and sounded that midnight alarm. After his arrest, goods were found in his possession, which were taken from a store in Thompsonville a short time previously; and he confessed that, with the aid of an accomplice, he had broken into it and stolen several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. The owner of these goods had formerly employed him as a clerk in his store. Thus the

ringing of that bell without human hands, brought several criminal offences to light, and arrested the offender in his dishonest career.

The writer has since conversed with the young man, and has reason to believe that the ringing of that bell was blessed to his temporal and eternal well-being.

THE BULLET IN THE BIBLE.

Old Dr. John Evans, the eminent Welsh preacher, in his "Sermons for Young Persons," published in 1725, said: "Shall I be allowed to preface this discourse with relating a passage concerning an acquaintance of mine, who has been many years dead, but which I remember to have received, when young from himself?

When he was an apprentice, the civil war began: his inclination led him into the army, where he had a captain's commission. It was fashionable for all the men of the army to carry a Bible with them; this, therefore, he and many others did, who yet made little use of it, and hardly had any sense of religion.

At length he was commanded with his company to storm a fort, wherein they were for a short time exposed to the thickest of the enemy's fire. When over, he found that a musket-ball had lodged in his Bible, which was in his pocket upon such a part of his body that the shot must necessarily have proved mortal, had it not been for this seasonable and well placed piece of armor. Upon a nearer observation he found that the ball had made its way so far in hi

Bible, as to rest directly upon that part of the first unbroken leaf, where the words of my text are found. It was Eccles. xi. 9:—*‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart; and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.’*

As the surprising deliverance, you may apprehend, much affected him, so a passage, which his conscience told him was very apposite to his case, and which Providence in so remarkable a way pointed to his observation, made the deepest and best impression on his mind; and, by the grace of God, he from that time attended to religion in earnest, and continued in the practice of it to a good old age, frequently making the remark with pleasure, that the Bible had been the salvation of both his body and his soul.”

ELIZABETH WALKER AND THE JUDGE.

The varied means by which God interposes to rescue his people from persecution and hinder their enemies from blood-guiltiness, have often been marked in the history of the world; and the members of the Society of Friends, in their quiet trustfulness and passive endurance of affliction for the gospel's sake, have often proved the Lord to be a helper and a shield in times of trouble and distress.

The following account of an experience of Elizabeth A. Walker, was communicated by her to the aged Samuel Grummere, a minister among the

Friends, and his record of it was published in the "*Friend's Review*" for October 23d, 1869, as an instance of the over-ruling direction of the Most High, even when human reasoning had induced a child of God to shrink from duty and neglect the teachings of the Lord.

Elizabeth was once journeying with some Friends. "Coming to Lake Ontario to cross, in order to perform a religious visit in Upper Canada, when about to go on board the sloop, the captain taking one of the carriage horses by the reins and leading him in, the other horse followed on board of his own accord, at which the captain seeming to marvel, was answered, the horse was used to crossing waters.

After having performed the visit in prospect in that country, and being about to return, on approaching Kingston, Elizabeth felt an intimation of duty to have a meeting with the people there; but it being the time of the Supreme Court, and the chief judge and a number of the great men of that country being in town, she gave way to reasoning, concluding that if once on board and set off, the concern might pass away from her mind.

Accordingly in the morning, coming to the water-side to embark, the same captain with whom she and her companions had crossed before, being about to take them on board, found one of the horses refused to be led. After using considerable endeavors himself and with the assistance of other men to force the horse on, and all without effect, he queried if it were not the same horse which had been so remarkably

tractable before. It proved to be the same, and in relating the circumstance, Elizabeth said she stood in amazement ; she saw the cause, and said, to use her own expression, 'I saw that I was Jonah.'

However, they hoisted the horse on board by means of tackle, and proceeded with a fair prospect a little way, when a friend asking the captain how long he thought it might take to reach the other side, was answered, probably half an hour ; when presently a tremendous storm arose, and they appeared every moment likely to be swallowed up in the waves. In this awful situation they remained from about eight to twelve o'clock. The captain said he had attended that ferry about thirty years, and had never seen the like ; and that there must be some cause for so great a tempest.

Elizabeth's companion then coming to her where she sat overwhelmed with confusion, told her she must give up to return, their lives being every moment in jeopardy. She could only answer that she was now willing to do anything. He then went to the captain and proposed his returning, but was answered it was equally impossible to return to the place from whence they came as to go forward. On being queried with whether there was no other point he could reach,—they being still near the Canada shore,—he replied that he might possibly reach the King's Navy Yard, but that no American vessel was permitted to land there.

The place being near, and the sentinel on guard in full view, Elizabeth says she recollected that she had

been a subject of the King of England, and did not know that she had done anything to forfeit her rights; she therefore desired the captain to hail the sentinel with his trumpet and inform him that one of his Majesty's subjects was on board, and being in distress, desired permission to land; but they received answer that he durst not allow it, as it would be at the peril of his life.

He was then queried of whether there was any superior officer at the place, and he answered that the admiral was there. It was desired that he might be informed that one of the King's subjects being in distress and danger, did not ask it as a favor, but claimed as a right to receive protection. A sloop was then sent out to bring them ashore.

Being landed with their baggage, etc., they had an interview with the admiral and some other great men, among whom was the judge before mentioned. She informed them of her desire to have a meeting, to which they readily assented, and concluded for it to be held at what they called the Church; and a messenger was sent to obtain the privilege, who returned with the answer that the priest was gone from home, and the key was lost, so they could not get entrance to the edifice.

The judge then said that should not disappoint their having a meeting. There being a large ball-room in the place, they set about preparing it for the purpose, and giving notice of the meeting. At three o'clock, about two hours from their landing, a large number being assembled, a satisfactory meeting was held;

after which, they being retired to quarters for the night, the judge sent his footman to inquire whether he might be permitted to pay them a visit, and was answered that if he desired to do so there would be no objection.

He came, and in conversation informed them that he being an Englishman, and brought up in what is termed high life, had also been in several considerable stations under government, and that with respect to religion, he had been an Episcopalian, a Roman Catholic, and a Presbyterian, but now he believed that he had all yet to learn; and herewith seemed inclined to drop the subject as respecting himself; but Elizabeth thought—though he endeavored to give the conversation a different turn—that there was still something throbbing in his heart that had not yet come out.

At length he said he had been a great persecutor, and being a colonel in the military, as well as a civil judge, had been severe with Friends on account of their non-compliance with military requisitions. He said he had done it in the integrity of his heart, supposing their refusal to proceed from obstinacy; but now was satisfied they acted from principle, and he was therefore determined to persecute them no more; and as respected what was past, all the restitution he saw in his power to make, and which it was his determination to fulfill, was, that when any Friend came that way with certificates, and desired to have meetings among them, it should be his part to make way for them.

The next morning they came again to the water to

cross, and the men who had the preceding day assisted in getting the horse on board, again offered their assistance. 'No,' said the captain, 'the work is now done, I can take him myself;' and taking hold of the bridle, led him gently in.

Some time after, the troubles between the two countries taking place, Elizabeth was desirous to know whether this great man had kept the promise he had so solemnly made not to persecute the Friends for their religious testimony, and was informed that within his jurisdiction only one member had suffered on that account, and that he had not in time informed them that he was a member, neither did his conduct bespeak him to be one."

The reader will observe how the Lord, by the "stormy wind fulfilling his word," brought Elizabeth Walker not only to bear her testimony to the people, but also to stand in the presence of the chief judge, who had been in his ignorance, a persecutor of her brethren, and thus made her an instrument of the deliverance of an innocent people from the afflictions and trials which they might otherwise have been called to endure through their steadfast adherence to duty, and the ignorance and prejudice of their foes.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what is it? It is, I suppose, a curl from the head of a dear child long since dead."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is

now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess. I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up, and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found

a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending upon my head.

"That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my three-score years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

PRESERVED BY A RAVEN.

In the year 1766, the especial interposition of Divine Providence was manifested in a most extraordinary manner to a poor laborer at Sunderland. This man being employed in hedging near to an old stone quarry, went to eat his dinner in a deep excavation in order to be sheltered from the weather, which was stormy; as he went along, he pulled off his hedging gloves, and threw them down at some distance from each other. While at his repast, he observed a raven pick up one of them, with which he flew away, and very soon afterwards returned and carried off the other. The man being greatly surprised, rose to see if he could trace where the bird

had gone with his gloves. He scarcely had cleared the quarry, before he saw large fragments fall down into the very place where he had been seated; and where, if he had continued a minute longer, he must inevitably have been crushed to pieces.

THE RESCUE.

Several years ago a ship was burned near the mouth of the English channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool, but the mother and her infant were crowded overboard and were not noticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still on the ship. They consequently drifted out of the channel with the tide, the mother clinging to some floating portion of the wreck, with her little one clasped to her breast.

Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel, bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving slowly along in her course. There was only a light breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to an object some distance off, which looked like a person in the water.

The officers and crew watched it for a time, and, as no vessel was near from which any one could have

fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that this could be a human being. But as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object. The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with considerable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed that as it drew near to the drifting speck the rowers rested on their oars a moment or two, and then moving forward, took in the person or thing, they knew not which, and returned to the ship.

When the boat's crew came on board they brought with them this mother and her child, alive, and well; and the sailor's said that, as they drew near, they heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse the men ceased rowing and listened, and the words of this beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian, all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears :

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.”

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and in about four months from the time of their separation they were happily reunited.

Who would not have such a trust as this, in time of trouble and distress? Even if it were but a delusion and a snare, yet how much better a faith which can break forth at such a time in holy and confiding song, than the bitter blasphemies and despairing cries which mark the hopeless peril of those that know not God.

But this abiding trust in God is no delusion. The Lord is nigh to them that call upon him. The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers; and his Guiding Hand, which stilled the wind and waters on that memorable afternoon, which turned the glance of the men on board this ship to that solitary speck that floated on the waters, and which turned that captain's heart to stop and examine, rather than to pass carelessly on,—that same hand guides us in all life's devious way, and will bring us safely to the heavenly home at last.

PRAISING AND DUELING.

It is sad to hear of Christians becoming soldiers, but it is blessed to hear of soldiers becoming Christians. And from the time of Cornelius the centurion, down to the present day, God has magnified his grace in calling and in keeping those, who, even in

the most trying scenes, were enabled to hold fast their integrity and remain followers of the Prince of peace, though among the votaries of strife and blood.

And the influence of such men has been great, and their testimonies and their prayers have often been used of the Lord to effect much good to those among whom their lot was cast, while compelled to endure the trials of their unwelcome calling and position.

It is related that a pious young man in the army, not having a place in the barracks in which he was quartered, wherein he could pour out his soul unto God in secret, went for this purpose one dark night into a large field adjoining. Here he thought that no human being could see or hear him. But that God whose thoughts and ways are superior to ours, ordained otherwise. Two wicked men belonging to the same regiment, in whose hearts enmity had long existed against each other, were resolved, as they said, to end it that night in a battle.

But God had his eye upon these sinful men, and his hand, unknown to them, directed all their steps. They chose the same field to fight in, where the other had gone to pray. The field, however, was large, and they might have taken different ways; but they were led by Providence to the same spot where the young man was engaged in earnest supplication. They were surprised at hearing the sound of a human voice in the field at that time of night; and much more so when they drew nearer, and heard a man at prayer. They halted, and gave attention; and the effect of the prayer was to turn their mutual aversion

into love. They took each other instantly by the hand, and cordially confessed that there remained no longer in either of their breasts hatred against each other.

Of course this praying man had no thought of the way in which the Lord was using him to save life and prevent blood-guiltiness. Nor can we know what purposes of mercy God may serve by us. It is enough that we walk by faith and prayer, and leave the results to Him who doeth all things well; who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will; whose wisdom is unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.

THE GOLD-DIGGING RAT.

“All things come to pass according to certain fixed and unalterable laws.”

So men of science assert, and from this reason, argue that no one can pray intelligently for the occurrence of any event, or other than those which are already certain according to the course of nature, unless he believes that God will work a miracle in order to give him an answer. To this the Christian's faith replies: “Yes, God does bring all things to pass according to his own fixed laws; according to the counsel of his own will. Yet his infinite wisdom finds room, without over-riding these laws, so to order particular events, as that their occurrence at particular times is in gracious answer to those prayers which he has bidden and invited his people to offer

up to him, in the name of Jesus Christ, for things agreeable to his holy will."

Among the thousands of incidents which daily confirm the faith of those who take God at his word, the following is a striking one: During the war, a gentleman in West Tennessee removed the steps from his back porch, buried some gold, and replaced the steps. It escaped the hands of the invaders. The war closed in 1865. The gentleman removed the steps, dug up his gold, and believing he had secured it all, replaced the steps again.

Nearly seven years rolled away, and in 1872, an excellent and worthy Presbyterian minister of Tusculum, Alabama, died in the midst of his years and usefulness, leaving a widow and six little penniless children. The synod of Memphis resolved to ask her churches to make a contribution for the benefit of this family. On a certain Sabbath, one of her pastors stated the facts, and announced that his church would make their contribution on the next Lord's day. Before him sat one of his members, the wife of the man who had concealed the gold. She felt, "Oh, I do wish I could make or procure some money that I might help that dear lady and her fatherless ones!" Then she resolved before the Lord that she would give all the money which he would enable her to make or control during the next week, to that cause. That night a rat—"according to the laws of his nature"—determined to dig a hole under those back steps, and did so. Next morning, as the lady, according to her custom, swept the back porch and

steps, she saw a five-dollar gold piece lying in the earth, scratched up by the rat. She then removed the steps, and digging, found other pieces, until she had procured twenty dollars in gold; and this went the next Sabbath to the widow and orphans.

She and many others have no doubt that this was an answer to the prayer and resolve made in her pew on the previous day, and yet no law of the nature of any person concerned, not even of the rat, was set aside or over-ridden.

GOBAT AND THE HYENAS.

“Mr. Gobat, afterward Bishop of Jerusalem, when engaged as a missionary to Abyssinia, retired on one occasion, in a season of deep spiritual depression and gloom, into a cavern, and there poured out his heart in earnest supplication, beseeching that God would not desert him, but encourage him in his trials. He remained in the cavern some time. When he rose from his knees, his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he saw that he had been there with a hyena and her cubs, which yet had not been suffered to attack him. At the very time when he deemed himself forgotten, he received this striking manifestation that the God of providence was nigh to shield and protect him.

“On one occasion this animal was made the instrument of his deliverance from a violent death: While laboring among the wild tribes of the Druses, a messenger was sent from one of their chiefs, whose

influence it was important to secure, with a message entreating Mr. Gobat to visit him. The latter, however, was unable to do so in consequence of indisposition. A second messenger repeated the invitation, but still, contrary to Mr. Gobat's expectation, he was prevented from complying with the chief's wishes. A third messenger prevailed on him to set out, by the assurance that if he went at once he might spend the night with the chief, and be ready to return in the morning, so as to join a ship about to sail for Malta, in which Mr. Gobat was anxious to embark. On their journey the guides lost themselves in the mountain paths. Having at last, with some difficulty, regained their route, they suddenly saw by the light of the moon that a hyena had laid itself down across the path exactly in their way. They threw stones to frighten it, when the animal sprang up and ran along the path which the party were to travel. A superstition is prevalent among the Druses, that 'the way a hyena goes is an unlucky one.' Accordingly the natives refused to go further, and Mr. Gobat had to retrace his steps, greatly perplexed at the obstacles which had hindered a journey apparently of so much consequence to his mission. When in Malta he received a letter from a friend in Lebanon, stating that he had been visited by the chief, who, with much agitation, had spoken to him as follows: 'Your friend is truly a servant of God, and God has preserved him; for I wished to draw him to my village in order to murder him. Therefore I sent message after message to

him ; but God has delivered him from the hand of his enemies.”

“ Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.” “ The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them.”

A TIMELY ALARM.

A lady in S——, New Hampshire, relates the following incident, illustrating the watchfulness of divine providence over the people of God :

“ Sometime about the year 1868, my husband was absent from home, and I was alone in the house with an old lady, more than eighty years of age, and quite lame and feeble. The evening was well advanced, the old lady had retired for the night, and I was preparing to go to my bed, when I heard a remarkable noise caused by the rats running up and down the ceiling as I never heard them before or since. I spoke to the old lady, and said, ‘ I have a good mind to carry the cat up stairs.’ She replied, ‘ I would ; for I never heard the rats make such a noise.’ I took the cat, and when I opened the door into the front entry, I perceived the smell of smoke. I ran up stairs, and opened the door into one of the back chambers directly over our bed, and there a large wooden spit-box standing before a stove, was on fire ; I caught it up to put it in the stove, and

the bottom of it dropped out, and the floor where it stood was also on fire. I got some water, and soon put out the fire, and went down and said to the old lady, 'Truly God sent the rats there, to preserve us from certain death; for if I had gone to bed, we should not have known anything about the fire, until the burning floor fell on us.'

"We both felt to thank God for his protecting care. But it was a great mystery to us to know how the fire came up there; for no one had been there, to my knowledge, during the day. I remembered, however, that a woman had been washing for me that day who smoked; and as she knew tobacco was very offensive to me, I thought she must have gone up into the chamber to smoke. She was in the house the next day, and owned that she did so, but was not aware that she had dropped any fire. As it was, her indulgence in the vile habit might have occasioned the loss, not only of our property but of our lives, had it not been for this unusual noise which attracted my attention, and led me to discover the danger. The evil habit was the cause of our peril, but the providence of God provided a way for our escape.

In this way trifles light as air are made subservient to the safety and prosperity of the children of the Most High. Blessed are they who observe his loving-kindness and give thanks for all his love, rejoicing that the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and that Israel's Keeper neither slumbers nor sleeps.

THE TIMELY EBB-TIDE.

The following remarkable account of the deliverance of the inhabitants of Holland from the terrors of an invading force, is recorded in the second book of Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Time:"

In 1672, the Dutch were saved by an extraordinary event, at a time when nothing but the interposition of Providence could have preserved them. In that memorable year, when Louis XIV. came down upon that country like a flood, he proposed that at the same time he should enter the province of Holland by land, his fleet, in conjunction with that of Great Britain, should make a descent on the side of the Hague, by sea. When the united fleets came up within sight of Scheveling, the tide, though very regular at other times, just when they were preparing to land, changed its usual course, and stopped for several hours. The next morning the French and English fleets were dispersed by a violent storm.

Those who hate the very name of a miracle (although in reality they suppose the greatest of all miracles, that is, the tying up of the hands of the Almighty from disposing events according to his will) pretend, "This was only an extraordinary ebb." But this very ebb was an extraordinary providence, as the descent, which must have terminated in the destruction of the republic, was to be punctually at that and no other time. But that this retrogradation of the sea was no natural event, is as certain as anything in nature.

Many writers of unquestionable veracity might be produced to confirm the truth of the fact. I shall only cite one, who was at the Hague but three years after it happened: "An extraordinary thing lately happened at the Hague. I had it from many eye-witnesses. The English fleet appeared in sight of Scheveling, making up to the shore. The tide turned; but they made no doubt of landing the forces the next flood, where they were like to meet no resistance. The states sent to the prince for men to hinder the descent, but he could spare few, having the French near him. So the country was given up for lost; their admiral, De Ruyter, with their fleet, being absent. The flood returned, which the people expected would end in their ruin; but, to the amazement of them all, after the sea had flowed two or three hours, an ebb of many hours succeeded, which carried the fleet again to sea. And before the flood returned, De Ruyter came in view. This they esteemed no less than a miracle wrought for their preservation.

PROVIDENCES IN BIBLE TRANSLATION.

God's wonderful care for those who labor to disseminate his Word, has often been remarked. The following are a few of many instances:

Long before the establishment of Bible societies, the Rev. Peter Williams, a pious, distinguished preacher of Wales, seeing that his countrymen were almost entirely destitute of the Bible, and knowing

that the work of the Lord could not prosper without it; undertook, though destitute of the means, to translate and publish a Welsh Bible for their use. Having expended all his living, and being deeply involved in debt, with the work yet unfinished, he expected every hour to be arrested and imprisoned, without the means or hope of release.

One morning he had taken an affectionate leave of his family for the purpose of pursuing his pious labors, with an expectation that he should not be permitted to return, when, just as he was mounting his horse, a stranger rode up and presented him a letter. He stopped and opened it, and found to his astonishment, that it contained information that a lady had bequeathed him a legacy of £300 sterling. "Now," said he, "my dear wife, I can finish my Bible, pay my debts, and live in peace at home."

Williams escaped imprisonment that he might translate the word of God;—others have been kept *in* prison to accomplish the same design.

Luther's translation of the Bible was made while shut in by the gloomy walls of Wartburg castle. From that lonely hiding-place in the Black Forest went forth rays of light to illuminate the world through all succeeding generations.

De Sacy, a French Christian, was thrown into the Bastille, in 1666, by the Jesuits, and lay there two years and a half. There he translated the Bible into French. One night he finished the book, and the *very next day* his prison doors were flung open, and he went forth free, bearing the word of God in

the language of the common people. Thus has God guarded his living Word, notwithstanding the fury of his foes, and made the wrath and spite of men to praise his name.

THE SUICIDE SAVED.

A writer in the *Sunday-School Workman*, relates an incident occurring in her immediate neighborhood which illustrates the wonderful providence of God in the preservation of human life.

“Our maid,” she says, “was busy hanging clothes on the line, when, chancing to raise her eyes, she saw a female form suspended from one of the windows of a house, so situated that it could not easily be seen from any of the adjoining houses.

In an instant the alarm was given, and the poor woman, who, in a moment of delirium, sought to destroy her life, was released from her perilous position. Only a little hook had held her clothes, and prevented her death.”

The man who forged that hook, and he who set it in its place, little thought of the importance of their work; but God saw it all the time. Had the hook been slighted in the making, or had it been fastened carelessly, and insecurely, it might have cost a life. But the hook was strong and firm, and right side up, and it saved a soul from death.

God uses many hooks, not only putting them in the jaws of the ungodly to turn them back, but also to pluck his tempted saints out of many dangerous

acts. A word, a deed, a smile, a prayer, a tear, may prove the salvation of some bewildered soul. Be faithful then. Learn that all your work is done for God. Slight nothing. Have the same evidence of your salvation that the little servant girl had, who, when asked how she knew she was converted, said, "*Because I sweep under the mats.*"

Life and health may depend upon your present acts, and untold results may follow some unconsidered effort. Live faithful then, and walk as before the Lord, remembering that nothing can be trifling which attracts the notice of his eye.

ACCOUNT OF MR. STUDLY.

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."

Mr. Studly was the son of an attorney in Kent, who was worth about four hundred pounds a year; a man remarkable for his enmity against the power of religion, and the people called Puritans. His son seemed for some years to tread in his father's steps, till the Lord, who had separated him from his mother's womb, was pleased to call him by his grace in the following remarkable manner:

Young Mr. Studly, being in London, and having spent an evening in gay company, was intoxicated with liquor. Returning in the night to his lodging, he fell down into a cellar, and in the fall was seized with such horror of mind, that he absolutely thought he had fallen into hell. He lay there some hours, though he received little harm from the fall. Stupid,

affrighted, and heated with liquor, he imagined that he was actually in the pit of misery. When he recovered himself, and had got home into Kent, he became very thoughtful and serious, applying himself diligently to reading the Scriptures and to prayer. His father soon perceived the change in his disposition and conduct, and greatly dreading that his son would turn Puritan, behaved in a very harsh and severe manner to him, and even obliged him to dress the horses; to all which he readily and humbly submitted. And when at any time his father perceived that he sat up late at night to read his Bible, he denied him candle-light; but being allowed to have a fire in his chamber, he used to lie all along on the floor, and read by the light of the fire. He has told his friends that while employed in dressing his father's horses in his frock, and lying on the floor to read, he received such comforts and joys from the Lord, as were scarcely ever equalled afterwards.

The old gentleman, finding his endeavors to discourage him from religion ineffectual, resolved to send him to France, hoping that change of air and levity of manners might cure him of his melancholy. Accordingly he went; but being left to his own disposal, he was providentially directed to a godly Protestant minister, with whom he fixed himself, and with whom he soon contracted a most pleasing and profitable friendship. Here he made a rapid progress in learning and speaking French, an account of which was communicated to his father. Soon after this he was ordered to return to England, and by the father's

invitation, or the son's persuasion, the tutor accompanied him; and was affectionately received by old Mr. Studly, who as yet knew nothing of his being a minister. At length the father surprised the French gentleman and his son at prayer together, which so enraged him, that he immediately paid him what was owing, and dismissed him.

Another expedient was now adopted. Old Mr. Studly having some interest with a person of honor, a lady of quality at Whitehall, prevailed with her to take his son into her family, who was by his education qualified for such a station. He hoped by the gaiety of court life to drive away his melancholy, as he called his son's seriousness in religion.

When fixed in this new station, having considerable authority over the numerous servants of the house, he took the liberty to reprove them for swearing and other vices, with such prudence and gravity that sin fell down before him; so that when any of them were improperly employed, it was enough to deter them if they heard Mr. Studly coming. When a year was elapsed, the father waited upon the lady, to enquire how the young man had approved himself in his place. She replied, she was heartily glad that Mr. Studly had come into her house, for he had effected a wonderful reformation in the family. She had, she said, been formerly troubled with the unruly conduct of her servants; but, by his prudent management, all was now as quiet as in a private family in the country. At this the old man perfectly stormed, and exclaimed, "What! will he make Puritans in

Whitchall?" He told the lady, that was no place for his son, he would take him home ; which to her great dissatisfaction he did.

The only method he could now devise to stifle the work of religion, was to get his son married to some gay young lady in an irreligious family. Having such a one in his eye, he ordered his son one evening to be ready to accompany him on horseback on the morning following ; and when on the road, ordered the servant, who was behind them, to ride on before, and then addressed himself to the young man to the following purpose : "Son, you have been the occasion of great grief to my mind. I have used a variety of methods to reclaim you from the strange way you are in, and as yet to no purpose. I have one more remedy to apply, and if you comply with my wishes in it, I will settle my whole estate on you ; but if you refuse, you shall never enjoy a groat of it. We are now going to such a gentleman's house, and to his daughter I intend to marry you." The young man said little in reply, knowing that family to be profane ; however, they went on to the house, where they were kindly received and nobly entertained, the father having before prepared the way.

On their return homeward the old gentleman asked his son how he liked the lady ? The young man, who was really captivated with her beauty (for she was remarkably handsome) replied, No man living could help liking such a woman ; he was only afraid she would not like him. The father, heartily glad that the bait was taken, bid him take no care for that. The

courtship that ensued was not long, for in three weeks they both came to London to buy wedding clothes.

The father had been particularly careful to desire that while his son paid his addresses, there might be no swearing or debauchery, lest he should be discouraged. But when the wedding day came, the mask was thrown off; they indulged themselves at the dinner with drinking healths, and profane swearing; and, amongst the rest, the bride herself swore an oath.

At this the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occasion to leave the table, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and rode away unobserved, all being busy in the house. As he rode along he bewailed his condition, having, he judged, ruined his peace for ever. He recollected that during the affair he had restrained prayer, and of course lost his communion with God, when he should have been doubly and trebly diligent, that he had inconsiderately fallen in love, and improperly hurried on the match, so that he was now utterly and deservedly undone. With such painful thoughts as these he rode on, not knowing what to do, or whither to go. Sometimes he thought of riding quite away. At length, being among the woods, he led his horse to a solitary place, tied him to a tree, and betook himself to earnest prayer, in which he spent the whole afternoon. He was led to pray chiefly for the conversion of his wife, which he sought with earnest cries and tears, looking on himself as a ruined man if this were not granted; nor did he rise from his knees without some good hope of being heard.

In the mean time all was hurry and confusion at

the house he had left. When the bridegroom was missed, messengers were sent out in every direction to seek him. But no news of him could be got. He was crying to God, as Jacob did at Peniel.

When the evening came he returned, and, enquiring where his bride was, found her sitting in her chamber, pensive enough. She asked him if he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision all the day. He entreated her to sit down on a couch there, by him, and he would give her an account of what he had been doing, and the reason of it. He then told her the story of his whole life, and what the Lord, *by his grace*, had done for him: and this he did with much affection and many tears, the flood gates of which had been opened in the wood; and frequently in the course of his story, he would say, *Through grace*, God did so and so for me. When he had related the whole—and by the way, this was St Paul's method, by which many were converted, to tell over the story of his conversion—she asked him what he meant by that expression, which he so often used, "*through grace!*" so ignorantly had she been educated; and also asked him if he thought there was no grace in God for her, who was so wretched a stranger to him. "Yes, my dear," said he, "there is grace for you, and it is that I have been praying for in the wood. God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears; and let us now go together to him about it." Then they kneeled down by the couch, and he prayed; and they both were so engaged in weeping and supplication, that their eyes were much swollen.

When they came down to supper, and were at the table, the bride's father, according to custom, swore. The bride immediately said, "Father, pray don't swear." At which Mr. Studly rose from his seat in prodigious anger, and cried, "What ! is the devil in him ? has he made his wife a Puritan already ?" and swore bitterly that he would rather set fire to the four corners of his fair-built house, with his own hands, than his son should ever enjoy it. When he returned home, he immediately made his will, leaving his son only ten pounds, to cut off his claim ; and bequeathed his estate to several others, of whom a Dr. Reeves was one. Not long after this he died ; and Dr. Reeves sent for young Mr. Studly, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious son, had disobliged his father, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed.

The match had been so hurried, that Mrs. Studly had no portion settled on her, at least to his knowledge, for he left the whole affair to his father's management ; so that she was also deserted by her friends. But having two hundred pounds in her own hands, which had been left by a grandmother, they took, and stocked a farm in Sussex, where she, who had been very genteelly educated, has been often seen in her red waistcoat milking her cows. She was enabled to do all this with such cheerfulness, that she greatly comforted and encouraged her husband. "God," said she "has had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me." Thus they lived with much comfort, and an increasing family, for a considerable time.

However, about three or four years after their marriage, as he was on the road, in Kent, he was met by one of the tenants of his late father's estate, and saluted by the name of landlord. "Alas !" said he, "I am none of your landlord." "Yes, you are," replied the farmer, "I know more than you do of the settlement. Your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he made joint purchaser. Myself and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to Dr. Reeves. I have sixteen pounds ready for you in my hands, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to wage law with them." Mr. Studly was amazed at this wonderful providence; received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term or two recovered it.

Mrs. Studly, enjoying the blessings of an affectionate, pious husband, several fine children, and a plentiful fortune, began to question the truth of her grace, because of her great prosperity. But it was a severe rebuke that the Lord gave her for her sin; for a fine boy about three years old fell into a kettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This she looked upon as the Lord's discipline for her unthankfulness, and was thus instructed to know how to abound as well as how to suffer want, and to accept without distrust or murmuring the things which are given us richly to enjoy.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Psa. xxxix. 19.

A STARVING WIDOW FED.

A lady was travelling with her young family and their governess to the sea. They used post horses with their own carriage. They had not gone many miles before she discovered that the cook, contrary to her orders, had filled all the pockets and every spare nook of the coach with provisions. She was displeased, and the first time they stopped to change horses, had everything turned into a basket, and told the servant to give it away. The governess asked permission to go with the servant while the carriage was detained, to see it properly given. A reluctant consent was obtained, and she hastened into the poorest part of the town that lay near the inn. She had little time for any choice, so turning down a street she resolved to leave the basket at the first clean looking house she came to.

Passing several, she stopped at one with a snow-white curtain in a bright window. She knocked at the door, but received no answer; she raised the latch and went in. A woman, reduced by starvation or sickness to a mere skeleton, was at a bedstead, which was the only article of furniture in the room. She looked languidly at the lady, who, without delay emptied the basket on the floor—meat, tongue, etc.

“I was told to give this away,” said she, “and as I knew no one here, I determined to leave it at the first clean house I came to.”

Instead of thanking or even answering her, the

woman, still on her knees, raised her hands and said: "I thank thee, O my Father; thou knowest my need."

A few minutes told her story. She had lost her husband after twenty weeks of fever. Nursing him reduced her strength and devoured her substance. She was too weak to work, and had been compelled to part with all her goods, piece by piece, to pay her rent and obtain bread. "I knew I could work if I had meat to nourish me," she said; "but where could I get it? Where?" she continued, "why, from Him who sent it by you just as I was asking him to let me have some, unless it was his blessed will that I should go to the work-house."

THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

During the war called Braddock's War, says a writer in the *Christian Advocate*, my father was an officer in the British army. One night, as they were running close to the coast of Barbary, the officers on deck heard some person singing. A moment convinced them that he was singing the Old Hundredth psalm tune. They immediately conjectured that the singer was a Christian captive, and determined to attempt his rescue. Twenty stout sailors, armed with pistols and cutlasses, manned the ship's boats, and approached the shore. Directed by the voice of singing and prayer, they soon reached the abode of the Christian captive. It was a little hut at the bottom of his master's garden, on a small river. They burst open

the door, and took him from his knees, and, in a few moments, he was on the ship's deck, frantic with joy.

The account he gave of himself was, that his name was McDonald; that he was a native of Scotland, and had been a captive eighteen years; had obtained the confidence of his master, and had the privilege of living by himself. He said he was not at all surprised when they broke open his door; for the Turks had often done so, and whipped him when on his knees. Throughout his captivity, he had held fast his faith—though apostasy would have secured his freedom—and had waited and hoped until the hour of his release.

And while all seemed dark and unpromising, the Lord, who looks down from the height of his sanctuary to behold the earth and “hear the groaning of the prisoner,” had planned and provided a way for his rescue from his long and dark captivity.

And how visible was God's guidance in his deliverance. A song of Zion, sung “by the rivers of Babylon,” brought him help. Had he feared the wrath of his foes; had he hushed his song and whispered out his praises to escape their persecutions; or had he sung sooner or later than he did; or had the vessel passed by day, when others would have observed their movements, he might have still remained in bondage, and died a captive in a hostile land.

But God never makes mistakes, and his providential arrangements are never too early, never too late, always in time, always in place, and always true and righteous altogether.

THE HEAVEN-BUILT WALL.

In the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. In their turn, they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of soldiers, all seeking their own preservation, and giving no quarter to others. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them.

But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends intimate enough to spare a thought for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of those nearest to him and of himself. What chance in flight was there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy?

It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take him at his word, and leave him behind.

"The neighbors are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said. "I am so selfish I have kept you here. Take the little girls with you; it is not too late. And I am safe; who will hurt a poor helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother; "God will not leave us, though all else forsake us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men; they are wild beasts. Oh, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly useless? No strength to defend, no strength even to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenseless," answered his mother; "God will build us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me, indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us! And yet you ought to leave me! What right have I to keep you here? And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer."

"God will be our refuge and defense," still said the mother; and at length, with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy, till he, too, slept like his sisters. The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defense. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night

it had collected rapidly. A "stormy wind, fulfilling His word," had blown the snow into drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it—a protecting wall, built by Him who holds the very winds in his fists, and who ever pities those who trust in him. A low shed behind protected the way to the outhouse, where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow.

It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow, which, in the silent night, had gathered about it. God had protected the defenseless with a "sure wall."

PROVIDENCE AND LAW.

It is said that John Fletcher, when a young man, was very anxious to join the army to go to South America. The vessel was ready to start, friends secured him an appointment, but the morning he was to have sailed, the servant, in coming into his room at breakfast, stumbled and spilled over him the boiling coffee, and so scalded him that he was unable to go on his journey. He lamented the accident—was disappointed in all his plans; *but the vessel was never heard from*. Fletcher was spared to become a preacher

of the gospel, a man who wielded by his pen, as well as by his voice, an overwhelming influence upon the minds of men, and being dead yet speaketh. No miracle was wrought. Wesley, the little boy, is sleeping in the upper story of Epworth Rectory. It is on fire; he is forgotten; but suddenly a woman remembers there is a child asleep, and she calls, and the child shows his head at the window; and a brave man at the risk of himself being burned, mounts a ladder, and the little fellow throws himself into his arms and is saved, and Wesley is spared to enlighten the world.

No law of nature is violated; but oh! these suggestions, these thoughts that drop from heaven, that change and mould the whole sphere of our lives! This breathing! God breathed into man, and he became a living soul. Jesus, when he rose from the dead, breathed and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." That spirit of breathing, that spiritual influence, it comes down on the hearts of men, and may change and fashion and mould and save, and yet all these laws of nature remain uniform and immutable. God is all around us. God's laws stand all the time. We lean on them like pillars of the universe. We place our feet on them like the rock of ages. We hold fast to them, knowing that the foundations shall give way sooner than they. And yet, in the midst of all these, there is a sphere under which we can work in harmony with these laws and have their protecting power, and still God can care for the men who care for Him. Here is the whole realm in which

we may find safety. I will not say positively that God never interfered with nature's laws, that there is never any response in this direction in answer to prayer. I will not make the affirmation that God never suspends a natural law; but I will say, I see no necessity for it. Christ never showed any example of it in his own life; and save when there was a necessity for declaring God was there, that he might give a revelation, and men might know it was from God, we find no such case of miraculous intervention. And now, then, if God can so work, what is to prevent us feeling we are encircled within his arms and his power attends us?

Bp. Simpson.

THE LOST DEEDS.

Dr. Bedell relates that, while Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was at the house of a Mr. Beck, in Philadelphia, he received a package from Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, making inquiries relating to certain property in America, of which some old person in his diocese was the heir. The letter had gone to Ohio, followed him to Washington, then to Philadelphia, and found him at Mr. Beck's. When he read it to Mr. B., the latter was in amazement, and said,—

“Bishop Chase, I am the only man in the world who can give you this information. I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found.”

How wonderful that the application should have

been made to Bishop Chase, and he not in Ohio, but a guest in the house of the only man who possessed any information on the subject !

ARE TRACTS WASTED?

Some people think that the day of the usefulness of tracts has gone by, and that the tract distributor's task is as idle as the throwing of sand to the four winds of heaven. But though a printed word may be wasted, just as a spoken word may be addressed to careless ears, no one knows upon what ground the seed will fall. Recently it was reported in the news columns of a New York daily paper, a man stepped into a horse-car in New York, and, before taking his seat, gave to each passenger a little card bearing the inscription, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying." One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it into his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver: "Sir, when you gave me this card, I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live. But this ticket has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good-day, and God bless you!" All this is no imaginary story, taken from a religious novel. It happened to be on a Fulton Ferry car, on a day in March, 1878, and the man who distributed the cards was Mr. James Huggins, the proprietor of the Pearl Street printing establishment.

THE LORD'S LEADING.

Thus far the Lord hath led us, in darkness and in day,
Through all the various stages of the narrow, homeward way;
Long since, he took that journey—he trod that path alone,
Its trials and its dangers full well himself hath known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; the promise has not failed;
The enemy encountered oft has never quite prevailed;
The shield of faith has turned aside, or quenched each fiery dart,
The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has forced him to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; the waters have been high,
But yet in passing through them, we felt that he was nigh.
A very present helper in trouble we have found;
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; our need hath been supplied,
And mercy hath encompassed us about on every side;
Still falls the daily manna; the pure rock-fountains flow;
And many flowers of love and hope along the wayside grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us; and will he now forsake
The feeble ones whom for his own it pleases him to take?
Oh, never, never! earthly friends may cold and faithless prove,
But his is changeless pity and everlasting love.

Calmly we look behind us, our joys and sorrows past,
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at last;
Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill,
Enough for safety and for peace, if *thou* art with us still.

Yes; they that know thy name, Lord, shall put their trust in thee
While nothing in themselves but sin and helplessness they see.
The race thou hast appointed us, with patience we can run,
Thou wilt perform unto the end the work thou hast begun.

THE GUIDING HAND.



DREAMS AND IMPRESSIONS.

“FOR GOD SPEAKETH ONCE, YEA TWICE, YET MAN PERCEIV-
ETH IT NOT. IN A DREAM, IN A VISION OF THE NIGHT, WHEN
DEEP SLEEP FALLETH UPON MEN, IN SLUMBERINGS UPON THE
BED; THEN HE OPENETH THE EARS OF MEN, AND SEALÉTH
THEIR INSTRUCTION, THAT HE MAY WITHDRAW MAN FROM HIS
PURPOSE, AND HIDE PRIDE FROM MAN. HE KEEPETH BACK
HIS SOUL FROM THE PIT, AND HIS LIFE FROM PERISHING BY
THE SWORD.” Job xxxiii. 14-18.

THE GUIDING HAND.

DREAMS AND IMPRESSIONS.

TENNENT'S DELIVERANCE.

About the year 1744, when William Tennent, of New Jersey, a man eminent for his zeal and piety, was laboring in the great revivals of that time, he had associated with him a Mr. David Rowland who was very successful as a preacher of the gospel of Christ among all classes of people. An estimable and eloquent man, and deeply devoted to the service of his Heavenly Master, his celebrity and success gave great uneasiness to many careless worldlings, who sought happiness in the enjoyment of temporal things, and considered and represented Mr. Rowland and his brethren as hypocrites and fanatics. Many of the great men of New Jersey held this view of the case, among whom may be mentioned the Chief Justice, who was well known for his disbelief in divine revelation.

There was at this time, prowling through the country, a noted man by the name of Tom Bell, whose

knowledge and understanding were very considerable, and who greatly excelled in low art and cunning. His mind was totally debased, and his whole conduct betrayed a soul capable of descending to every species of iniquity. In all arts of theft, robbery, fraud, deception, and defamation, he was so deeply skilled, and thoroughly practiced, that it is believed he never had his equal in this country. He had been indicted in almost every one of the middle colonies; but his ingenuity and cunning always enabled him to escape punishment. This man, unhappily, resembled Mr. Rowland in his external appearance, so as hardly to be known from him without the most careful examination.

It so happened, that Tom Bell arrived one evening at a tavern in Princeton, dressed in a dark, parson's-gray frock. On his entering the tavern, about dusk, the late John Stockton, Esq., of that town, a pious and respectable man, to whom Mr. Rowland was well known, went up to Bell, and addressed him as Mr. Rowland, and invited him to go home with him. Bell assured him of his mistake. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Stockton acknowledged his error, and then informed Bell that it had arisen from his great resemblance to Mr. Rowland. This hint was sufficient for the prolific genius of that notorious impostor.

The next day Bell went into the county of Hunterdon, and stopped in a neighborhood where Mr. Rowland had formerly preached once or twice, but where he was not intimately known. Here he met with a

member of the congregation, to whom he introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Rowland, who had preached to them some time before. This gentleman invited him to his house, to spend the week; and begged him, as the people were without a minister, to preach for them on the next Sunday; to which Bell agreed, and notice was accordingly given in the neighborhood. The impostor was treated with every mark of attention and respect; and a private room was assigned to him, as a study, to prepare for the coming Sunday. The sacred day arrived, and he was invited to ride to church with the ladies in the family wagon, while the master of the house accompanied them on an elegant horse. When they had arrived near the church, Bell, on a sudden, discovered that he had left his notes in his study, and proposed to ride back for them on the fine horse, by which means he should be able to return in time for the service. This proposal was instantly agreed to, and Bell mounted the horse, returned to the house, rifled the desk of his host, and made off with the horse. Wherever he stopped he called himself the Rev. David Rowland.

At the time this event took place, Messrs. Tennent and Rowland had gone into Pennsylvania or Maryland, with Mr. Joshua Anderson and Mr. Benjamin Stevens—both members of a church contiguous to that where Bell had practiced his fraud—on business of a religious nature. Soon after their return, Mr. Rowland was charged with the above robbery; he gave bonds to appear at the court at Trenton, and the affair made a great noise throughout the colony. At the court

of oyer and terminer, the judge charged the grand jury on the subject with great severity. After long consideration, the jury returned into the court without finding a bill. The judge reproved them, in an angry manner, and ordered them out again. They returned without finding a bill, and were again sent out with threatenings of severe punishment if they persisted in their refusal. At last they brought in a bill for the alleged crime. On the trial, Messrs. Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens appeared as witnesses, and fully proved an alibi in favor of Mr. Rowland, by swearing, that on the very day the robbery was committed, they were with Mr. Rowland, and heard him preach in Pennsylvania or Maryland. The jury accordingly acquitted him without hesitation, to the great joy of the well-disposed, but to the discomfiture of the prosecutors, who, indignant at the failure of their plans, soon contrived another scheme to bring reproach upon these servants of the Lord.

The testimony of the person who had been robbed was positive that Mr. Rowland was the robber; and this testimony was corroborated by that of a number of individuals who had seen Tom Bell personating Mr. Rowland, using his name, and in the possession of the horse. These sons of Belial had been able, after great industry used for the purpose, to collect a mass of evidence of this kind, which they considered as establishing the fact; but Mr. Rowland was now out of their power by the verdict of *not guilty*. Their vengeance, therefore, was directed against the witnesses by whose testimony he had been cleared:

and they were accordingly arraigned for perjury, before a court of quarter sessions in the county ; and the grand jury received a strict charge, the plain import of which was that these good men ought to be indicted. After an examination of the testimony on one side only, as is the custom in such cases, the grand jury did accordingly find bills of indictment against Messrs. Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens, for willful and corrupt perjury. Their enemies, and the enemies of the gospel, now began to triumph. They gloried in the belief that an indelible stain would be fixed on the professors of religion, and of consequence, on religion itself ; and that this *new light*, by which they denominated all appearance of piety, would soon be extinguished forever.

These indictments were removed to the supreme court ; and poor Anderson, living in the country, and conscious of his entire innocence, could not brook the idea of lying under the odium of the hateful crime of perjury, and demanded a trial at the first court of oyer and terminer. This proved most seriously injurious to him ; for he was pronounced guilty, and most cruelly and unjustly condemned to stand one hour on the court-house steps, with a paper on his breast, whereon was written, in large letters, “This is for willful and corrupt perjury ;” which sentence was performed upon him.

Messrs. Tennent and Stevens were summoned to appear at the court, and attended accordingly ; depending on the aid of Mr. John Coxe, an eminent lawyer who had previously been employed to conduct

their defense. As Mr. Tennent was wholly unacquainted with the nature of forensic litigation, and did not know of any person living who could prove his innocence, all the persons who were with him being indicted, his only resource and consolation was to commit himself to the Divine will, and if he must suffer, to take it as from the hand of God, who he well knew could make even the wrath of man to praise him. And considering it as probable that he might suffer, he had prepared a sermon to be preached from the pillory if that should be his fate. His affectionate congregation felt deeply interested in his critical situation, and kept a day of fasting and prayer on the occasion. On his arrival at Trenton, he found the famous Mr. Smith, of New York, father of the late Chief Justice of Canada, one of the ablest lawyers in America, and of a religious character, who had voluntarily attended to aid in his defense; also his brother Gilbert, who was settled in the pastoral charge of the second Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, and who had brought Mr. John Kinsey, one of the first counselors of that city, for the same purpose. Messrs. Tennent and Stevens met these gentlemen at Mr. Coxe's the morning before the trial was to come on. Mr. Coxe requested that they would bring in their witnesses, that they might examine them previously to their going into court. Mr. Tennent answered that he did not know of any witnesses but God and his own conscience. Mr. Coxe replied, "If you have no witnesses, sir, the trial must be put off: otherwise you will most certainly be convicted. You well know the strong

testimony that will be brought against you, and the exertions being made to accomplish your ruin." Mr. Tennent replied, "I am sensible of all this, yet it never shall be said that I have delayed the trial, or been afraid to meet the justice of my country. I know my own conscience, and that God, whose I am and whom I serve, will never suffer me to fall by these snares of the devil, or by the wicked machinations of his agents or servants; therefore, gentlemen, go on to the trial."

Messrs. Smith and Kinsey, who were both religious men, told him that his confidence and trust in God as a Christian minister of the gospel, was well founded, and before a heavenly tribunal would be all-important to him; but assured him it would not avail in an earthly court, and urged his consent to put off the trial. Mr. Tennent continued inflexible in his refusal; on which Mr. Coxe told him, that since he was determined to go to trial, he had the satisfaction of informing him that they had discovered a flaw in the indictment, that might prove favorable to him on a demurrer. He asked for an explanation, and on finding that it was to admit the fact on a legal point of view, and rest on the law arising from it, Mr. Tennent broke out with great vehemence, saying that this was another snare of the devil, and before he would consent to it he would suffer death. He assured his counsel that his confidence in God was so strong, and his assurance that He would bring about his deliverance some way or other was so great, that he did not wish them to delay the trial for a moment.

Mr. Stevens, whose faith was not of this description, and who was bowed down to the ground under the most gloomy apprehensions of suffering as his neighbor Mr. Anderson had done, eagerly seized the opportunity of escape that was offered, and was afterwards discharged on the exception.

Mr. Coxe still urged putting off the trial, charging Mr. Tennent with acting the part rather of a wild enthusiast, than of a meek and prudent Christian; but he insisted that they should proceed, and left them in astonishment, not knowing how to act, when the bell summoned them to court.

Mr. Tennent had not walked far in the street, before he met a man and his wife, who stopped him, and asked if his name was not Tennent. He answered in the affirmative, and begged to know if they had any business with him. The man replied, "You best know." He told his name, and said he was from a certain place (which he mentioned) in Pennsylvania or Maryland; that Messrs. Rowland, Tennent, Anderson and Stevens had lodged either at his house, or in a house wherein he and his wife had been servants, (it is not certain which,) at a particular time, which he named; that on the following day they had heard Messrs. Tennent and Rowland preach; that some nights before they left home, he and his wife waked out of a sound sleep, and each told the other a dream which had just occurred, and which proved to be the same in substance—to wit, that he, Mr. Tennent, was at Trenton, in the greatest possible distress, and that it was in their power, and theirs

only, to relieve him. Considering it as a remarkable dream only, they again went to sleep, and it was *twice repeated* in exactly the same manner to both of them. This made so deep an impression on their minds that they set off, and here they were, and wanted to know what they were to do.

Mr. Tennent immediately went with them to the court-house, and his counsel, on examining the man and his wife, and finding their testimony full to the purpose, were, as they well might be, in perfect astonishment. Before the trial began, another person, of a low character, called on Mr. Tennent, and told him that he was so harrassed in conscience, for the part he had been acting in this prosecution, that he could get no rest till he had determined to come and make a full confession. He sent this man to his counsel also. Soon after, Mr. Stockton, from Princeton, appeared and added his testimony. In short, they went to trial, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the ablest counsel, who had been employed to aid the attorney-general against Mr. Tennent, the advocates on his side so traced every movement of the defendant on the Saturday, Sunday and Monday in question, and satisfied the jury so perfectly on the subject, that they did not hesitate honorably to acquit Mr. Tennent, by their unanimous verdict of *not guilty*, to the great confusion and mortification of his numerous opposers.

Mr. Tennent assured the writer of this that during the whole of this business, his spirits never failed him, and that he contemplated the possibility of his

suffering so infamous a punishment as standing in the pillory without dismay, and had made preparation, and was fully determined to deliver a sermon to the people while in that situation, if he should be placed in it.

He went from Trenton to Philadelphia with his brother, and on his return, as he was rising the hill at the entrance of Trenton, without reflecting on what had happened, he accidentally cast his eyes on the pillory, which suddenly so filled him with horror, as completely to unman him, and it was with great difficulty that he kept himself from falling from his horse. He reached the tavern door in considerable danger—was obliged to be assisted to dismount, and it was some time before he could so get the better of his fears and confusion as to proceed on his journey. Such is the constitution of the human mind! It will often resist with unshaken firmness the severest external pressure and violence; and sometimes it yields without reason when it has nothing to fear. Or, should we not rather say, such is the support which God sometimes affords to his people in the time of their necessity, and such the manner in which he leaves them to feel their own weakness when that necessity is past, that all the praise and glory of this work, as well as their salvation, may be given to him to whom it is due?

The writer sincerely rejoices, that though a number of the extraordinary incidents in the life of Mr. Tennent cannot be vouched by public testimony and authentic documents, yet the singular manner in which

a gracious God did appear for this, his faithful servant, in the time of that distress which has just been noticed, is a matter of public notoriety, and capable of being verified by the most unquestionable testimony and records.

This special instance of the interference of the righteous Judge of all the earth, ought to yield consolation to pious people in seasons of great difficulty and distress, where there are none that seem able to deliver them. Yet it ought to afford no encouragement to the enthusiast who refuses to use the means of preservation and deliverance which God puts in his power. True confidence in God is always accompanied with the use of all lawful means, and with the rejection of all that are unlawful. It consists in an unshaken belief, that while right means are used, God will give that issue which shall be most for his glory, and his people's good. The extraordinary occurrence here recorded may also serve as a solemn warning to the enemies of God's people, and to the advocates of infidelity, not to strive by wicked and deep-laid machinations, to oppose the success of the gospel, nor to attempt to injure the persons and character of those faithful servants of the Most High, whom sooner or later he will vindicate, to the unspeakable confusion of all who have persecuted and traduced them.

The foregoing account, taken from the memoir of William Tennent, most clearly illustrates the wisdom exhibited in God's gracious providence, and the delivering power manifested in the workings of his guiding

hand. The same God yet lives ; let us trust in him in every trying hour, knowing that he is still, as he has been in ages past, a refuge in the day of trouble, a covert from the storm, a present help in every time of need.

THE WEDDING ROBE.

Near Elberfeldt, in Germany, there lived two pious men, very intimate, one of whom had a worldly wife. The husband was taken ill, and on his death-bed drew a promise from his friend that he would visit his wife, pray for her, and lose no opportunity of recommending to her the grace of God as revealed in the person and work of Jesus Christ. This the friend readily engaged to do ; and, upon the husband's death, which happened shortly after, he visited the widow, and as long as her grief lasted, his visits and the truth he advanced were well received. Time passed on, but as the wound began to heal, his visits became more and more irksome to the lady, until at last she told him that unless he would speak of something more pleasant, he might as well stay away altogether. Hurt, but not offended, he discontinued his visits, but not his prayers. After a while, however, he forgot her entirely. Two years had rolled by, when awaking suddenly in the night, he felt unhappy and depressed ; and among other things, he thought of his friend, and then of the wife, and with much sorrow of heart he prayed the Lord that his sin of negligence in forgetting to pray for her, and

allowing himself to be hindered from carrying out his promise, might not be the cause of a precious soul being lost. He rose early in the morning, and though he had eight miles to walk, by six o'clock he was at the chateau where the widow resided. He rang the bell.

“Can I see madam?”

The servant looked strangely at him and went away. In a few moments she returned.

“You can see madam; she has been longing to see you; *she is dying!*”

He went up, and to his surprise and happiness found her full of joy and peace in believing. She stretched out her hand to him and said:

“Ah, sir! I have found a Saviour just such as I need.”

He begged her to repeat, if she were able, the circumstances of her conversion. She said she felt able. The night before, when she fell asleep, she was much disturbed, and had the following dream:

A carriage, she thought, drove up to the house; the footman jumped down, threw open the door, and told her that she was invited to the wedding of the king's son; but she must be very quick in dressing, as he could not wait. She ran to her wardrobe to find her best dress, but when she put it over her head, it fell around her in dust and ashes. A second, and a third met the same fate. The footman cried out: “Make haste or we must go.” Her servant jumped into the carriage, the door slammed, and as she heard the wheels roll away, she sank on her bed

in an agony of mortified shame. How long she lay she knew not, but she was roused by a voice whispering in her ear: "There is no robe that will cover you but the robe of the righteousness of Jesus Christ."

She awoke and found it a dream; but though the vision was gone, the reality of her solemn position as having to do with the living God, was fully before her. She cried to him, and before the day dawned had found salvation through the blood of a crucified Saviour. This was her story. A few hours after she fell asleep in Christ.

SENATOR LINN'S RESCUE.

Those who were familiar with the political history of our country years ago, remember well Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Distinguished for talents and professional ability, but yet more for the excellence of his heart, he received, by a distinction as rare as it was honorable, the unanimous vote of the legislature for the office of senator of the United States.

In discharge of his congressional duties, he was residing with his family in Washington, during the spring and summer of 1840, the last year of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

One day during the month of May of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Linn received an invitation to a large and formal dinner-party, given by a public functionary, and to which the most prominent members of the administration party, including the President

himself and Mr. Buchanan, were invited guests. Dr. Linn was very anxious to be present; but when the day came, finding himself suffering from an attack of indigestion, he begged his wife to bear his apology in person, and make one of the dinner-party, leaving him at home. To this she somewhat reluctantly consented. She was accompanied to the door of their host by a friend, General Jones, who promised to return and remain with Dr. Linn during the evening.

At table Mrs. Linn sat next to General Macomb, who had conducted her to dinner; and immediately opposite to her sat Silas Wright, senator from New York, the most intimate friend of her husband, and a man by whose death, shortly after, the country sustained an irreparable loss.

Even during the early part of dinner, Mrs. Linn felt very uneasy about her husband. She tried to reason herself out of this, as she knew that his indisposition was not at all serious; but in vain. She mentioned her uneasiness to General Macomb; but he reminded her of what she herself had previously told him,—that General Jones had promised to remain with Dr. Linn, and that, in the very unlikely contingency of any sudden illness, he would be sure to apprise her of it. Notwithstanding these representations, as dinner drew toward a close this unaccountable uneasiness increased to such an uncontrollable impulse to return home, that, as she expressed it to me, she felt that she *could not* sit there a moment longer. Her sudden pallor was noticed by Senator Wright, and excited his alarm. “I am

sure you are ill, Mrs. Linn," he said; "what is the matter?" She replied that she was quite well, but that she *must* return to her husband. Mr. Wright sought, as General Macomb had done, to calm her fears; but she replied to him, "If you wish to do me a favor for which I shall be grateful while I live, make some excuse to our host, so that we can leave the table." Seeing her so greatly excited, he complied with her request, and he and Mrs Wright accompanied Mrs. Linn home.

As they were taking leave of her at the door of her lodgings, Senator Wright said, "I shall call to-morrow morning, and have a good laugh with the doctor and yourself over your panic apprehensions."

As Mrs. Linn passed hastily up stairs, she met the landlady. "How is Dr. Linn?" she anxiously asked. "Very well, I believe," was the reply; "he took a bath more than an hour ago, and I dare say is sound asleep by this time. General Jones said he was doing extremely well."

"The General is with him, is he not?"

"I believe not. I think I saw him pass out about half an hour ago."

In a measure reassured, Mrs. Linn hastened to her husband's bed-chamber, the door of which was closed. As she opened it a dense smoke burst upon her, in such stifling quantity that she staggered and fell on the threshold. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she rushed into the room. The bolster was on fire, and the feathers burned with a bright glow and a suffocating odor. She threw herself upon the bed;

but the fire, half smothered till that moment, was fanned by the draught from the opened door, and, kindling into sudden flame, caught her dress, which was in a blaze on the instant. At the same moment her eye fell on the large bath-tub that had been used by her husband. She sprang into it, extinguishing her burning dress; then, returning to the bed, she caught up the pillow and a sheet that was on fire, scorching her arms in so doing, and plunged both into the water. Finally, exerting her utmost strength, she drew from the bed her insensible husband. It was then only that she called to the people of the house for aid.

Dr. Sewell was instantly summoned; but it was full half an hour before the sufferer gave any signs whatever of returning animation. He did not leave his bed for nearly a week; and it was three months before he entirely recovered from the effects of the accident.

"How fortunate it was," said Dr. Sewell to Mrs. Linn, "that you arrived at the very moment you did! Five minutes more—nay, three minutes—and, in all human probability, you would never have seen your husband alive again."

Mr. Wright called, as he promised, the next morning. "Well, Mrs. Linn," said he, smiling, "you have found out by this time how foolish that strange presentiment of yours was."

"Come up stairs," she replied. And she led him to his friend, scarcely yet able to speak; and then she showed the remains of the half-consumed bolster

and partially-burned bed-linen. Whether the sight changed his opinion on the subject of penitents, I cannot tell; but he turned pale as a corpse, and did not utter a word.

I had all of the above particulars from Mrs. Linn herself, in Washington, on the 4th of July, 1859, together with the permission to publish them in illustration of the providence of God, attested by date and names.

THE DYKE-MAN'S DELIVERANCE.

In the *Monthly Reporter* of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for January 1, 1867, is an account of a tour in Germany, by the Society's Frankfort Agent, Rev. G. P. Davies, and of a pleasant afternoon he spent with colporteurs Bocke, Vosburg, and Müller, faithful laborers in the Bible cause :—

We were in the large room of an East Frisian village Inn, where we had dined together. We were seated round the turf fire, which was burning briskly on the flat, slated floor, under the wide, open chimney. All in-doors was in cheerful contrast with the gray clouds and the cold, drizzling rain which was falling outside. The conversation turned now on this topic, now on that; now on themes related to Bible work—the old themes—the hatred of the ungodly, the indifference of the thoughtless, the joy of believers, the various forms of encouragement and discouragement. Then we talked of the dangers connected with the work in its bearing on the inner

life, such as the danger of confounding being occupied about the Bible, with the diligent, personal use of the Bible; or, again, the temptation to which the very best colporteurs are exposed, of sacrificing time which ought to be spent in house-to-house visitation, and the diligent prosecution of their work, in intercourse, otherwise profitable, with friends in whom they find Christian brethren. "Yet," said one, "Scripture alone is not sufficient for us; it must be read with prayer. We must clothe ourselves in this double armor if we are to work as we ought."

This allusion to prayer provoked a lively discussion of the question, How far the believer may make temporal good the subject of prayer? May we take everything, our very household cares and wants, to the throne of grace?

"Let us look at this matter," said one of our number, "in the light of facts. I will relate a case that came within the circle of my personal knowledge.

"Here, in East Friesland, our country, like Holland, lies lower than the sea. We therefore defend ourselves against the water by high dykes along the coast, and on the banks of the tidal rivers. Each holder of land is responsible for the condition of a certain amount of dyke, and has to keep a dyke-man. These men live an isolated life in small cottages close to the dyke, and because their time is not wholly occupied with this labor, they have always some other home occupation, generally weaving.

"My mother had such a dyke-man. He lived some miles distant from our house, and we rarely saw him.

He was a married man, and had grown-up children, one of whom was employed in my mother's service.

"One day my mother was seized with an unaccountable sort of uneasiness. She began, she knew not why, to put meat, bread, and other provisions into a small bag, and when she had done this she returned to her ordinary duties.

"Into the dyke-man's house sorrow had entered. He had been ill. His earnings were spent, and they had come to their last loaf. On that very day, to add to their distress, his married daughter, with her infant child, came from a long distance to see them. The dyke-man and his wife went to bed fasting, reserving the bread for the mother and her child.

"The next morning the dyke-man's wife rose in a wonderfully cheerful frame of mind. She said, 'God will provide for us this very day. I do not know how, but I am sure he will.' Her faith was contagious. Husband and daughter shook off their gloom, and waited for what should come. But the morning passed, and noon came and brought no sign of help and relief. The afternoon and night set in. The famished husband lost all hope, and spoke hard things of her and of God.

"When his day's work was done the dyke-man's son, my mother's servant, came to her, and said that he had a very strong desire to go home and see his parents. If his mistress would allow it, by leaving his father's cottage before daybreak, he could be back in time for his work next morning. 'In that case,' said my mother, 'you may go, and as you are

going you may just as well take this bag with you,' giving him the bag of provisions.

"He set off across the heavy marsh-land in the dark night, cheering himself with the thought of a few pleasant hours in his father's cottage. He arrived and entered, but instead of joy he found hunger and tears. He had no knowledge whatever of his father's illness and distress. He gave his mother the little bag. She opened it: out came bread, bacon, cheese, and other provisions. They gazed at each other in amazement. 'Wife,' said the dyke-man, 'you take first; it is you who have gained us this.' She replied, 'No; first of all the child, and then the mother.' Then to the dyke-man she said, 'And now you.' Then he said again, 'And now, wife, you.' But she only wept, and took nothing, but quietly said,— 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.'"

WESLEY AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

A correspondent of the *Advocate of Holiness*, communicates an incident in the life of John Wesley, which had not before appeared in print, and which shows the meekness of the man of God under abuse, and the retributions of providence upon his persecutors:—

The circumstance was related by an old man about eighty years of age, named Sheerin, a Roman Catholic, who lived near the town of Boyle, Ireland, and who saw not only the incident, but also the subsequent end of the family. In course of conversation

about how some families melt and die out, he said, "I remember a circumstance that occurred when I was a very young man. I was on a holiday after coming out from mass in the chapel of Boyle. It was customary then, as it is now, to stand in Bridge street and have a chat with the neighbors. At this place there was a hotel, owned by one of the richest men in the town; he had two tanneries, several large farms, well stocked, together with other property. I saw one John Wesley, a very nice old man, with long white hair; when he came forward to the part of the street where the crowd was, he got up on a stone outside of the hotel door, that was used for a seat, and commenced preaching to the people. In a few minutes after he commenced, some of the family went up stairs and procured a chamber vessel and emptied the contents out of a window down on his head. He seemed to take no notice of what was done, further than taking out his handkerchief, and wiping his head and face.

"When the people saw what was done, and that he took it so patiently, they said it was a shame; and from that forward, they listened to him very attentively during the remainder of his sermon. When he had ended his discourse, he turned, and looking at the house, said, 'God forgive you, and I forgive you; but I am not sent of God if that family comes to a good end.'" The old man said the prediction proved true. In twelve months after, one of the sons was either hanged, or hanged himself; another came to a violent death; and the daughter became a

castaway; the father and mother were reduced to extreme want, and not a trace of the family was to be found in about five years' time. This occurred, I should judge from the old man's statement, between the years 1780 and 1790.

A MEMORY OF WYOMING.

The beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna river, in Luzerne Co., Penn., has long been known alike to the student of history and the lovers of poetry and song.

Dr. W. H. Van Doren records, in *The Evangelist*, an incident which recalls the calamities that overwhelmed Wyoming, and illustrates the gracious care of an ever-present God, for those who trust in him.

It was in the beginning of July, 1778, that an aged saint, who with his four sons, lived on a mountain overlooking the valley, found that his barrel of meal was nearly exhausted, and bade his sons fill their sacks with grain, and early in the morning descend the long road to the mill in the valley. As requested, before daylight each of the boys had fed his horse, and they were all prepared by sunrise for their journey. And as the day would be too far spent to have their grain ground, they were accustomed at such times to spend the night near the mill in Wyoming.

As the patriarch came forth in the morning from the closet of prayer, and said to the waiting sons, "Not to-day!" the young men were greatly surprised.

“But, father, our supply is used up, and why shall we delay?” they said, as they turned and gazed over the valley which lay in calm and quiet peacefulness before them.

“Not to-day, my sons,” repeated with emphasis by the man of prayer, satisfied the youths that the father meant what he said. He added, “I know not what it means, but in my prayer my mind was deeply impressed with this word, ‘Let them abide till the morrow.’”

Without charging their venerated parent with superstition or ignorance, the obedient sons yielded to his word, unladed their beasts, placed them in their stalls, and waited for another morning to come.


That memorable night a horde of savages, with torch and tomahawk, entered Wyoming Valley, and commenced their work of destruction, and it is said that before the bloody drama ended, not a house, barn, church, school, or mill, escaped the flames; and few of the inhabitants escaped the sudden but deadly blows of the savages. From one end of the valley to the other the settlers were butchered or burned with remorseless fury.

In the morning at sunrise, the father and sons were standing on the highest point, and lo! the valley was filled with volumes of ascending smoke and flames. The awful truth flashed on their minds. The aged saint kneeled down with his sons on the mountaintop, and in humble, adoring prayer thanked God for the promise, “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.”

It was said of children, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." What are all the mailed troops, all the harnessed warriors surrounding the steps of royalty, compared with this celestial life-guard of the saints? A grand truth, a glorious promise, that the humblest, most despised, unknown believer has a nobler life-guard than the proudest monarch that ever filled a throne on earth. Great honor have they who fear thy name, O God! Saints are kings, but kings in exile; and while they wander in the desert, their God is near, and his angels will protect and defend his feeble, waiting flock, and bring them to their rest at last.

DR. BOND'S VISION.

Among the consequences resulting from the predicted outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the last days, it was declared that "your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." And though this scripture seems almost abandoned to the mercy of enthusiasts and fanatics, yet the numerous "visions and revelations of the Lord" recorded in the books of the New Testament, as well as in the annals of the church of Christ in all ages, afford sufficient and convincing evidence that this word of the Lord was never spoken in vain, but has received, and may be yet receiving, an abundant fulfilment; and that, not among the fanatical and extravagant and half-crazed followers of new notions and strange doctrines, but among those whose piety, sobriety, intelligence, and



usefulness, mark them as chosen vessels to bear the words of Christ to the perishing sons of men.

In an obituary notice of Dr. Thomas E. Bond, which was published, shortly after his death, in the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, of which he had been for several years the editor, there was recorded the following remarkable vision in the early history of this celebrated itinerant preacher. The writer mentions it as, "A very extraordinary incident in the life of Dr. Bond, which we narrate with great doubt as to the propriety of its publication. He very rarely mentioned it, and never ventured to designate or explain it. Its truth is, however, beyond question. The circumstances forbid the supposition of optical illusion or temporary hallucination. There are those living who testify to such of the facts as were subject to observation, and the memorials of the transaction are yet distinctly preserved in the religious character of sons and daughters of some who were immediately affected by it.

"Being on a visit to his father, he was deeply grieved to find the church, which he had left in a state of prosperous activity, languishing, lukewarm, and weak. His thoughts were much occupied with the subject, and, of course, it was the matter of earnest and frequent prayer. In this state of mind, one morning, he was walking over the fields to a neighboring house, when suddenly he seemed to be in a room where a number of people were assembled, apparently for worship. The room he recognized as an apartment in the house of a neighbor, where a

prayer-meeting was to be held on the evening of that day. Had he stood in the midst of it he could not have been more conscious of the scene. There was nothing of the dim, or shadowy, or dreamy, about it. He recognized the people, noticed where they sat and stood, remarked his father near the table, at which a preacher was rising to give out a hymn, and near the middle of the congregation he saw a man named C., for whose salvation he felt particular anxiety, standing with his son beside him. While gazing with astonishment upon the scene, he heard the words, 'Go and tell C. that he has an offer of salvation for the last time.'

"Naturally supposing that the too great concentration of mind upon one subject had induced some hallucination of the senses, Mr. Bond fell down on his knees and besought God to preserve his reason. The scene, however, continued; it would not disappear, nor change in any of its particulars. In vain he struggled to dispel it; the voice yet repeated with indubitable distinctness, 'Go and tell C. that he has an offer of salvation for the last time.' Yet how would he dare to deliver so awful a message! For a great length of time he struggled for deliverance from what he still considered an illusion. At length an expedient occurred to him which he adopted. He had never been in the room in which he was apparently present, when it was used for a religious meeting. He, of course, did not know how it was commonly prepared for such occasions. He therefore noted with great care the particulars of the scene.

He saw where the little table for the preacher, the benches and chairs for the people, were placed. He noticed his acquaintances, and where they sat and stood, and when he was satisfied that he had possessed himself perfectly of these details, he said, 'I will go to this meeting, and if I see things there to correspond with what I now see, it shall be as a sign from the Lord, and I will deliver the message.' Immediately the scene vanished, and he was alone in the green fields.

“ With a spirit indescribably agitated he returned home, where he found ladies who required him to escort them a long distance, and it was somewhat past the hour fixed for the meeting when he reached the awful place. During the day he had freely indulged the hope that on his entrance into the room his trouble would disappear. He thought he had been the subject of an illusion, the fruit of an excited brain, and that a want of correspondence immediately to be detected between the real scene and the one presented to his disordered fancy, would at once satisfy him as to the morbid character of his morning vision, and release him from the obligation of delivering the terrible message with which he was conditionally charged. When he opened the door, however, he saw again, in all its minuteness of detail, the morning scene. In vain he searched the room for a variant particular. There sat his father in the designated place. The preacher at the table was rising to give out the hymn. In the midst of the room stood C., with his son beside him. Everything demanded that the message should be delivered.

“After the preliminary exercises, he rose and stated the circumstances as we have related them, and then going to C., he laid his hand upon him, and repeated the words he had heard. The effect was indescribable. C. and his son fell down together and called upon God. An awful solemnity rested upon all present. Many cried for mercy, and from that time began a revival of religion which spread far and wide; the fruits of which are yet seen, after many days.

“In the midst of this extraordinary scene, the father of Dr. Bond, who was too deaf to hear his words, sat an anxious observer. He was a calm man, whose Quaker education had not lost its influence over his religious character and views. After the meeting he asked Thomas what he had said to produce such an effect. He frankly told him all. The old man mused awhile and said, ‘You did right.’

“About this incident there will be different opinions. We shall not express any. The principal actor preferred to express none. We only state the facts as related by himself, and confirmed, without inquiry, since his death, by one who was present at the extraordinary meeting. We think however, with his father, that he ‘did right.’ To have done otherwise would at least have been unreasonable, perhaps impious. Philosophy must leave room for God in his own world. Incredulity and superstition are equally dishonorable to the understanding. In all cases right reason determines by evidence.”

While infidelity has been struggling for years to

mock each trace of supernatural power away from the church of God, and, taking advantage of the unbelieving cowardice of formalists and skeptics, has caused Christians to hide the knowledge of such facts as this in their own hearts; and while fanatics have brought God's work into disrepute by extravagant pretensions and unfounded claims; and while Satan, having driven the church to cringing silence, and the world to blind and unreasoning incredulity regarding all supernatural powers and spiritual blessings, has taken advantage of this state of things to pour upon an unreasonable multitude the signs and lying wonders wrought by seducing spirits, whose aim and purpose is to deceive if it were possible the very elect, and persuade the people that there is no divine power but that which comes through their profane witchcrafts and devilish incantations,—we rejoice that God gives grace to lift up a standard for the people in the midst of a flood of scoffing unbelief, and testify *and prove* by credible witnesses and by numerous *facts* the presence and the might of the Holy Ghost in the church, yet working by mighty signs and wonders to convict the sinner, to comfort the saint, to save the perishing, and to glorify the Lord. And we are glad that from day to day fresh evidences and facts are brought to our knowledge, which show that there is yet a God in Israel whose might and power are manifested in the experiences of his humble, trusting ones; and that the Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear. But while we recognize these

facts, we also see in the wreck and ruin that has marked the paths of those whose *pretensions* to spiritual gifts and powers have been loud and boastful, a most solemn warning to the humble children of the Lord to “believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world.”

The prince of the power of the air seems to be marshaling his unclean legions for the final fray; and if he can persuade men to accept *all* spiritual pretensions, and so receive the “strong delusions” and “lying wonders” of the devil, or else discard *all* supernatural experiences, and so reject the mighty working of the Holy Ghost;—in either case he succeeds in his purpose of deception and destruction. But if any man do God’s will “he shall know of the doctrine,” and a loving obedience and *strict adherence to the written word of God*, with a proper apprehension of the character of the “perilous times” in which we live in these last days, will prove a safeguard against fanaticism on the one hand and formality on the other, and thus “the shield of faith” shall “quench all the fiery darts of the adversary.”

THE CIRCLE OF FIRE.

The following thrilling tale, related by Dr. Guthrie, the eloquent Scottish preacher and writer, illustrates the power of prayer and the guidance of Providence in a most noticeable degree. May it teach us to give

heed to the counsel of the still small voice, remembering that as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; and that though we may not fully know the errand upon which God would send us, yet if we seek to know and do his will, he will guide us by his eye, and direct our steps aright.

“I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as paralysis made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tended by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax-mill in the neighborhood, toiled hard, and contented herself with plain dress and simple fare, that she might help to maintain her mother. Before leaving the cottage for her work, she was in the habit of heaping up the *refuse* of the mill in the grate and kindling it. She placed her helpless mother in a chair right before the fire, and as this fuel burned slowly away the old woman was kept comfortable till her return.

“It happened one day that I left my manse, and skirting the walls of the old church-yard, and passing the corn-mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way down the winding dell to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden, embowered among trees. But, having met a parishioner, with whom I had some subject of interest to talk about, I made a halt; and sitting down on a bank of thyme, we entered into conversation. Ere the subject was half exhausted, the widow rose to my recollection. I felt somehow that I must cut it short, and hasten away on my visit. But the idea was dismissed, and the conversation went on. However, it

occurred again and again, till, with a feeling that I was neglecting a call of duty, as by an *uncontrollable impulse* I rose to my feet, and made haste to the cottage. Opening the door, a sight met my eyes that for the moment nailed me to the spot.

“The erection of mill-refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimney, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen, and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the helpless paralytic within a circle of fire. The accident took place some minutes before I entered. She had cried out, but no ear was there to hear, nor hand to help. Catching the loose refuse about her, on and on, nearer and nearer, the flames crept. It was a terrible sight for the two Wigtown women—martyrs, staked far out in the sands of Solway Frith, to mark the sea-foam crawl nearer and nearer them; it was more terrible still for this poor woman in her lone cottage, without any great cause to die for, to sit there and see the fire creeping closer, drawing nearer and nearer to her feet. By the time I had entered, it had almost reached her, where she sat motionless, speechless, pale as death, looking down on the fire as it was about to seize her clothes and burn her to a cinder. Ere it caught I had time, and no more, to make one bound from the door to the hearth-stone, and seizing her chair and all, in my arms, to pluck her from the jaws of a cruel, fiery death.

“By what law of nature, when I lingered on the road, was I moved, without the remotest idea of her danger, to cut short, *against all my inclinations*, an

interesting conversation, and *hurry on* to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time?—one or two minutes later, the flames had caught her clothes, and I had found her in a blaze of fire. Be it mine to live and die in the belief of a present and presiding, as well as a personal God; in the faith which inspired my aged friend to thank Him for her wonderful deliverance, and the boy to explain his calm courage on the roaring deep, in these grand but simple words: ‘My Father is at the helm.’”

PRAYER FOR A CANDLE.

There was, not long ago, a poor widow, who tried hard to provide for her family by her work. She was a pious woman, and had taught her children to look to their heavenly Father as their ever-living Friend, who sent them day by day their daily bread. One morning, however, her faith was sorely tried. There was only enough food for one meal. She gave her children their breakfast, and said sadly, as she sent them to school, “There, now you have had all I can give you, and I don’t know where you will get your dinner from.”

Her little boy, a child of ten years old, looked earnestly in his mother’s face, and said, “Mother, are you tired of trusting God?” The poor widow was quite overcome: her child’s gentle reproof went to her heart. She had taught him to believe in his heavenly Father’s care, and now he was teaching her.

She said nothing, but as soon as her children had

left the house, she went to her bedroom, and there asked forgiveness for the faithless thought. Not long after, a lady entered the house. She had no idea of the circumstances of the family, but, unknown to herself, she was the means employed by God to answer the widow's prayer, and to show her the truth of that promise, "While they are yet speaking, I will hear." She had brought some work to be done, and laid down the money, beforehand, saying she thought they might find it useful to have it at once. When the children returned from school, a comfortable dinner was ready for them, and from that day they never wanted.

And art *thou* tired, poor weary one, cumbered with many cares, art thou tired of trusting God? "Cast not away thy confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." Hear another instance of God's answer to prayer:—

There was a poor old woman who earned a scanty living by selling rags. She was strictly honest, and used to put by her pence for the rent before taking any for her own use. She became known to a lady who was kind to her, and often sent her a little help. This lady went out for some time, and, on the evening of her return, she was kneeling down to thank God for his preserving care, and was asking him to show her what she could do to prove her love, when suddenly it seemed as if she heard a voice saying, "Go at once, and take poor Sarah a pound of *candles*."

The lady did not go at first,—she thought it was so

strange to take candles ; would not a pound of meat or butter be better ? But the call seemed so clear, that she put a few things into her basket with the candles, and went at once to the poor attic where Sarah lived. It was so dark that nothing could be clearly seen. The old woman was just rising from her knees, and was astonished to find the lady there. "What can have brought you here, ma'am, at this time ?" said Sarah. "First," said the lady, "tell me what you were praying for." "Why, ma'am, you will think it very odd, but I was asking God to *send me a candle*, for my neighbor has lent me a large print Bible, just what I wanted so much, and I cannot see to read it without a light ; so I thought it must be according to God's will that I should be able to read his holy Book."

Tears came into the lady's eyes, for she felt that her heavenly Father had indeed condescended to use her as his messenger, and she held the packet of candles to Sarah, saying, "God has sent them to you."

The old woman wept too, and both united in wonder and thankfulness to Him who delights to do for his dependent, praying children, "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

You may not have what you ask for, but it will strengthen you under your disappointment, to know that it was God's will to refuse your request, and that he did so because, seeing the future, he intended to give you a higher blessing than the one you would have asked for yourself. Your child cries when you take a dangerous plaything from his hand, or deny

him some unsuitable pleasure, but he will thank you when he is older for this proof of your love.

And we are only children here. We must pray for faith to be enabled sincerely to ask, "Thy will, not mine, be done;" and when we, too, are grown older, and have entered into our heavenly home, that "purchased possession" for those who belong to Christ, purchased for us by a Saviour's blood, then shall we be able to look back to life's teachings, whether of joy or sorrow, and to say from the fullness of our hearts, "He hath done all things well." Therefore, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

FLEMING'S PROPHETIC WARNING.

"The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy;" and, as "prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," so throughout all ages the history of the church bears witness, that among those who have faithfully borne "the testimony of Jesus" to mankind, there have been men of sound judgment, sobriety, piety, and spiritual understanding, who at various times have testified to the impelling power of the prophetic spirit which has caused them to speak with a might and a wisdom and a foreknowledge not their own; and whose words thus spoken have been made to stand firm against all the craft and scoffing of the ungodly, as a demonstration of the

wisdom and the power of that Spirit which "searcheth all things, even the deep things of God," and takes the things of God, and shows them to his people.

An eminent example of this may be found in the history of Robert Fleming, who was born at Yester, Scotland, in 1630; educated at the university of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, under the care of the godly Rutherford; called at the age of twenty-two to minister to the church at Cambuslang; ejected from his charge, with nearly four hundred other ministers, by the "Glasgow Act" under King Charles II.; driven to wander as a fugitive before his foes; imprisoned, released, guided at last to Holland, and called, after the death of Mr. Brown, to the pastoral charge of the Scotch church at Rotterdam, where he settled in 1677, and fulfilled a faithful and successful ministry, beloved by his flock and honored by his heavenly Master.

The records of his history represent him as eminent in the ministry of the word of God, a Boanerges and a Barnabas combined, whose labors were owned of the Lord to the salvation of many. His charitable disposition caused him to view with regret the strifes and bickerings of Christians, saying, "I am amazed to see good men thus tear one another in the dark;" and remarking again, "I bless God, in fifteen years I have not given any man's credit a thrust behind his back; but when I had grounds to speak well of any man, I have done so with faithfulness, and when I wanted a subject that way I kept silence."

The life of Fleming was emphatically a life of trust,

and in all his persecutions his table was spread, even in the presence of his enemies ; his cup was filled, and his head anointed with oil ; and he was ready to distribute, willing to communicate, rich in good works ; and, for the rest, his treasures were laid up in heaven.

His well-known work on "The Fulfilling of the Scripture," his "Treatise concerning the way of the Holy Ghost's working on the souls of men, especially after conversion, in communion between God and them," and another in manuscript entitled, "A short Index of some of the great appearances of the Lord in the dispensation of his providence to his poor servants," etc., which recorded many particular instances of the Lord's providential dealings with him, during his life, serve to show something of the current of his thoughts, and give some tokens of his deep and rich experience in the things of God. The following instance of his utterance of a prophetic warning and its awful fulfillment, is well authenticated by writers of reputation and veracity :

One day, as he was preaching to his congregation at Rotterdam, he observed three young men among the audience, whose behavior was in the highest degree indecorous. The minister, observing that the conduct was continued, reprovèd them therefor, and desired that in an assembly gathered for such a purpose, they should at least maintain a decent demeanor. This gentle admonition seemed rather to increase than abate their misbehavior ; and they continued peeling oranges, cracking nuts, and distorting their faces at the minister. Fleming was hence compelled a second

time to admonish them; at which they appeared still more enraged than before, persisting in their conduct, and manifestly becoming more callous and incorrigible.

The worthy minister seemed so impressed and shocked at their hardened behavior, that in the midst of the discourse he made a solemn pause, and an awful one too—"prophetic of their end." He turned, and looked them full in the face for some time, apparently with much internal agitation. At length he addressed them in the following words, and in a most impressive manner and tone: "My young friends, I am sorry to be the bearer of such a dreadfully alarming message to you, and I have begged the Lord to excuse me from it, but he will not; therefore I must not shrink from the painful duty of declaring the awful and confirmed impression on my mind. I now tell you that you have not a week longer to live in this world."

This dreadful sentence, proceeding from a man, somewhat excited the doubtful apprehensions of the congregation, who thought it was the ebullition of precipitancy and rashness; and some of his intimate friends were of opinion that religion would suffer scorn and reproach for it, especially if the prediction should not be verified. The minister added, "Let the event prove the truth of it; for I am persuaded I was moved by the Spirit of God to say and affirm what I did, as prophetic of their end."

Monday passed, and nothing occurred; but on Tuesday one of the young men went on board a vessel to

prosecute an intended voyage, which was fixed previous to this affair; and, in consequence of a violent storm that arose, the ship was driven on shore, and this unhappy youth perished in the tempest.

On Wednesday another of the young men was concerned in a quarrel with some person, the issue of which was fighting a duel, with swords, wherein this wretched victim fell.

On Thursday the only surviving one was suddenly taken ill, at which he began to be terrified, as two of his sinful companions were already cut off. He then was desirous to send for the same minister whom he had ridiculed. When Mr. Fleming arrived at his house, he asked the young man what he wanted him for. The youth begged he would pray for him; when the minister requested to know what he would want him to pray for. The suppliant replied, "For my life." "That is not in my power to do," rejoined the minister, "for I am sure you will die." "Then," said the youth, "beg, or pray, for the life of my soul, if you please." Fleming so far consented as to kneel down by the bed-side, in which posture he remained for a considerable time; but at length he arose, without having uttered a word. He then addressed the young man, saying that he found his lips so closed that he could not utter a syllable on his behalf. He accordingly took his leave; and soon afterward, this last remaining of the three scoffers died in horror and despair, accomplishing the prediction of the minister, and confirming the declaration of Holy Writ, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall

suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." The scoffer may mock at this narration, as did these young men at the message of the man of God; and the formal Pharisee, who prays by rote for one thing as well as another, may doubt and cavil at such facts as these; but the man of God who, praying always in the Holy Ghost, finds himself helped by that Spirit which maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered, will recognize the fact which his own experience has already shown, that there are things for which no spiritual Christian can pray, and times when supplication is forbidden. Alas for those concerning whom God speaks to his servants as he spoke to the weeping Jeremiah of old, saying, "Pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession to me, for I WILL NOT HEAR THEE." Jer. vii. 16. Happy are they in whose behalf "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man" still "availeth much."

Many remarkable prophecies and providences are recorded in connection with the name of Robert Fleming. "At one time," his biographer relates, while journeying in England, "he fell under the York coach, the great wheel of which passed over his left leg, but with so gentle a pressure, that the limb remained unbroken and unhurt. This we shall find a truly wonderful escape, if we take into account the lumbering weight of the stage-coaches of that period, and the slowness of their motion."

In the summer of 1694, during a visit to London, Fleming fell sick with his last illness. The Lord led

him gently down the dark valley, and comforted him with his rod and staff. At the commencement of the disease, which was a fever, he said to those around him, "Oh, friends, sickness and death are serious things!" Still, however, he did not believe that his end was near, but thought he should recover; and he observed to a relative, that if he was appointed to die of this disease it would be strange, as the Lord did not use to hide from him the things that He did with him and his. But the rapid progress of the fever soon abated his confidence. To a friend who visited him, he said, "What freedom do you find in prayer for me? Seems God to beckon to your petitions?—or does he bind you up and leave dark impressions on your mind? In this manner I have often known the way of the Lord." The other replied that he was in darkness about the matter. "Well," said the sufferer, skilled to interpret the slightest intimations of the divine Spirit, "I know your mind; trouble not yourself for me; I think I may say that I have been long above the fear of death." His pains increased, but amidst his groans and struggles, the tranquility of his soul seemed to be untouched; and to every question of his anxious friends, his answer was, "I am very well;" or, "I was never better;" or, "I feel no sickness." When at length he was so exhausted as to be unable to speak, and was unfit for his wonted prayer and meditation, he said to those who were beside him, "I have not been able, in a manner, to form one serious thought, since I was sick, or apply myself unto God: he has applied himself unto me; and one of his

manifestations was such, as I could have borne no more." Two of his sons attended his death-bed, one of whom said to him, "Do you know me?" With an affectionate smile he replied, "Yes, yes, dear son, I know you." About an hour after, he earnestly exclaimed, "Help, help, for the Lord's sake!"—and with a few faint breathings expired. This was on the 25th of July, and in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after a short illness of eight days.

Of his two sons, Robert rose to eminence, succeeding his father at Rotterdam, whence he was recalled to his native land by the invitation of the Presbyterian Church at Lothbury, seconded by the personal request of King William, who highly prized his counsels. He is known as the author of a treatise on "The Fall of the Papacy," which attracted attention and was republished in connection with the political convulsions of 1848. He was an honored son of a godly sire, an instance of the Lord's mercy to the third generation of them that fear him,—his grandfather, James Fleming, having been an eminent Scottish minister, whose first wife, (not the mother of Robert,) was the daughter of John Knox, "who never feared the face of man," and whose prayers were more dreadful to Mary, Queen of Scots, than an army of ten thousand men.

Surely "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him," "and his righteousness unto children's children." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." Ps. xxv. 14; ciii. 17; ii. 12.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

A young farmer, who lived at Belton, near Epworth, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1720, being at breakfast in his house, started up, and cried, "I must go into the barn!" One asked him, "For what?" He said, "I cannot tell;" and ran away with his knife in his hand. The first thing he saw, when he came into it, was his father, who had just hanged himself on one of the beams. He immediately cut him down, took him in his arms, brought him into the house, and laid him on a bed. It was not long before he came to himself. He then looked upon his son, and said, "Now God requited me! Three and twenty years ago I cut down my own father, who had hanged himself on that very beam!"

RICHARD BOARDMAN'S DELIVERANCE.

"I preached," said Richard Boardman, a celebrated Methodist preacher who died in 1782, "one evening at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Parkgate. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on the road to that place. He answered, 'Yes; but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride fast you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way, and my mare being with foal prevented me from riding as fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to

the sands, and pursued my journey over them some time, but the tide then came in and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed or turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees as I sat on my saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land.

“While we were in the boat one of the men said, ‘Surely, sir, God is with you.’ I answered, ‘I trust he is.’ The man replied, ‘I know he is;’ and then related the following circumstance: ‘Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest; I therefore went and called upon this man to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and there we saw your distressed situation.’

“When we got ashore I went with my two friends to a public house not far distant from where we landed, and, as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlord said, ‘This day month we saw a gentleman just in your situation, but before we could hasten to his relief he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we concluded, that his horse would swim to the shore;

but they both sunk, and were drowned together.'

"I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was about eighteen pence, and tarried all night at the hotel. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning, for the want of cash, and begged that the landlord would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should redeem them; but he answered, 'The Lord bless you, sir, I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people, I bade them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

PRESENTIMENTS.

In endeavoring to define this strange instinct, impulse, or whatever it may be called, says a writer in the *Evangelical Messenger*, opinions have had, and still have a wide range of difference; and in attempting to account for it, there seems to be no greater concord of views.

Some suppose it to be an impulse from God who sees the end from the beginning; others find a solution in the mission of guardian angels; others, still, think that it is a natural gift with some, in which they excel their fellows as others do in reference to other endowments; while those, usually nowadays regarded as a little superstitious, account for it on the ground of a "lucky birthday," or having been born in some particular phase of the moon. Of all we have

ever read or heard on the subject, we cannot say that anything like a satisfactory solution has ever come to our knowledge. The case of St. Paul on his perilous voyage, does not seem to serve as such. It is not given as a presentiment by the historian, but as the real appearance of "the angel of God," standing by him and talking to him.

Several facts, moreover, are noticeable, which are equally difficult of solution. Sometimes the presentiment contemplates the safety, instruction, etc., of the one who experiences it, while in other instances that of others alone is contemplated.

And again, one may, through this impression, either from personal experience or through the medium of another, save his own life, while a number of others in the same peril apprehend no danger till the fatal moment sweeps them away.

Such are some of the facts. A solution will not be attempted. But here are some instances :—

A gentleman with whom we are well acquainted, purchased a ticket for a point on the railroad fifty miles distant. The train arrived on time. He entered a coach, and was sitting with a paper in his hand reading, when the bell sounded the signal—"all aboard." The sound to him was that of a funeral bell tolling the death of a friend, and involuntarily he arose and left the coach as the train moved off. In two hours the intelligence came to him that the train had met with a frightful accident, and the coach in which he had been sitting was buried under the general ruin, with no prospect of any one escaping alive from it.

Another man in Iowa, after dinner left his family for the harvest-field, passing by a fountain or spring, and filling his jug with fresh water. He had just commenced his labors when he suddenly dropped all, and said he must go home; and in doing so, passing by the spring again he was just in time to save the life of his darling and only child which had followed him at a distance, and in endeavoring to "see the baby" in the water, had fallen into it.

The following instances are recorded in Shuber's *Mirror of Nature*:—

"A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Beaumont, was about making a pleasure trip on the river with some of his friends. Everything was ready, and he was just entering the boat, when his sister, a deaf mute, came suddenly and most anxiously running along, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, tried to keep him back; but finding this unavailable, she threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of his knees, expressed, by the most imploring gestures, her wish that he should desist from going on the water. Touched by the painful, entreating expression in the face and posture of the deaf mute, several persons joined in the prayers of the poor unfortunate girl, and her brother finally yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate for him he did so, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the water, when a sudden gust of wind capsize*d* it. Several of the company found a watery grave, and he, who could not even swim, would no doubt have shared the same fate, if his sister, by some

divine premonition had not prevented his going.

“Once, on an evening, a rich and benign farmer felt, by some secret impulse, impelled to send some articles of food to a poor family in the neighborhood, at a late hour. ‘Wherefore so late; cannot this be done as well to-morrow?’ said those around him. ‘No,’ replied he, ‘it must be done now.’ While insisting, the worthy farmer did not know what a blessing his benevolent action was, just then, to the tenant of the poor hut, for there the father, who had to nourish and sustain the family, had fallen sick; the mother was infirm already, and the children had been crying for more than two days—the youngest of whom was nearly dead from hunger. Thus the most pressing wants were at once removed, and perhaps some lives saved.

“Another gentleman, living near some coal miners in Silesia, awoke one night from his sleep with an irresistible impression to go down in his garden. He arose, went down; the impulse led him out of the back gate of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a miner, who, in climbing up a ladder, missed his footing and fell down the shaft into a coal-tub, which his son was at that moment winding up, but by the increased weight was unable to do so now alone.

“A venerable clergyman in England once felt, likewise, an unexpected desire to pay, late at night, a visit to a friend of his, whom he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind. Though extremely wearied by the cares and labors of the day, the venerable

gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and, strange to say, arrived just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The nightly visit and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never again attempted to commit suicide.

“Professor Buchner, of Marburg, being once in very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and remove his bed from its old place to another corner of his bedroom. He yielded to the impulse. Having done so, he felt again at ease, and went back to his friends. During the night a large portion of the ceiling in the room, just where the bed formerly stood, crumbled down, and would no doubt have crushed him to death, had the bed not been removed.”

THOMAS HOWNHAM.

The subject of the following providence was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called Barmour-moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour coal-hill to Doddington and Wooller; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them around the country. Yet poor and despised as he was, in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years' acquaintance with the professing world I have scarce met with his equal as a man that lived near to

God, or one who was favored with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging-Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew, at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed him to know what relief he had found; and how. After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from some other quarter, and if so, he begged I would acquaint him, he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread, nor meal, nor anything to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying until they fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep, being worn out with the sufferings of the children, and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house to a retired spot at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Heb. iii. 17—19. Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; found great liberty and enlargement in prayer, and got such a heart-loathing and soul-humbling sight of himself, and such interesting views of the grace of God, and the love of his adorable Saviour, that though he went on purpose to spread his family and temporal

wants before the Lord, yet having obtained a heart-attracting and soul-captivating view of him by faith, he was so enamored with his beauty, and so anxious to have his heart entirely under his forming hand, that all thought about temporals was taken away.

In a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind, he returned to his house ; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed, and, after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body ; and after using his voice, as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast ; but could give me no further account. I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both heard it with astonishment but ordered me to keep it a secret as requested ; and such it would ever have remained, but for the following reason :

A short time after this event I left the country ; but on a visit, about twelve years after, at a friend's the conversation one evening took a turn about one Mr. Stangeways, commonly called Stranguage, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highsteed, which people named "Pinch-me-near," on account of this miserly wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended that he had never

done one generous action in his lifetime. An elderly woman in the company said I was mistaken ; for she could relate *one*, which was somewhat curious. She said that she had lived with him as servant or house-keeper ; that about twelve or thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning, he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions, a day or two before, to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, taking a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket, as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humor, and went soon to bed. In about two hours he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's and leave them there. The man did so, and finding the family asleep, he set them at their bedside, and came away.

The next morning her master called her and the man-servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighboring farmers who were always teasing him for his meanness, to sup with him the night before ; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he proposed to have taken them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house, but a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity ; that going soon to bed he did not rest well, fell a-dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children starving ; that he awoke and put off the impression ; that he dreamed

the second time, and endeavored again to shake it off, but that he was altogether overcome with the nonsense the third time ; that he believed the devil was in him, but that since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added that since he was dead long ago, she might relate it, as a proof that he had done *one generous action*, though he was grieved for it afterwards. This is the fact ; let those that read make their own reflections.

The above striking narrative is well authenticated, and was published in the *Connecticut Magazine* for April, 1812. It illustrates how easy it is for Him who feedeth the ravens, to care for all the needs of his people even in the most mysterious ways.

CAPTAIN BRITWELL'S DREAM.

Captain Abner Britwell, an old “down-east” sailor, thus relates how life and his ship were saved on one occasion, by a miracle of Providence :

“My employers gave me a ship, and I made two successful voyages in her. The third voyage was to go to the Pacific. I had a new crew, and after we had doubled Cape Horn, I began to fear that a mutiny was on foot. It was not long before I became convinced that such was not only the fact, but that I had some desperate men on board. I had watched until I had become assured that the most diabolical plot was on foot, but I knew not where to place my hand.

“One night, while we were off the Chilian coast, I dreamed that I was keeping my mate’s watch, and that I had crawled into the long-boat to get out of the way of the rain. While there, I thought three of my men came and sat down close by me, and commenced to converse upon the subject of murdering their officers, and taking the ship. The names of these three were Brant, Cummings, and McDermot. They were ill-visaged fellows, and I had suspected them from the start. I could hear every word they spoke, and my heart beat painfully as they laid bare, step by step, the plan they had concocted. They were the leaders, and were to have the offices when the ship was theirs. On the third night the blow was to be struck. We, in the cabin, were to be cut down first, and then four of the men, whom they dare not trust, were to follow.

“I started up from my sleep. My heart was beating quickly, and a cold sweat was upon my brow. The dream still sounded in my ears, and it was some moments ere I could realize that I was in my own bunk. When I had fairly collected my thoughts, I turned out, and went on deck, and by a sort of instinctive impulse I walked forward. It was an hour past midnight, and the moon was just rising. I saw three men sitting upon the heel of a spar topmast—exactly where I had seen these three men sitting in my dream—and as I came near I heard the words,—

“ ‘Hush ! here comes one of ’em !’ spoken by one of the number, and then they started up, and went

to the forecabin. I saw who they were—Brant, Cummings, and McDermot—the trio of my dream!

“On the following morning, I felt so impressed with the importance of my dream, that I resolved to act upon it. I told the officers that I suspected the source and direction of the mutiny, but I would not tell them how I gained the knowledge. Those of the men whom I knew I could trust were called upon to help me.

“After dinner I stationed two of my officers at a convenient point in the cabin, armed with cords and canvas bags. Then I sent my boy on deck to tell Brant that I wished to see him. He came down, and as his foot touched the cabin floor, a bag was thrown over his head, and he was thrown down and gagged with little trouble. As soon as he was hauled out of the way, I sent up for Cummings. He came, and was treated in like manner, though we had to administer a light tap on the head before we could overcome him.

“I sent for McDermot next, and when he had been secured, the rest was easy enough. We armed ourselves and went on deck. The crew were called aft, and I told them of the plot I had discovered. I did not tell them that thus far I had only dreamed the particulars, but I professed to have certain information. When they found that the ringleaders were captured and bound, they begged for mercy, and offered to make a full confession, and behave themselves in the future. I trusted them, and they revealed to me the whole plot, as the leaders had laid

it out. It was exactly—*word for word, and deed for deed—as I had dreamed it.* Three days afterward we reached Valparaiso, and the three mutineers were disposed of without much trouble.”

BEGGING BREAD.

“David said, ‘I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.’ Well, David did not see what I am seeing,” said Mrs. H. to her sick daughter, somewhat bitterly, as she adjusted her bonnet and shawl to go out upon the street.

It was a sunny morning in the autumn of 1856, when this shadow of distrust and want fell upon the heart and home of Mrs. H., who then resided in Springfield, Massachusetts.

She had been a widow for ten years, and was well advanced in life when her husband died. He had been for years a minister of Christ's gospel, and, without stated charge or salary, had been active in his Master's cause, until death had called him from labor to repose, leaving his wife, as so many ministers' wives have been left, without property or earthly resources. She had depended upon the exertions of her daughter, and this daughter, although in delicate health, had for six years cheerfully plied the needle for their support in their pleasant, but humble home, until she was prostrated by sickness; not a sickness of a few weeks' continuance, but of months and years, during which she was unable to do anything. But

through all these months and years Mrs. H. had found her God a covenant-keeping God. He had watched over her, had sent her daily bread; but now she was brought into a great strait. Her means were exhausted, the last piece of bread was eaten; it was late in autumn, and a long winter with sickness and privation seemed to be staring her in the face; and the enemy of souls had so taken advantage of these circumstances and presented such powerful temptations to her mind, that she was not aware how she was questioning the care of her heavenly Father, and had for a moment lost sight of the promise that her bread should be given her, and her water should be sure.

Looking carefully about her room to see if any portion of her morning's work had escaped her notice—for her household motto had ever been, "If poor, always tidy"—and all things being in order, the furniture dusted, the stove polished, the window-curtains raised to admit the sunbeams that slanted through the branches of the large cotton-wood tree growing in the adjoining yard, and casting flickering shadows upon the rag carpet which her diligent hands had made,—her sick daughter, the only member of her family, being made comfortable for the short time she expected to be absent,—she yet paused a little, turned to glance at the clock which stood upon the mantel,—“Half past eleven,” said she, “and nothing for dinner;” and then turning from the clock she gave a long, lingering look at an old-fashioned profile which hung beside it, and musingly said :

“Just as constant as the ticking of that clock, were his labors in his Master’s vineyard; just as faithfully as that tells the hour, did *he* lift his voice in his Master’s cause.”

Mrs. H. leaned against the mantel as if absorbed in thought. Her tall, commanding form was yet unbowed by age; and though more than sixty years had robbed her fair face of its youthful beauty, yet they had not quenched the light of life and hope which glowed upon her countenance. But her face now grew sad as she recalled the by-gone years, the home of plenty which she had left to share the toils and struggles of him whose features were outlined before her; and the thought of the present needs of herself and her sick daughter conspired with the remembrances of the past, to cast a trace of sadness over a face that had often shed sunshine on many a troubled soul.

“I think,” said she at last, rousing herself from her reverie, “I will go to Mrs. B——and ask her for a piece of bread for our dinner; I have no other way to get it; and she has often told me to call upon her if I should be troubled. A new business indeed for me!” and the saddened look grew deeper.

“My father,” she continued, “was a righteous man, and was called by those who had no religion, ‘St. Paul;’ not to make sport of him, but because his Christian name was Paul, and they saw a similarity of character between the two, and the same firm adherence to the truth and love for souls in him as in that venerable apostle. Well, here am I, his

youngest child, and am *going out to ask for a piece of bread*. Yes," said the discouraged woman, "I am experiencing more than David did in this respect. I cannot claim that I am perfect, yet I am trying to serve the Lord. But my father was a whole-hearted Christian, and so was my husband, *and I want bread!*"

When the poor woman had thus poured out the sorrows of her heart, and was drawing on her gloves to start upon her painful errand, she heard a gentle rap at the door.

"There!" said she, "some one has come, and I wanted to get some bread for dinner!" but checking herself she opened the door, when a young woman whom she had seen but a few times, and one who ever prefaced her visits to the sick with prayer, entered, and said:

"I have often heard of your daughter's sickness, and felt a strong desire to come and see her this morning. And I brought a simple gift. I hope you will not feel hurt because it is such a common article, for when I tried to select something else my mind was unaccountably *directed to this*," and she hesitatingly laid upon the table *a loaf of bread!*

Mrs. H. felt reproved. But oh, how lovingly and gently had her heavenly Father reproved her! She told her visitor why she had on her bonnet and shawl, and then said tearfully and reverently,

"I can now say with David, '*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*'"

And that night, as she kneeled by her daughter's

sick-bed, how earnestly she begged for pardon for that moment of unbelief, and prayed for strength to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

It is now about fifteen years since God sent that loaf of bread to that widow's humble home; and in all that time, in many wondrous ways, he has shown his care, and his faithfulness has never failed.

Mrs. H. has since passed from earthly toils, and rests in peace and hope; her daughter yet survives, a witness to the mercy of the Lord; and her hand has traced this record of her heavenly Father's ever-watchful care, in the hope that it may strengthen some poor afflicted child of God who knows the lack of earthly blessings and enjoyments, and encourage those who can minister to the sick and distressed, to seek and follow the directions of God's guiding hand in dispensing their charities to those who stand in need of their assistance.

A FEARFUL RIDE.

That "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them," is not only expressly stated in the word of God, but also abundantly shown in the history of his people. Nor need we confine ourselves to the sacred records in our examination of this subject, for he who walks the earth with eyes anointed from on high, will often recognize the wondrous working of mysterious powers which change the course of human events, and work together for good to them that love God.

Among many strange experiences of an eventful life, I recall one which may serve to illustrate this subject; and the simple facts in the case, as nearly as I can remember them, are now for the first time recorded, for the glory of God and the good of those who may read them.

In the winter of 1858, when we resided in Rochester, N. Y., my husband, through exposure in gospel labor, suffered an attack of lung fever; and during the period of his convalescence he employed himself in completing a little volume, "The Great Controversy Between God and Man; its Origin, Progress, and End," which, having finished, he carried to New York and placed in the hands of the printer, and remained in the city to superintend its issue. While there an open door was set before him; and in various churches, as opportunity was afforded, he testified of the gospel of the grace of God, especially in the South street church in Brooklyn, where many heard the word with joy, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The period of his stay being somewhat protracted, and the work increasing on his hands, he decided, in accordance with the desire of friends there, to send for me to come and assist in the labor. Accordingly on the morning of the 16th of February I received from him a telegram saying, "Come on to New York if possible to-night, by the Harlem Road;"—the fare by that route being somewhat cheaper than by the others;—and fearing that he might have been taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, I arranged my house-

hold affairs, and took the evening train for Albany, *en route* for New York.

Upon entering the railway carriage I felt a strange sensation of uneasiness steal over me. I had often travelled alone and without anxiety, and was courageous and independent, but I could not dispel a dreadful apprehension of approaching danger, which hung like a shadow over my mind. I tried to resist the feeling, but in vain. All night long, as the train thundered over its iron track for more than two hundred miles, the fear of coming calamity lay like a burden on my thoughts;—sleep fled from my eyelids; all efforts to feel unconcerned were vain, and I could only pray the Lord to spare my life to reach my journey's end in peace, and meet my husband once more.

At sunrise we arrived at Albany and I gladly left the train, thankful that I was safely there, and pleased to feel that all my gloomy fears and fancies were but the offspring of disordered nerves, and the results of physical exhaustion. But when we crossed the Hudson river and entered the Harlem R. R. cars for New York, to my astonishment my apprehensions returned again with redoubled force, and I felt certain that some disaster was about to occur. It seemed to me that the train which we were on was destined to be smashed to pieces; and though I tried to persuade myself that it was but an idle whim, the result of mere nervous depression, yet no skill of reasoning, or force of will could banish the feeling from my mind.

I occupied a seat near the forward end of the car-

riage, over the wheels, and, after riding some two hours in this state of anxiety and perturbation, I thought I heard a voice saying to me, "Put your feet up on the seat." I turned to see if any one had spoken to me, but no one was sitting near; and I started to draw my feet up beneath me on the seat, when the thought occurred to me that such a posture would look strangely to the other passengers, and I stopped. Again the voice seemed to say, "*Put your feet up on the seat!*" and thinking only of the strangeness of the suggestion, and how foolish I was to yield to such impressions, I said, "*I will not* be so nervous," and planted my feet firmly on the floor.

My apprehensions of danger, however, increased, and I could but continue in earnest prayer that God would protect me to my journey's end. A few moments of suspense thus passed away, and there was a sudden report as of an explosion, and a hissing roar as of escaping steam; the train came to a sudden stand-still; the passengers screamed and rushed for the door, while I, forgetful that I had ever known a fear, sat calmly in my seat, half amused at the surrounding tumult that filled the car.

At that moment the conductor entered the car and said, "Be calm; be calm; there is no one hurt;" and then looking along on the floor as if in search of something, he came to where I sat, glanced down upon the floor in front of my seat, and looking at me with astonishment he inquired, "Are you not frightened?" "Oh, no," I replied, forgetting to mention that I had my part of the fright before. "Well,

you are one among a thousand," said he. He pointed to the floor beneath my feet. A portion of it, some eighteen inches square, was stove and splintered up, and the pieces of a broken car wheel were visible, crowding their way up through the wreck. For the first time I then noticed that my feet were drawn up beneath me on the seat. How or when they got there I never knew. The conductor inquired, "Are you hurt?" I replied I was not. He said, "If your feet had been down there you might have been injured badly;" and turning to a gentleman who stood by he remarked, "If we had not discovered just at that moment that the boiler was *nearly dry*, and that we were in danger of an explosion, we should not have halted, and the train would have been all smashed up."

I had noticed previously an unusual thumping beneath my feet, but attributed it to the roll and jostle of the wheels; but it appeared that there was a broken car wheel under me, and if that wheel had made a dozen revolutions more, I should probably have been a torn and mangled corpse, the train would have been wrecked, and this story would never have been told. The stopping of the train at that critical time, was, I doubt not, the means of saving my life.

After a delay of two or three hours, while another engine was being procured from Chatham, we proceeded to New York, where I found my husband waiting for me at the depot; and we thanked God for his preserving mercy to us.

Years have passed since then. I have travelled in

safety many thousands of miles, through the favor of Him who hath given his angels charge concerning his people to keep them in all their ways; and though I have never since experienced such a sense of apprehension as haunted me through that fearful ride, or such a strange deliverance from impending destruction, yet I see no reason to doubt the constant presence and kindly care of Him whose mighty hand delivered me "from so great a death" when I took that fearful ride.

Harriet B. Hastings.

"TAKE CARE OF HIM."

"I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out." This was the course of the patient man, and his example is worthy of our imitation. But we are prone to forget our duty in the multiplicity of other cares, and sometimes we need the guidings of a divine impulse to quicken us to diligence and lead us in our way. And when thus directed we do well to give heed to the inward voice.

A Christian woman in New Bedford, Mass., relates the following account, which illustrates this subject:

"In the winter of 1872, while on a visit for a few days in company with some friends, I was impressed one morning with the remembrance of an Irishman, who, some months before, had had the care of our horse, and had occasionally brought it to the door for me. This was the only acquaintance I had with him. With the remembrance of this man, these words sounded in my ears, '*Take care of him.*' I

asked my husband if he knew anything about Tom. He said he did not ; the last time he saw him was, perhaps, two months before, when we were riding, and he told me Tom had left the stable on account of his health.

“ I said to him, ‘ Something is to be done for him,’ and asked if he knew whether he was sick, or very poor. He said he did not. ‘ Well,’ I said, ‘ something is the matter, and we must see about it.’ He told me he did not think the stable-keeper would let him suffer ; Tom had worked for him too many years, and he guessed he would be taken care of. So I was quieted, and so was the spirit within me, until I had been at home a day and a half, when at night the woman who worked for me by the day, asked me if I was willing she should have a glass of my jelly to take to Tom. The moment she mentioned Tom, it struck me like a thunder-bolt, while the flash of the Spirit revealed to me that I had disregarded his teachings.

“ I asked the woman what the matter was with Tom ; she said he was very sick with consumption, and they were very poor, he having a wife and three or four children. I told her I was bidden while away to care for them, but had neglected it to my condemnation and shame, and bade her to take the jelly or anything else there was in the house that would make him comfortable, and also a dollar for the sick man, it being all the money I had at the time.

“ The next morning was Sunday, and feeling the matter still on my mind, I asked my husband if he

would go, before breakfast, and see what they needed. He went, found the man very sick and the family very needy, having in the house *only what the dollar had bought for them* in coal and provisions. They were made comfortable, but Tom lived only a few days to express his unbounded gratitude.

“Thus I was taught the importance of being prompt to obey the manifestations of the Spirit.”

Instances of this general character are by no means unusual. Many who read these lines can testify to personal experience of a similar nature. Well will it be for us if we learn to heed the Spirit's call, and “to do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

• CAPTAIN YONNT'S DREAM.

The tender mercies of the Lord are over all his works; and the limit of divine possibilities is far beyond the range of human vision, understanding, or prescience. By ways we know not our heavenly Father leads the ignorant and blind, and teaches us the path in which we should go; sometimes instructing us from his living Word; sometimes by the intimations of his providence; sometimes by the whisperings of a still, small voice, which struggles for a hearing amid the noisy tumults of our waking hours; and at other times by the more vivid revelations with which he impresses our passive minds in the silence of our nightly slumbers.

A striking instance of the mysterious working of

God to accomplish his providential deliverances, is related by Horace Bushnell, in the fourteenth chapter of his work on "*Nature and the Supernatural*, as together constituting the One System of God :"

"As I sat by the fire," says Dr. Bushnell, "one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor in the Napa Valley, of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person, with his wife, and took their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterward learned, was Captain Yonnt, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritism and the modern necromancy, and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith, by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

"At my request, he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snow of the

mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed, by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierras, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass *answered exactly to his description*. By this, the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' said he, 'I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass; and there they found the company, in *exactly the condition of the dream*, and brought in the remnant alive.

"A gentleman present said, 'You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now

look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour.' These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterwards that the California people were ready, everywhere, to second his testimony.

"Nothing could be more natural than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add, that the brightest thing in his life and that which gave him greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream. I thought, also, I could see in that joy, the glimmer of a true Christian love and life, into which, unawares to himself, he had really been entered by that faith. Let any one attempt, now, to account for the coincidences of that dream by mere natural causalities, and he will be glad enough to ease his labor, by the acknowledgment of a supernatural Providence."

So much we learn from Dr. Bushnell, but who can tell the rest? Such histories are never fully written; the inside view is only seen by God himself. Who knows what prayers went up that night from fathers, mothers, wives, and friends, in far-off eastern homes, in behalf of those emigrants who had set forth upon their long and dangerous way? Who can tell the midnight groans and secret sighs of hearts that held communion with the Lord, and craved his blessing over the absent ones? And who can tell the uttered or unspoken pleadings that arose from that storm-beleagured band, who, perishing amid the rigor of that awful winter's cold, looked up to God when every earthly hope and help had failed? Doubtless, if those rescued ones were called to tell *their* tale, we should find in this account not only a story of the wise direc-

tion of God's guiding hand, which selected perhaps the only man in California who had *means* to send deliverance to these distressed ones, and faith enough in the unseen to heed a divine monition, but also a most striking record of the wondrous virtue of prevailing prayer, poured out by souls in sore and deep distress.

Enough, however, is visible and undeniable in this case, to demonstrate the existence of a providential Protector, and to encourage men to trust in Him.

THE SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, the founder of the Royal Naval Female School for the education of naval officers' daughters, was in the command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought them within sight of the island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island is barely seen on the horizon, but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was struck with an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. He felt how strange such a visit would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it; but in vain! the desire of the straightforward and excellent commander became more and more urgent; and seeing that they were fast leaving the island behind them, he told his lieutenant to prepare to "put about ship," and steer for Ascension. His lieutenant ventured respectfully to remark to Sir Thomas that changing

their course would greatly delay them ; that just at that moment the men were going to their dinner ; that, at least, some delay might be allowed. But these arguments seemed to increase the captain's anxiety, and he gave the word of command which is never resisted. He saw in the countenances of his officers an expression of wonder and even blame, but he was obeyed, and the ship was steered toward the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy-glasses were immediately fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore.

“It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!” were the cries which at intervals broke from the excited crew.

When they neared the shore a painful spectacle met their view. Sixteen men, wrecked on that coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without hope of relief. The shipwrecked men were taken on board, and the voyage completed.

DELIVERANCE FROM DESPAIR.

The following account, extracted from a volume entitled *Remarkable Providences*, illustrates the wondrous ways in which God manifests himself to break the snare of the fowler, and deliver the souls that sit in darkness, doubting the love of Him who died for them, and despairing of that mercy which still extends to them with open hand a pardon bought with blood :

During a powerful revival of religion that took

place many years ago, in Salem county, N. J., there was a young woman who was induced by her friends to attend the meeting, and becoming deeply affected, was persuaded to approach the altar, where, after much seeking, with bitter repentance, she was happily converted to God.

This person became very exemplary in her deportment, and wherever she went, had something to say in favor of the blessed treasure she had so recently found, she remaining faithful for a number of years. She married a deeply pious man, with whom she lived happily. In a few years he died, and she, being left a widow, and poor, had to struggle hard for the support of herself and children; but at this time, when the consolations of religion were the most needed, she gave way to a murmuring and repining spirit, and became very wicked and unhappy. She remained in this state many long years. Effort after effort was made to reclaim her, but all apparently in vain.

One of her sons at this time embraced religion, and consequently became deeply solicitous for his mother's salvation. He prayed and wept, and with many entreaties urged her to return to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. To all this her answer was, "You need not grieve for me, my son, for my day of grace is gone—the Spirit has not striven with me for over twenty years; my damnation is sure." At this time her health, which had been very good, began to decline; day by day she became weaker and weaker, until it was apparent to all that the fell

destroyer had marked her for his prey. The despair that filled her heart, with the afflictions of her body soon wore her down to almost nothing. Brethren came from all directions, by the importunity of her son, to pray for her, and point her to Christ, the friend of sinners ; but in vain. To all of their solicitations and entreaties her answer was, "Leave me alone. I am justly lost. You can do me no good. The few moments I have on earth, let me spend in peace. Your prayers only torment me."

Her deeply-affected son now resolved to set aside a day to fast and pray for the salvation of his mother; he therefore repaired to a lonely wood, and with none but God to see his grief or tears, he fell on his knees, and with many entreaties besought the Lord Jesus Christ to have mercy upon her soul. After continuing this all day, toward evening, with his face bathed in tears, he fell to the earth, struggling, and crying, "I will not let thee go until thou answer me." A heavenly calm filled his breast, joy sprung up in his heart, and evidence clear and strong was given, "Thy prayer is answered, go in peace."

It was Saturday morning; I was at work on my farm, some fifty miles from the scene I am attempting to describe, knowing nothing of this woman, when I felt a powerful impression on my mind to harness my horse to the carriage, and immediately drive to Brother P.'s, who resided thirty-five miles from my house, and whom I had not seen for several years. I tried to put it off, but my peace of mind was gone, and, to get relief, I started. I arrived in

the evening, stayed over the Sunday, and preached twice, intending to return home next morning; but being awakened several hours before day, the impression was renewed to go fifteen miles farther to see Brother T., also, whom I had not met for several years. I arose at daybreak, and found it raining. Resolving to go home, I started; but oh, the horror of mind that seized me! To get relief I turned my horse and drove for the brother's. He was not at home when I arrived, but soon came, and with joy welcomed me. I related to him the circumstances of my coming, and said, "Brother T., in the name of the Lord, is there anything for me to do here?"

He solemnly paused, then related to me the case of this woman, who lived only a few rods off, telling me she was apparently but just alive, and dying in sin. Now faith sprung up, and, with strong confidence, I went to see her. On entering the room, I approached the bedside, and beheld the pale and emaciated form propped up, coughing almost incessantly, and her son weeping sadly at the foot of the bed. She related to me her doleful condition, begging me not to pray, or mention the name of Christ, as it filled her with indescribable torment. Lifting my heart to God, I sat several minutes in silence, only broken by the sobs of her affectionate son, when I felt it required of me to reason with her on the sin and folly of grieving the Holy Spirit by despairing of that mercy that was ready to receive her; and surely the Holy Ghost helped me, for, fixing her dying eyes upon me, she appeared to drink in every

word; her son and the brother who went with me looking on with great interest.

We fell on our knees, and, after Brother T. had prayed, I was drawn out with as much power as I ever experienced in prayer, to urge her case at the throne of grace. Tears of sympathy fell from my eyes, and laying hold on God, I resolved never to leave the house until salvation appeared. While thus pleading, she sprang up in bed and cried for mercy, in language the most affecting I ever heard, while tears of penitence rolled down her cheeks. Being thus encouraged, we continued pouring out our souls unto Him who had promised to hear us, when, in a moment, while I had my gaze fixed upon her, I saw her countenance change; heaven beamed in her eye, joy sprang up in her heart, and "Glory, glory!" and loud hallelujahs pealed from her tongue; while her son, who had so long looked for redemption, fell on the floor, and, with rapturous songs, blessed the God of Israel, his Saviour. She lived in this heavenly frame of mind three weeks, and died shouting, "Glory, glory! victory, victory!"

In this way was the prey "delivered from the hand of the mighty," and the satanic lies which had caused this woman to doubt God's love and despair of her own salvation, were chased away before the glad tidings of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ, and which abounds to the salvation of the outermost or farthest off, even to the chief of sinners, for whom Christ the Saviour died.

PROVISION FOR CALEB.

The following interesting narrative was published in the *Annual Baptist Register* for 1801–1802, edited by Dr. John Rippon; pp. 1097–1099. It was communicated by “J. S.,” who heard it from the lips of Dr. Samuel Stennett, the son of Dr. Joseph Stennett, who was acquainted with the parties and the circumstances of the case. Dr. Joseph Stennett, who was also the son of a minister, died in 1712, aged forty-nine. He was the author of the well-known hymn,—

“Another six days’ work is done;—”

and Dr. Samuel Stennett wrote the equally well-known hymn,—

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye—”

Dr. Joseph Stennett married a lady in Wales, in consequence of which he resided there several years; and many of his children were born there. He preached with great acceptance to the Baptist congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man belonging to that meeting, generally known by the name of Caleb. He was a collier and lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford. He had a wife and several small children; and walked seven or eight miles every Lord’s day to hear the Doctor, the weather seldom preventing him. He was a very pious man; and his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering the disadvantages of his situation and circumstances. The Doctor was very partial to him, and pleased with his conversation.

As before observed, bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance on the word; but there was a severe frost one winter, which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way, so that he could not possibly pass without danger; neither could he work for the support of himself and family. The Doctor and many others were much concerned, lest they should perish for want. However, no sooner was the frost broken but Caleb appeared again. The Doctor, when he was in the pulpit, spied him; and as soon as the service was ended went to him and said, "Oh Caleb, how glad I am to see you! How have you done during the severity of the weather?" who cheerfully answered, "Never better in my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties during the whole time, and have some still remaining, which will serve us some time to come." The Doctor expressed his surprise, and wished to be informed of particulars.

Caleb told him that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and had not a morsel left for the morning, nor any human probability of getting any; but he found his mind quite calm and composed, relying on a provident God, who neither wanted power nor means to supply his wants; and he went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went to see who was there, and saw a man standing with a horse, loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man

desired him to help him to take down the load. Caleb asked him what it was. He said, provision. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed that God had sent it, and he could obtain no other answer.

When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles. There was bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, neat's tongue, etc., etc., which served them through the frost, and left some remaining to that present time.

The Doctor was much affected with the account, and mentioned it in all companies where he went, in hopes of finding out the benevolent donor, but in vain; till about two years afterward, he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician of the city of Hereford. This Dr. Talbot was a man of good moral character, and a very generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a gracious woman, and a member of the Baptist Church in Abergavenny, but could not very often attend on account of the distance.

Dr. Stennett used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennett with great politeness; and he generally staid a night or two at his house when he went. As they were conversing very pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennett, thinking it his duty to introduce something that was entertaining and profitable, spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. As he was relating the affair, he observed Dr. Talbot smile, and said,—

“Caleb! I shall never forget him as long as I live.”

“What! did you know him?” said Dr. Stennett.

“I had but very little knowledge of him,” said Dr. Talbot, “but by your description I know he must be the same man you mean.”

Then Dr. Stennett was very urgent to hear what account Dr. Talbot had to give of him; upon which Dr. Talbot freely related the following circumstance:

He said that the summer previous to the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horseback for the benefit of the air, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and he generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant, rural and romantic, there being a few farm-houses dispersed here and there, and a few little cots. As he was riding, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; his curiosity led him to ride up to the barn-door to learn the cause of their assembling, when he found to his great surprise that there was a man there preaching to a vast number of people.

He stopped till the service was ended; and he observed that the auditory were very attentive to what the preacher delivered; and one poor man in particular, attracted his notice, who, as he had a little Bible in his hand, turned to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted: he wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was at turning to the places; and he likewise noticed that his Bible was full of dog's ears,—that is, the corners of the leaves were turned down very thickly.

When the service was over, he walked his horse

gently along, in order to observe the people ; and the poor man whom he had particularly noticed, happened to walk by his side. The Doctor entered into conversation with him, asked many questions concerning the meeting and the minister, and found the poor man to be more intelligent than he could have expected. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the Doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came on the following winter, when he was one night in bed, and he said he could not tell for certain whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, " Send provision to Caleb." He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he imagined he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, who was in a sound sleep, and told her what he had heard ; but she persuaded him that it could be no other than a dream, and she soon fell asleep again ; yet the Doctor's mind was so much impressed that he could not sleep but tumbled and tossed about for some time. At last he heard the voice so powerful, saying, " Get up, and send provision to Caleb," that he could resist no longer.

He got up and called his man, bade him bring his horse, and he went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he possibly could, of whatever he could find ; and after having assisted the man to load the horse, he bade him take that provision to Caleb.

“Caleb,” said the man, “what Caleb, sir?” “I know very little of him,” said the Doctor, “but his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him.” The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master; which accounts for his telling Caleb, “*God sent it, I believe.*”

As for Caleb, he was, no doubt, quite ready to give credit to the assertion.

THE SPEECHLESS ONES.

While reading a few days since about the speechless guest at the royal marriage-feast, I was reminded of some speechless ones with whom I had been acquainted in days past; and I thought how much better it is to be speechless with astonishment at the divine goodness here, than to be dumb with despair and anguish at the judgment day.

A friend and relative of the writer, who was “a widow indeed,” one who trusted in God, and continued in supplications and prayers day and night, was once brought into circumstances of peculiar straitness and trial. She had two daughters, who exerted themselves with their needles to earn a livelihood; and at that time they were so busily engaged in trying to finish some work that had long been on their hands, they had neglected to make provision for their ordinary wants, until they found themselves one winter’s day, in the midst of a New England snow-storm, with food and fuel almost exhausted, at a distance

from neighbors, and without any means of procuring needful sustenance.

The daughters began to be alarmed, and were full of anxiety at the dismal prospect, but the good old mother said, "Don't worry, girls, the Lord will provide ; we have enough for to-day, and to-morrow may be pleasant ;" and in this hope the girls settled down again to their labor.

Another morning came, and with it no sunshine, but wind and snow in abundance. The storm still raged, but no one came near the house, and all was dark and dismal without. Noon came, and the last morsel of food was eaten, the wood was almost gone ; and there were no tokens of any relief for their necessities.

The girls became much distressed, and talked anxiously of their condition, but the good mother said, "Don't worry, the Lord will provide." But they had heard that story the day before, and they knew not the strong foundation upon which that mother's trust was built, and could not share the confidence she felt.

"If we get anything to-day, the Lord will have to bring it himself ; for nobody else can get here if they try," said one of the daughters, impatiently. But the mother said, "Don't worry ;" and so they sat down again to their sewing, the daughters to muse upon their necessitous condition, and the mother to roll her burdens on the Everlasting Arm.

While this conversation was going on, an aged servant of the Lord, Mr. M., sat at his fireside about a

mile away, surrounded by every bounty and comfort needed to cheer his heart,—save the companion of his youth, who had long rested in hope beneath the clods of the valley,—with his only daughter sitting by his side. For a long time not a word had been spoken, and he had seemed lost in silent meditation, till at length he said, “Mary, I want you to go and order the cattle yoked, and then get me a bag. I must go and carry some wood and flour to Sister C.”

“Why, father, it is impossible for you to go; there is no track, and it is all of a mile up there. You would almost perish.”

The old man sat in silence a few moments, and then said, “Mary, I must go.” She knew her father too well to suppose that words would detain him, and so complied with his wishes. While she held the bag for him, she felt perhaps a little uneasiness to see the flour so liberally disposed of, and said, “I wish you would remember that *I* want to give a poor woman some flour if it ever clears off.” The old man understood the intimation, and said, “Mary, give all you feel it your duty to,—and when the Lord says stop, I will do so.”

Soon all things were ready, and the patient oxen took their way to the widow's home, wallowing through the drifted snow, and dragging the sled with its load of wood and flour. About four o'clock in the afternoon the mother had arisen from her work to fix the fire, and looking out of the window she saw the oxen at the door, and she knew that the Lord had heard her cry. She said not a word,—why should she?

she was not surprised ;—but presently a heavy step at the threshold caused the daughters to look up with astonishment, as Mr. M. strode unceremoniously into the room, saying, “The Lord told me, Sister C., that you wanted some wood and flour.”

“*He told you the truth,*” said the widow, “and I will praise him forever. What think you now, girls?” she continued, as she turned in solemn joy to her unbelieving daughters.

They were speechless ; not a word escaped their lips, but they pondered that new revelation of the providential mercy of the Lord, until it made upon their minds an impression never to be effaced ; and long ago they learned to trust in Him who cares for the needy in the hour of their distress, and who, from his boundless stores, supplies the wants of those who trust in him.

Another instance presents itself to my mind. In a humble cottage in Connecticut, two sisters were watching over and caring for a much loved brother, who for many long months had been upon a bed of sickness. At length the younger of them began to be discouraged. She was dependent for her clothing upon her labor ; her shoes were worn out, and how should she get another pair, unless she could leave the sick-bed and go away from home and work and earn some money ?

“Well,” said the mother, “I know you need a pair of shoes, but don’t worry, the Lord will provide.”

“Do you think that *the Lord* will come down from heaven and buy me a *pair of shoes*?” said the

daughter, with an expression of discouragement and vexation on her countenance.

"No," said the mother, "but perhaps he will put it into somebody's heart to buy you a pair."

"Perhaps he will, but I *don't believe it*," said the discouraged girl.

"Well," said the other sister, who was a little more hopeful, "you won't get them any quicker by fretting, so you might as well be quiet." Thus the subject dropped, and the day passed as usual.

As the shades of evening were gathering, a brother, who lived at some distance, and who knew nothing of their previous conversation, called to inquire after their prosperity.

After the customary salutations, he said, "You have been sick here a long time and I thought I would come round and see if I could not do something for you; thought perhaps by this time the girls needed something." Then turning to the younger sister, he said, "How is it, aren't your shoes worn out?"

She dropped her eyes, blushed deeply, and perhaps a little conscience-smitten, "answered not a word." Nothing was said of the previous conversation, though it was not forgotten by those who heard it.

The brother soon saw for himself enough to satisfy him, and said no more but went away. The next day two pairs of shoes were sent around to her, and with them came to her heart a lesson which she never forgot. She lived many years after that, but was never heard to murmur in that way again; and often said that the two pairs of shoes taught her to wait,

hope, and trust, even before she learned implicit confidence in Him who sendeth blessings on the just and on the unjust. The last time the writer heard her allude to the occurrence, she said, "I was speechless then, but by the grace of God I will not be in the world to come." She rests in hope of everlasting life at the resurrection of the just, and a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb, when Jesus comes to reign. And this story is recorded with the desire that it may lead some impatient one to wait, and hope, and trust, and perhaps be a little more patient with these blessed mothers whose hands are so filled with cares and burdens, but whose hearts, though often weighed down with sorrow and grief, are yet fixed, trusting in the Lord.

THE ENGINEER'S PREMONITION.

The following remarkable instance of deliverance from danger by mental impression or premonition, was published in the *Home Monthly* for February, 1866, and is but another illustration of the care of Him whose "tender mercies are over all his works."

One of our railroad engineers, some years since, was running an express train of ten filled cars. It was in the night, and a very dark night too. His train was behind time, and he was putting the engine to the utmost speed of which it was capable, in order to reach a certain point at the proper hour. He was running on a straight and level track, and at this

unusual velocity, when a conviction struck him that he must stop.

“A something seemed to tell me,” he said, “that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there, in the daytime, I could have seen five miles. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo’s ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to do so. I shut off, and blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone but about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp and sat down on the track utterly unable to stand.”

He goes on to tell us that there he found that some one had drawn a spike which had long fastened a switch rail, and opened a switch which always had been kept locked, which led on to a track—only

about one hundred and fifty feet long—which terminated in a stone quarry!

“Here it was, wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonitory warning,—call it what you will,—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high! The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described, but they could by no possibility have been otherwise than fatally horrible.”

THE REPRIEVE.

Sir Evan Nepean, of the Home Department, relates the following respecting himself. One night, during his office as under-secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found all attempts to sleep impossible, and from eleven, till two in the morning, he never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, as the summer morning was breaking, he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But in his walk, happening to pass the House office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through

sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been ordered for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes." He could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself; it must have been sent."

The clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan, "but have you his receipt and certificate that it has *gone*?"


"No."

"Then come with me to his house, we must find him if it is early." It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen and they almost ran. They were just in time. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at this visit of the under-secretary of state at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the truest and fleetest express. The

reprieve reached York next morning just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we ever heard. We shall go further, even, than he acknowledged, and say that to us it appears as striking evidence of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true that no vision appeared, nor was any prompting voice audible ; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of seeming chances, and each of these chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are compelled to regard the whole matter as of an influence not to be attributed to man. If one link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence—as, undoubtedly, fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground, in the state of either body or mind—still, what could be less in the common course of things, than that, thus waking, he should take a walk in the park at two in the morning? Yet, if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk in his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at his window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have been sacrificed. Or if, when he took his walk, he had been contented with getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and had returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken ; for what was more out of the natural course of events, than that at two o'clock in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go into his office, and sit down in the lonely rooms of his department, for no purpose



of business or pleasure, but simply from not knowing what to do with himself?

Or if, when he had let himself into those solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table,—and this we presume to be among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office ;—or if the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page ; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the clerk of the crown's house, and, instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for even as it was, there was not a moment to spare ; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole is, that the chain might have been snapped at any link, and that every link was equally important. In the calculation of the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against the probability of the whole. If it is asked, whether a sufficient ground for this high interposition is to be discovered, in saving the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as frequently in such cases, possibly returned to their wicked trade as soon as they had escaped, and only plunged themselves into

deeper iniquity ; the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to mete out the value of a human life.

Nor can we tell how many praying fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, or friends, were offering up unceasing intercessions through that silent night, on behalf of those poor criminals. Nor do we know how many of them, in new-born penitence and faith, looked up to God for deliverance when human hope had failed ; nor yet what purposes of grace and mercy remained to be fulfilled in those who were rescued from so great a death. Only the facts of deliverance are before us, to show the power and wisdom of the Guiding Hand.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

. In the year 1854, while residing in the city of L., Mass., I became acquainted with a Bro. D., who lived there,—a humble, faithful, devoted man of God. He had a small amount of money which he felt inclined to give to the Lord, if he could understand where he would have it bestowed. He made the matter a subject of prayer, telling the Lord to let him know where the money should be given, and it should go freely.

As he was one day walking along the street, he suddenly felt a strong impression of duty to send *at once* five dollars of that money to an old lady up in Northern New Hampshire, with whom he had been acquainted in former years, though he could not recollect that he had thought of her before for a long while,

and hence was not acquainted with her circumstances at that time.

This lady was eighty years old, and had an invalid sister living with her, upwards of seventy. These two aged women had lived together for years, and maintained themselves by prudence and economy, with nothing to depend upon but the blessing of God upon their own endeavors, for the supply of their wants.

He went immediately home, and told his daughter, who did his writing for him, to send a letter to this lady right away, enclosing five dollars, and tell her that it was from the Lord.

A few days after he received a letter from her—which I read at the time—thanking him for the money, and filled with praise and gratitude to God for his goodness in providing for her in a time of great need. She had endeavored to live honestly, and made it a principle to meet all her engagements with promptness. She had sometime previous to this contracted a debt of about four dollars and a half, and the time assigned for its payment was within two or three days of its expiration. If she walked by sight she could perceive no visible way of paying this debt in the time allowed her. But she had learned to walk by faith, and hence she went out into her garden and there laid the matter before the Lord, pleading earnestly his care in providing the amount needed to pay this debt according to her promise.

On reading her letter, it appeared, by a careful comparison of its dates and statements with Bro. D.'s account of his impression, that at the very time when

she was in her garden on her knees, earnestly pleading with God to remember her wants and provide her the money to pay this obligation of four dollars and a half, Brother D., about a hundred miles distant, received a distinct impression of duty to send her five dollars of that money which he had devoted to the service of the Lord.

Such unmistakable and particular answers to the prayers of God's children, may be surprising to some, but is there not a more just ground for surprise that any who are acquainted with him, should for one moment question his faithful watch-care over the people whom he has chosen by his grace and redeemed by the blood of his Son.

THE BURNING PARSONAGE.

No class of men at the present day claim to attach more value to facts than the votaries of natural science. We are glad of it, for the old adage, "One fact is worth a dozen theories," has always commended itself to us as worthy of acceptance. We protest, however, against confining the gathering of facts and the reasoning from facts, to the natural sciences. We claim that there are facts in morals and religion just as easily and as fully verified as the facts of the sciences.

Thousands of families at eventide bow down before the Lord and seek divine protection from the unseen dangers of the night. Are their prayers answered? The skeptic may deny it, but facts are worth more

than assertions. We give one out of the thousands that can be mentioned. It is from the well-known pastor of the Nyack Presbyterian church, New York, furnished by him to the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia. It is as follows :—

“As we are about to mail this from our delightful Nyack Parsonage, so generously enlarged and improved by our kind congregation,—property, and perhaps life has been saved by a most signal answer to prayer. We had just come into the study from family worship, and this text came into my mind,—‘The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,’—then a voice seemed to say, ‘Go outside of the house, and six feet from the corner put your hand upon the weather-boarding.’ We did so immediately, and found the boards almost too hot for the touch. We sent for several neighbors. The fire company No. 1, was promptly on hand, and the instant the axe went through the boards, a bouquet of flame burst forth, but the strong arms at the engine soon deluged the burning boards and studding with water, and we were saved. The instance is all the more remarkable, as no one had detected the slightest trace of fire. And now, as the last of the crowd has left the parsonage yard, and the fire bells are no longer heard, we are impressed with the series of providences which have saved us from awakening in midnight flames around our sleeping children. And now, while kind friends come in to congratulate us and ask for a recital of the story, we declare that more than ever we believe in the God of Daniel.”

THE SAVED RAILWAY TRAIN.

The strange and mysterious agencies by which the Lord interposes for the prevention of calamity, and the preservation of human life, have often been brought to the notice of the reader. The following is another instance worthy the attention of the considerate :

Sometime in the Autumn of the year 186—, a great political gathering—a Union meeting—was held at Mansfield, Ohio, which was attended by many citizens from a distance, who went thither by rail, over the Atlantic and Great Western, and other railroads converging to that point ;—the Atlantic and Great Western road passing eastward through the state of Ohio, and thence into Pennsylvania and New York.


On Monday night a farmer in Pennsylvania retired to rest amid a heavy and protracted storm which arose, and dreaming that the high embankment near his house, which was built across a chasm some hundred feet deep, had given way under a passenger train, and let it down into the abyss, he sprang from his bed, ran to the door, and was hastening away to render assistance to the passengers, when his wife awakened him from his sleep and enquired what was the matter.

He related his startling dream, and returned to his bed again, but could sleep but very little during the night ; and the impression made upon his mind by the dream was so deep that he hastened to the chasm early next morning, to see what condition it was in.

On arriving there he found the embankment standing, and the road apparently safe, although a torrent of water poured and surged through the culvert as though it would wash the whole away.

Tuesday passed, and on Tuesday night the farmer retired to rest as usual, but could not sleep. That dream haunted him, nor could he rid his mind of the thoughts of the dangerous gulf that he had seen. He at length arose from his bed and hurried to the spot. Imagine his horror, when he found that "the fill" had been washed out, leaving nothing but the unsupported ties and track across the fearful chasm, while, as he listened, he could hear in the distance the thundering roar of the approaching train of cars. Clambering across the dreadful break, he ran with all his might to meet the train, and signalled it to stop. And so short was the warning that by the time the engineer was able to hold up, the engine was but a few feet distant from the brink of the chasm.

The train was a large one, and was filled with persons who had been at Mansfield, attending the Union meeting there, and who were struck with awe at their narrow escape. Had it not been for that startling dream of the preceding night, and the strange unrest which hurried the farmer from his bed to give them the alarm, the train would have plunged down the frightful precipice, car on car, crushing the crowded mass of humanity into shapelessness and death, amid the wreck of the train and the surgings of the swollen flood. The train was saved, the farmer related his story, and a handsome pecuniary testimonial told of



a gratitude to him which words could not convey : and it may be hoped that from many a heart arose a more devout thanksgiving to Him who preserveth our lives from destruction by his gracious and mysterious providence, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

The facts above related are given on the authority of the Dayton, Ohio, *Journal*, to which they were communicated by Mr. Robertson, the mail agent on the Atlantic and Great Western railroad, between Dayton and Cleveland ;—Mr. Robertson having conversed with the farmer and received the circumstances from his own lips. And such inquiry as we have since been able to make leads us to credit the account.

PROVIDENCE ABOVE LAW.

Providence is a manifestation of God's power and care. He is the author of all first principles. Every object in nature is impressed with the Maker's seal, and each new day repeats the wonders of creation. Nor is there an object, be it pebble or pearl, the flower-sprinkled meadow beneath or the star-spangled vault above, a drop of water or a boundless ocean, in which intelligence may not discern, and piety adore, the providence of God.


The laws of God are adapted to general action, and are without change. God saw in the material creation a demand for certain immutable laws, and his wisdom so arranged the code that they have

moved onward in harmony with the first design. Human and vegetable nature is the same as in the past, and will continue to be, thus demanding the same laws for its regulation. The penalty of these natural laws remains the same as when they received validity by the divine sanction.

But above and beyond the action of general law, there seems to be another source of power—another code or system, which takes cognizance of affairs which are transient and occasional in their character. These changing scenes are fragments that come between the drawn lines of universal law, and demand an especial interposition for their direction. Under this peculiar arrangement, God manifests himself in individual warnings, premonitions, and deliverances.

God has foreseen the necessities and demands of coming events, and has prepared for their reception. He regards the good of his creatures in general. His people Israel were suffering as bondmen in Egypt, and in the fullness of time he raised up from among them a leader just qualified to emancipate them, and guide them to the land of promise. There have been other men providentially raised up as leaders and reformers, just fitted to meet the demands and emergencies of nations and armies.

But there are direct interpositions of the Divine Hand. A lad was returning from school in a shower, and sought shelter in a hollow oak from the falling rain. While there he heard a voice saying, "Come away, come away;" and supposing some person was calling, he hastened, and had gone but a short



distance before the tree was prostrate by lightning. Here the natural, unchangeable laws were at work, and the clouds, charged with electricity, were preparing the deadly bolt, but God then put forth a particular care and rescued the helpless from death.

Two brothers were hundreds of miles distant from each other; on a morning one was impressed that the other was dead; he prepared himself and went to his brother's residence to find him a corpse.

I was fifty miles from my home and in excellent spirits, when at once a tremulous, solemn feeling came over me, and I could hardly stand. I informed my friends that I had peculiar impressions, and feared my family were sick. That evening, while in a meeting, a lad brought a letter in which I learned that my little boy was very ill. I hastened to my home only to see him die. I have never since had any such emotions.

There are unseen powers continually acting, and there are mediums of communication between the Infinite and finite which to us are mysterious. God feeds the starving poor under this order, and rescues some helpless mortal from the jaws of death. A gentleman was going on a certain train, looked at his watch and supposed he was in time. The watch had stopped *for the first time*; he was too late, and that train was thrown over an embankment and nearly all killed. That man is a preacher of the gospel and has led thousands to Christ. He that is wise and will observe these things shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

“GO TO THE POST-OFFICE.”

“In the year 18—, having a brother living in the city of R., I went to see him. Going to the store where he had been at work, I found the firm had suspended, and that he was thrown out of employment, and had broken up housekeeping; but could not ascertain where he was, only that he was boarding somewhere out in the suburbs of the city. I searched for him all day, but in vain.

“It was *necessary* that I should find him. What more to do I knew not except to *pray*. Finally I was impressed to write a line and drop it into the post-office, and I obeyed the impression, telling him if he got it, to meet me at a stated place the next morning at ten o'clock.

“I *prayed earnestly* that the Lord would cause him to go to the post-office so that he might get my letter. I felt full of peace, and at rest about the matter. The next morning at ten o'clock I went to the place appointed for him to meet me, and he soon came in.

“There is nothing in all this that is remarkable, says the doubter of special providences, but wait a little. As we were walking along the street toward his boarding place he said, ‘There is something strange about my going to the post-office this morning. I had my arrangements all made to go with a party this morning early to the Bay, fishing, but when I awoke, I had such an impression to *go down to the post-office*, that I had to forego the pleasure of

going to the Bay, and went to the office and found your letter. Spiritualists' (for he boarded with a family of table-tippers) 'would say it was the spirits.'

"I replied, 'It was *the Lord* that impressed you in answer to my prayer, for I prayed earnestly for the Lord to send you to the post-office this morning ;' and although young in years and in religion, I tried to give God the praise for his guidance and his grace."

How many remarkable answers to prayer does the humble child of God have, to strengthen his faith and encourage his heart to heed the word that says, "Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

CAPTAIN HARRIS.

"Jehovah-Jireh ; the Lord will provide."


The truth of the following anecdote may be depended upon, and as it shows the incessant and watchful care of Providence over a chastened heir of glory, and that at a time of unfathomable and complicated distress, it may contribute to encourage some of the tried saints of God to confide in him, in their journey through this world to a better.

Captain Harris was taken prisoner in the war between England and France, and carried to Dunkirk. During his imprisonment he was observed to be much depressed in mind, and, in general, very pensive and thoughtful. And when an order came from the French government to remove the prisoners to Ver-

sailles (a distance of more than two hundred miles up the country), his anxiety and perplexity seemed to be much increased. Being of a very reserved disposition, he kept his troubles to himself. They therefore preyed incessantly on his spirits.

But a morning or two before they marched to Versailles, a Frenchman came into the prison, and made the following remarkable declaration : "There is some person in this prison in great distress of mind for want of money. Who it is I know not ; but the moment I see him I shall know him, for his person and circumstances were so impressed on my mind in a dream last night, that I cannot be mistaken !" The moment the Frenchman saw Captain H. he said, "That's the man !" He immediately asked him if he was not distressed for money ; and before he could receive an answer, he offered to lend him forty pounds. Captain H. was struck with wonder and amazement, that a stranger, and an enemy, should, in a strange land, make such an offer to a man in his circumstances.

He then informed him that he had been very unsuccessful, and had encountered many difficulties in his last voyage ; that he had been taken with his ship and cargo, and had lain in that prison for some time ; that he had expected remittances from England, but had been disappointed. That he understood that the prisoners were to be removed to Versailles ; that all his money was expended except fourpence, and that he had expected to die on the road for want. The Frenchman then pressed him



hard to take forty pounds ; but he would only accept three guineas, supposing that sum would supply all his wants till he received remittances from England. Captain H. had feared the Lord from the time that he was seven years of age, but nevertheless was now in distress. After the Lord had tried him, however, (and he trieth all the righteous) he thus arose for his help, and impressed the mind of a stranger and an enemy, perhaps a French deist, to have compassion on him, and that at the very moment when his soul was fainting within him. Captain Harris, subsequently, was very successful, and was afterward, says the narrator, in opulent circumstances.

“GO TO ROTTERDAM.”

In the year 1681, a gentleman who lived near Aberdeen, came to town on purpose to ask advice of some of the ministers. He told them he had an impression continually following him, to go to Rotterdam. They asked him, “For what reason?” But he could tell none ; on which they advised him to stay at home. Some time after he came again, and informed them, “Either I must go to Rotterdam, or die ; for this impression follows me day and night, so that I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep.” They then advised him to go. Accordingly he embarked and went to Rotterdam.

As he was landing, his foot slipped, and he fell into the sea. A gentleman who was walking on the quay, leaped in and caught hold of him, brought him out, and conducted him to an inn. He then procured

some dry linen for him, and a warm bed, in which he slept soundly for several hours. When he awoke, he found the gentleman sitting by the bedside, who, taking it for granted he would be hungry, had bespoken a dinner, which, to his great satisfaction, was immediately served up. The Scotch gentleman desired the other to ask a blessing, which he did in such a manner as quite surprised him. But he was still more surprised, both at the spirit and language in which he returned thanks; and asked him, "Sir, are not you a minister?" He answered, "I am; but I was, some time since, banished from Scotland." The other replied, "Sir, I observed, though you behaved quite decently, you seemed extremely hungry. Pray, permit me to ask, how long is it since you took any food?" He said, "Eight and forty hours;" on which the Scot started up, and said, "Now I know why God sent me to Rotterdam. You shall want for nothing any more; I have enough for us both." Shortly after, the revolution ensued, and he was reinstated in his living.

THE WIDOW'S WOOD.

The following incident, showing the care of God for his trusting children, and his willingness to supply their temporal, as well as their spiritual necessities, is related by a minister of the gospel residing in the state of Maine:

In the year 1832, there lived in the town of Mercer, Maine, a widow woman named Safford, who was

left with three children to provide for, and who had nothing by which to support them but the labor of her own hands, and the providence of her heavenly Father.

Of course she had the ordinary trials and hardships of poverty to encounter, but her trust was in the Father of the fatherless, and the God of widows, and she believed that he would so supply their needs that they should lack for no good thing.

In this trust she lived as others lived, and the worldling perhaps could see no special care of God in her case, but only the ordinary course of events as regulated by the general laws of labor and reward.

But at length winter came with its piercing cold, and howling winds, and drifting snow; and a severe storm occurring near the close of the week, accompanied with bitter cold, prevented her securing her usual store of supplies, and Sunday morning found her with only wood enough to make a single fire.

That fire was kindled, and burned itself nearly out. There was nothing to renew it, and the daughter, not knowing where the next would come from, asked her mother if they should not bury up the last remaining brand in the ashes, and so preserve it for a little while.

The mother said, "No;" and with Bible in hand declared her trust in the Lord's promises, and her certainty that he would supply their needs; and though the children doubtingly queried whether her faith was well founded, she still trusted in her God.

On that same Sunday morning, a Christian woman,

the wife of a Methodist minister, not living far distant, entered into her closet to pray and hold communion with the Lord. As she sought the blessing and direction of her heavenly Father, something seemed to say to her, "*Go and send Mrs. Safford some wood.*"

This seemed like a very strange direction—to go to drawing wood on Sunday—and so she at once dismissed the thought as a freak of her own imagination, and like a pious woman, as she was, sat down to read the Bible. Now reading the Bible seems like a much more appropriate employment for such a day as that, than drawing wood to the neighbors; but when the Lord of Sabbaths, who taught that no day was too good to do good in, calls us to care for those in need, reading the Bible, and praying, and going to meeting, do not answer the purpose. And so the Bible did not seem to read at all good. It seemed dark, and dull, and stale, as if it was a sealed book, and so she thought she would go away and pray again. She did so; and again the inward monitor seemed to say, "*Send Mrs. Safford some wood.*"

She hesitated no longer, but told the boys to fill the hand-sled with wood, and drag it through the snow to Mrs. Safford's, saying, "I do not know as she needs any, but *I must send it.*"

Just as the widow's daughters were looking at the last consuming brand, and were expressing their doubts about their future prospects, while the widow was declaring her unshaken confidence in the prom-

ises and providence of God, the boys came with the hand-sled loaded, and cut short the train of argument by unloading wood enough to last them till their strait was over and wood came again.

The widow's children learned a lesson of faith in God that day ; the mother had another proof of the heavenly Father's care, which has preserved her to trust in God even until now ; the minister's wife learned a lesson of obedience to divine direction ; and through this record of the facts, it is hoped that the reader will learn to trust the goodness of God's providence, and to follow the dictation of his Holy Spirit.

THE IMPERILED CHILD.

I am no believer in the supernatural. I never saw any ghosts ; never heard any strange noises ; none, at least, that could not be accounted for on natural principles. I never saw lights around the bed or heard knocks on the head-board which proved to be "forerunners" of sickness or death ; I never had dreams "come to pass," and to spirits, in the common acceptance of the term, since the days of the Fox girls, my very presence has been always a damper. I am not of that sort who are always on the look-out for signs and wonders ; and if want of faith in spiritualization or supernaturalism is a sin, I ought to have been the last one to look for so marked a—you may name it what you please, I call it Divine interposition—as the one I am about to relate ; all the witnesses

to which—and they are not a few—are still living.

One bitter cold day in winter a merry party of us, nestled down under furry robes, went to meet an appointment with a friend living a few miles distant, with whom we were to spend the afternoon, and in the evening attend a concert to be held near by. The sleighing was delightful, the air keen and inspiring, the host and hostess genial as the crackling fires in the grates, and the invited guests, of whom there were many besides ourselves, in that peculiar visiting trim which only old-time friends, long parted, can enjoy. Restraint was thrown aside; we cracked jokes; we chattered like magpies, and talked not a little of the coming concert, which promised a rare treat to our unsophisticated ears. All went merry as a marriage bell, and merrier than some, till just before tea, when I was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to go home, accompanied by a dread or fear of something, I knew not what, which made the return appear not a matter of choice, but a thing imperative. I tried to reason it away; to revive anticipations of the concert; I thought of the disappointment it would be to those who came with me to give it up, and running over in my mind the condition in which things were left at home, could find no ground for alarm.

For many years a part of the house had been rented to a trusty family; our children were often rocked in the same cradle, and half the time ate at the same table; locks and bolts were things unused, and in deed as in word we were neighbors. In their care

had been left a boy of ten years, the only one of our family remaining at home, who knew that when he returned from school he was expected to bring in wood and kindlings for the morning fire, take supper alone or with little Clara E., as he chose, and otherwise pass the time as he pleased, only that he must not go into the street to play or on the pond to skate. He had been left many times in this way, and had never given occasion for the slightest uneasiness; still, as this nameless fear grew upon me, it took the form of a conviction that danger of some sort threatened this beloved child.

I was rising to go and ask Mr. A. to take me home, when some one said, "You are very pale; are you ill?"

"No," I answered, and dropping back in the chair, told them how strangely I had been exercised for the last few minutes, adding, "I really must go home."

There was a perfect chorus of voices against it, and for a little time I was silenced, though not convinced. Some one laid the matter before Mr. A., who replied, "Nonsense! Eddie is a good boy to mind, would do nothing in our absence that he would not do if we were there, and is enjoying himself well at this moment, I'll warrant."

This answer was brought to me in triumph, and I resolved to do as they said, "not think about it." But at tea my trembling hand almost refused to carry food to my lips, and I found it utterly impossible to swallow a mouthful. A death-like chill crept over me, and I knew that every eye was on me, as I left

the room. Mr. A. rose, saying in a changed voice, and without ceremony, "Make haste ; bring the horse round ; we must go right away. I never saw her in such a state before ; there is something in it." He followed me into the parlor ; but before he could speak I was pleading as for dear life that not a moment be lost in starting for home ; "I know," said I, "it is not all imagination ; and whether it is or not, I shall certainly die if this incubus is not removed shortly."

All was now confusion ; the tea table deserted, the meal scarce tasted ; and my friends, alarmed as much at my looks as at my words, were as anxious to hurry me off as they had before been to detain me. To me those terrible moments seemed hours, yet I am assured that not more than half an hour elapsed from the time my fears first found expression before we were on the road toward home. A horse somewhat noted for fleetness was before us, and with only two in the cutter—the rest staid to the concert, and made Mr. A. promise if nothing had happened he would return—we went over the road at a rapid pace. I knew from the frequent repetition of a peculiar signal that the beast was being urged to his best, yet I grew sick with impatience at the restraint. I wanted to fly. All this while my fears had taken no definite shape. I only knew that *the child was in danger*, and felt impelled to hurry to the rescue. Only once was the silence broken in that three-mile journey, and that was when, on reaching an eminence from which the house was in full view, I said, "Thank God, the house isn't on fire !"

"That was my own thought," said Mr. A. ; but there was no slackening of speed. On nearing home a cheerful light was glimmering from Mrs. E.'s window. Before the vehicle had fairly stopped we were clear of it, and opening the door, said, in the same breath, "Where's Eddie?"

"Eddie? why, he was here a little while ago," answered Mrs. E., pleasantly, striving to dissipate the alarm she saw written on our countenances. "He ate supper with the children, and played awhile at marbles; then spoke of Libby Rose's having a new picture-book, and that he wanted to see it. You will find him over there."

With swift steps Mr. A. crossed the street to the place mentioned, and returned with, "He has not been there." Eddie was remarkably fond of skating, and my next thought was that he had been tempted to disobedience. I said, calmly, "We will go to the pond." I was perfectly collected; I could have worked all night without fatigue with the nerves in that state of tension, but Mr. A. said, "No, you must go in and lie down. Eddie is safe enough, somewhere about the village. I'll go and find him." But there was nothing in the tone as in the words to reassure me.

As he spoke he crossed the hall to our own room, and turned the knob. The door was locked. What could that mean? Eddie was either on the inside or had taken the key away with him. Mr. A. ran round to a window with a broken spring, which could be opened from the outside. It went up with a clang,

but a dense volume of smoke drove him back. After an instant another attempt was made, and this time, on a lounge directly under the window, he stumbled on the insensible form of little Eddie, *smothered in smoke!* Limp and apparently lifeless, he was borne into the fresh, cold air, and after some rough handling was restored to consciousness.

From that hour I think I have known how Abraham felt when he lifted Isaac from the altar unharmed, in obedience to the command of the angel of the Lord. True, I had been subjected to no such trial of strength and faith; my Father knew I would have shrunk utterly before it; yet, if it was not a similar messenger that whispered to me in the midst of that gay party an hour previous, I have no wish to be convinced of it; and were the book placed in my hands which I knew had power to rob me of this sweet belief, I would never open it.

Eddie said, on returning from school he made a good fire, and as the wood was snowy, thought he would put it in the oven to dry,—something he had never done before. Then, on leaving Mrs. E.'s room, he went in for an apple before going to see Libby Rose's picture-book, and it seemed so nice and warm he thought he would lie down awhile. He could give no explanation as to what prompted him to turn the key,—it was the first and last time,—but this could have made no difference in the result, for no one would have discovered the smoke in time to save his life. The wood in the stove had burned to ashes, but as the doors were closed, there was no danger of

falling embers setting the house on fire ; and had we staid to the concert everything would have been as we left it, except that little Eddie's voice would never more have made music for our ears. Every one said that with a delay of five or even three minutes we should have been too late.

Many years have passed since then, yet now, when the lamp of faith burns dim, and God and his promises seem a great way off, I have only to go back to this—the first, the last, and only manifestation of this nature—to feel that as a father careth for his children, so careth he for us. “Deliver us from evil, for thine is the power,” is no mere formality, but words pregnant with meaning.

THE DROWNING LADY.

The direction of the Holy Spirit of God, resulting in the preservation of life and the salvation of souls, is seldom more clearly shown than in the following incident :—

A gay lady in New England once had occasion to go to a neighboring town, where she had often been before. In the immediate vicinity was a stream, which she had to go near, and which at this period was high. With a view of showing her courage to a young person whom she had taken with her as a companion, she went into the stream with her horse, and in a very little time was thrown into the water,—had already sunk once or twice to the bottom, and felt that she was within a few moments of an eternal

world, without being prepared for so great a change.

It so happened, that a young man in a neighboring town had felt a powerful impression on his mind that morning, that he should visit the same place. He had no business to transact ; but, being forcibly impressed with the importance of going thither, he invited a young man to accompany him. Arriving at the side of the stream just as the young ladies were about to cross it, they saw it was improbable that they could ford it ; yet, as the ladies went, they determined to follow.

By the time the young lady was thrown from her horse, the others had nearly reached the opposite shore ; but, perceiving her danger, one of them immediately followed her on his horse, and in the last moment of life, as it then appeared, she caught hold of the horse's leg ; he thus secured her, and catching hold of the other drowning young lady, she was saved also. After the use of proper remedies, they recovered ; and the young gentlemen, believing that the design of their coming from home was now answered, returned back.

The impressions made on the mind of this young lady were permanent, and she was led to reflect on the sin she had committed against God, to pray for the pardon of her guilt, and to devote herself to the Divine service. She embraced the mercy of the Lord, believing in the Redeemer, who alone saves from the wrath to come.

In the same town with herself lived a young gentleman who had often spent his hours in vain

conversation with her. On her return home, he went to congratulate her on her escape, and, to his surprise, found she attributed her deliverance to the power of God, and urged him to seek that grace which they had both neglected. Her serious conversation was blessed to his conversion, and he became a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and thus two persons were saved from drowning, and two sinners redeemed from death, by God's good providence and grace.

THE EXPLOSION.

“The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . he *leadeth* me,” said the Psalmist. And especially is this leading of the Lord disclosed in the premonitions of danger which he often bestows upon men, thus delivering them from unexpected and imminent perils by means incomprehensible to those around them. “He will keep the feet of his saints,” said the praying Hannah; and thousands can testify that he has watched them with an unslumbering eye, and guided them with his unerring counsel, and rescued them with an Almighty hand.

And whenever we have found ourselves in dark and devious and perilous paths, we have but to look back and blame ourselves that our eyes were dim, our ears heavy, our wills stubborn, and our hearts hard; and that in our blindness and stiff-neckedness we rejected the counsel of God to our own disadvantage.

A few days since a brother limped into our office,

and when inquired of as to the cause of his lameness, he stated that a little while before, when visiting a vessel in the harbor, as he was passing along in the obscurity of one of the decks, he fell through a scuttle, down into the hold of the ship, and his foot came against a timber with such force as to fracture a bone, and hence he had become disabled.

“Do you think,” said the writer, “that you were in the place that the Lord wanted you to be in, when you fell through that scuttle?”

“No,” said he, “I do not. I felt badly about going, and only yielded to the desires of my brother who was visiting here, and who wanted me to go. But it went hard, and I felt badly about it all the time.”

“I thought so,” was the reply. “I remember going once where I felt I ought not to, some ten years ago, and I have not got over the effects of it yet, and do not know as I ever shall in this world.”

I had been preaching the gospel at various times, in the streets and about the public places in one of our large cities, with some appearances of good resulting therefrom; and on one occasion I resolved to announce in the public prints that I would conduct a service at the usual place the next Sunday afternoon. I did so, though I felt a strange misgiving and a reluctance or a restraint about making the announcement. The season was far advanced, the weather was cool, and my health was frail; but I was “like the horse or the mule, whose mouth must be held in with a bit or bridle,” and I flattered myself

that I could endure it ; or, if the weather was unfavorable, I could, as before, enter the open area of a public building, and thus avoid exposure, and so I disregarded the impression of duty.

The meeting was accordingly held. The weather was chilly, the wind cold and raw, and blowing in my face, and the door which I had before found open, was by some means locked that day. I therefore stood outside and spoke from the steps, contracted a cough, which was followed by a lung fever and chronic weakness and congestion of the lungs, which is a source of trouble and disability to me to this day ; but which admonishes me from time to time, that when a man neglects the guidance of the Spirit of God, he does so at his peril, and to his sorrow.

On the evening of the day upon which the lame brother called, another Christian friend, Mr. W——, an active business man, and an earnest disciple of the Lord, entered my office, and spent an hour relating some of the instances in his own experience, where he had noticed special indications of the presence of God's guiding hand. One of these incidents we desire to place on record, and we give the account substantially in his own words :

“ In the summer of 1854, I was engaged in business in Stockton, California. One day I had come down from Stockton to San Francisco, on the steamboat Kate Kearney, and had brought some cases of shoes, which were unloaded upon the wharf that they might be shipped to Oregon for sale.

“ At the same wharf where we lay, there was

another steamer, the Helen Hensley, a new boat, which lay bow to bow with the Kate Kearney, the vessels almost touching each other. The Helen Hensley was just getting up steam for a trial trip to Sacramento, and when my goods were unloaded I went on board of her to see how the new steamboat looked. Having passed over the boat, I came down from the upper deck to the bow deck, descending by a staircase which was located just in front of the steam boiler. While passing leisurely down these stairs, an earnest voice seemed to say to me, '*Be quick!*' I pulled out my watch, looked at it, thought of my business which I had to do, and said to myself, 'Yes, I must be quick;' and, as if urged by some strange impulse, I hurried down the stairs, hastened across the wharf, and rushed into the clerk's office on board the Kate Kearney, to settle my freight bill.

"I had but just entered the office, when there was an explosion, a crash which shattered the window-glass of the office to fragments around us, and a roar of escaping steam which warned myself and the clerk to fall prostrate upon the floor, to avoid the danger of inhaling the scalding vapor.

"In a moment the peril was past, and we had time to survey the ruin. The boiler of the Helen Hensley had exploded, the wood-work of the vessel was rent and shattered, the stairs which I had descended were blown to fragments, and portions of the banisters had been thrown across the wharf with such tremendous force that they had been driven through the boards of the cases containing the shoes,

and there remained as tokens of the power which had willed them from their place."

Such was the story of Mr. W——, and though sceptics, denying the providence of God, might sneer at such a record, yet he who has been delivered from so great a death," will give adoring thanks to the God of his life, for the unseen guidance which secured his safety in that hour of peril and desolation.

Many, very many, are the facts which illustrate the necessity of instant obedience to the call of God. A moment's delay here, and destruction would have been inevitable. And often upon the turning of a corner, the delay or the haste of a moment, hangs the whole question of life or death, of ruin or destruction.

A man saw with ill-concealed regret the steamer on which he was to take passage, start from the wharf before he could reach it; but when there came back the bitter tidings of a burning vessel and a drowning crew, he blessed the hand that had held him back from destruction, even against his own desire.

A gentleman, passing over the New York and New Haven railroad, courteously arose and gave his seat to an older man who was standing near him. The train whirled along its iron path with tremendous speed, it reached Norwalk, the draw-bridge was open, a fearful plunge, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying mingled in dreadful discord, the gentleman escaped unhurt, but the occupant of the seat was dead.

We cannot penetrate the mysteries of Omniscience,

but he who spares the green and takes the ripe, has his reasons for all the events of his providence. Be it ours, then, in lowliness and humility to follow the guidings of his counsel, and thus escape a thousand perils that surround us, fulfill our mission in this world, and hear at last his gracious words of welcome to that world where obscurity and doubt shall give place to perfect knowledge, and where the clouds and shadows of the misty present shall vanish in the sunshine of the great beyond.

THE AWAKENED STUDENT.

The following incident, related by a person concerned in it, illustrates the watchfulness of our heavenly Father in preserving us in our defenseless hours. The narrator says :—

“In 1845-46, while attending Jefferson College, in Pennsylvania, I was boarding in one of the houses kept for the accommodation of students, and rooming alone, in the second story, other students occupying five or six rooms on the same floor. The stove used to heat my room was placed in a corner not far from the door, my bed being opposite, and about twelve feet distant.

“Just before retiring, one evening, as my custom was, I covered up the coal fire with the ashes, and immediately laid down to sleep. Sometime during the night,—the hour I know not, but quite late, as all the students had retired, as well as the family

occupying the first floor and the basement,—I was aroused, got up, unlocked my door, walked three or four paces, and opened the door to the garret above. Then I found the stairway, and the studding and floor near it, in flames!

“Without making any alarm I quickly returned to my room, and taking the water provided for my morning ablutions I put out the flames as well as I could, and went down stairs for more. Before sleeping again I satisfied myself that the fire had been extinguished, but did not speak of the matter until next breakfast, when I related the whole affair to the students and others present at the table. They were of course much startled at their escape from such imminent peril. And they had good reason to be seriously impressed with the particular care God exercised over that house and the lives therein during that night.

“It may be that some will say that there is nothing strange in this, and that it is no evidence of a special providence. I never can persuade myself so to believe. Why I awoke just at that moment, being in good health, with everything quiet about the house, and opened the doors and looked as I did, and thus became in God’s hands the means of saving property and lives from destruction, is only known to Him who rules the nations of the earth, and sees when a sparrow falls to the ground. It could not have been anything—judging from the appearances when I opened the garret door—before the flames would have communicated with the floor and roof above, and the

consequences that might have followed are known only to Him who caused me to act as I did, and thus saved our souls alive. ‘Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!’”

GUIDANCE IN GIVING.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive,” and one of the greatest blessings to the trustful child of God, is to be used of the Lord for the comfort and benefit of others. But in a world of beggary and craft and imposition, it requires not only human circumspection, but divine guidance to enable us to “do good and to communicate” at such times and in such directions as shall meet the approval of the heavenly Master, and really benefit those with whom we have to do.

And, that this needful direction will not be withheld, is evident from the numerous promises of divine instruction and direction contained in the Book of God, and from abundant instances where living witnesses can attest the gracious power and presence of the Guiding Hand.

The morning prayer-meeting in the chapel of the Old South church, in Boston, which was continued daily for so many years, was not only fraught with many fragrant memories of spiritual blessing, and tokens of good from the hand of God, but it also proved in one instance at least, a place of temporal

as well as spiritual mercies to the children of the Lord who follow the divine counsel with obedient hearts.

One winter morning, a few years ago, a Mr. Woodman, a man "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," left his counting-room, a short distance away, and repaired to this place, where prayer was wont to be made, to spend the appointed hour, from eight to nine o'clock, among the humble worshippers.

While there, he listened with much interest to the remarks of a middle-aged gentleman who took part in the exercises of the hour, and with whom he was entirely unacquainted; and when he had concluded his remarks, Mr. W. felt strongly inclined to go to him and give him some money. He wondered at the strangeness of the impression;—the man was better dressed than he was himself; there were no indications of want or poverty about him; the gift might be uncalled for, abrupt, and unwelcome;—and the query arose, whether, after all, it was not a temptation of Satan, rather than an admonition from the Lord. The conviction, however, deepened, and the command, "*Give him five dollars,*" was repeated and impressed with such urgency upon his mind that he could not resist the inward call.

Accordingly he leaned his head forward on the desk, that he might not be observed by any one, took out a five-dollar note, folded it up, and when the meeting was over, glided up the aisle, placed the five dollars in the hand of the stranger, to be used as he saw fit, and hastened away, not waiting for thanks,


but feeling the inward approval known only to those who have "the witness" in themselves.

The next morning Mr. W. was again at the prayer-meeting, and the same stranger arose and spoke substantially as follows :—

"In days past I have possessed means, and in those days I delighted to do good. Many is the five-dollar bill that I have given to the poor and the distressed. But reverses have overtaken me, and though I am provided with food and raiment, yet it is a great grief to me that I am unable to do for the poor and needy as I formerly could.

"Yesterday morning, on my way to this meeting, I saw a Christian sister in a neighboring town. She was sick and poor and friendless, and had neither food nor fire in this cold weather ; and I felt in my heart, 'Oh, if I only had five dollars to give her, how glad I should be !' but I did not have it. But I came here yesterday morning, and at the close of the meeting a brother came and put five dollars into my hand, to use as I saw fit, and went away. I went from this meeting to that poor woman's house, gave her the money and told her the Lord sent it to her, and she believed he did send it. And if that brother is here to-day, I should like to see him and speak with him."

Mr. W. made himself known as he was desired to do at the close of the meeting, and they both rejoiced in the gracious care of God who had made them instruments of blessing to one of his little ones in a time of sore distress.



Another instance may be mentioned which is, perhaps, equally remarkable as an illustration of divine direction. There was a widow lady in Boston whom Mr. W. had known for years, and to whose necessities he had sometimes been enabled to minister in times of sickness and distress. He had, however, lost trace of her for some time, till one day he met her in the street carrying a fine basket of provisions, and said: "Well, I am glad to see that you have something good to eat."

"I only wish it *was* mine," she replied with a sigh, which convinced him that she must be carrying the basket for some one else, and that it was an evidence of her extreme necessity rather than of abundance; and hastily placing five dollars in her hand, he said, "There, I don't see why you cannot have something good to eat, as well as other folks," and passed along, and saw nor heard no more from her for months.

In January, 1867, he visited the state of Maine on business, and a tremendous storm coming on, he was blockaded by snow-drifts, which made roads and railways impassable for some time, and was thus absent from his business for sixteen days. On his return, in the midst of the cares which had accumulated during his protracted absence, almost the first thing in the morning he felt, "I ought to go and see that poor woman." But business was pressing, and the matter passed from his mind. Again in the course of the day the impression came upon him, "I *must* go and see that woman;" and he ascertained her residence, but found no time to visit her.

At night he started for home, and while passing up Pearl street to see a friend, a reproving voice within seemed to say, "There, you haven't been to see that woman. You *must go*." It was late, and supper was waiting at home; but the sense of duty was too strong to be resisted, and he hastened to the widow's lowly tenement. As he entered her poverty-stricken abode, she arose from her knees, her face covered with tears, and thanked God that he had sent her relief. She was sick, and starving for food; a salted herring was about the only thing she had in the house, and this her disease would not permit her to eat. She had been praying for twenty-four hours, that the Lord would send some one there to relieve her wants, and now her prayer was answered.

Mr. W. hastened away, and soon returned laden with all the necessary comforts of life that he could conveniently bring, which he deposited upon her table; and having provided for her wants, he went his way in peace. It was the last of her troubles and privations, for the kind hand of God provided an abundant supply for all her needs, and she yet lives to rejoice in the mercy of God, who is a father of the fatherless and a judge of widows in his holy habitation, and to minister to the needs of others in distress, and comfort those who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith she herself has been so graciously comforted of God.

These authentic facts, communicated to us by a person of veracity, we place on record for the confirmation of the faith of "the poor, and them that

have no helper," that they may still confide in that God who will have respect unto his covenant, and who "will not forget the congregation of his poor forever;" and for the quickening of those whom the Lord has made stewards of his temporal bounties, that they may listen carefully to the voice behind them which says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," lest they miss the blessing of doing good while here, grow cold and dark and covetous amid increasing possessions and advancing years, and hear at last from the lips of their Judge the awful words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

A POOR COTTAGER.

A lady who had just sat down to breakfast, had a strong impression on her mind that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man who lived about half a mile from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her either to postpone taking it till after breakfast, or send it by a servant; but she chose to take it immediately herself. As she approached the hut she heard the sound of a human voice, and wishing to discover what was said, she stepped unperceived to the door. She heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said, "O Lord, help me: Lord, thou wilt help me; thy promise cannot fail. Although we have no bread to eat, I know thou wilt supply me, though thou shouldst again

rain down manna from heaven." The lady could wait no longer, but opened the door. "Yes," she replied, "God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who careth for you; and whenever you want bread come to my house."

THE FLYING ENGINE.

Within a few rods of the bank of the Delaware river, opposite the city of Trenton, and in the town of Morrisville, Pa., there stood, about the middle of the present century, a long, two-story wooden block, containing four tenements, which were occupied by different families. The block of buildings was situated some twenty feet northwesterly of the line of the great railroad connecting New York with Philadelphia and Washington, and stood at the point where the railroad track, curving sharply to the eastward, crosses the Delaware to Trenton, on the New Jersey shore.

In one of these tenements, that was nearest to the river, resided at this time William Kitson, a humble, Christian man, who, with his wife and four children, trusted in God and waited for his Son from heaven, and shared in the protection of those angels who encamp round about the people of God, and deliver them in hours of danger and distress.

On the fifth day of March, 1849, notice was sent along the line to clear the track for the passage of a train consisting of an engine and its tender, with

only three men on board,—the engineer, fireman, and brakeman,—who ran as a government express, to bear the inaugural address or message of President Zachary Taylor, who had been inducted into office as chief magistrate of the United States the preceding day. The train was to run very swiftly, and make no stops, and all persons were warned to keep out of its way.

The afternoon wore away, and Mr. Kitson and his family had just finished their supper and drawn back from the table, when a cry was heard, "*The express is coming!*" and they hurried out to see it pass. Mrs. Kitson with her little girl, went out and stood on the steps in front of the house; her husband stood in the doorway with one child in his arms, and another standing by his side, while the other boy ran to the next door to notify the neighbors of the approach of the train.

On came the fiery, flying chariot, thundering down the track, until, as it sped furiously along, and came still nearer, suddenly, and when no sign of danger appeared, a voice rung through the soul of Mr. Kitson, and the single warning word it uttered was, "*Run!*" Startled by it, he began to re-assure himself, saying mentally, "Surely there is no need to run," and he stood still and watched the rushing engine for a few seconds, when the same warning came again, only this time it was louder and more thrilling than at first. He was aroused, and a strange feeling of fear came over him, but still supposing himself and family entirely out of all danger he

remained transfixed to the spot, impelled, yet not persuaded to go. Looking at the living iron, flying headlong on its track, and goaded to its utmost speed, he now perceived that it had already entered on the curve, and so terrible was the strain that a stream of fire was flying from its wheels. The machine was now but a few rods from the dwelling, almost headed toward the gate, but clinging to the curving track. Then a third time, as if sounded in the air close to his ear, came the mysterious warning, "RUN!" It seemed like an audible voice. To longer resist its command was madness, and he stepped backward into the house, with his little boy in his arms. He had not gone the width of the room, when the ponderous engine, leaping from the track, struck the steps where he had stood, crashed through the doorway and the side of the house, tearing the door from its hinges, and hurling it behind him close to his heels. One leap cleared him from the pursuing monster, which, with an awful, hissing roar, plunged through the floor and landed on the bottom of the cellar.

The danger was past, and Mr. Kitson was safe, but where were his family and loved ones? All had been imperiled, and yet all were saved. Said Mrs. Kitson to a ministering brother, a few days after:

"When I saw the engine coming, something said to me, 'Run!' I said, 'No, I will not run, I will stand here and see it pass.' Again something said, '*Run!*' I said, 'I won't run.' Once more it sounded in my ears with such power that I could not resist it.

‘RUN!’ I then jumped from the steps, threw open the gate at the corner of the house leading into the yard, and passed through, saying at the same instant to the girl, ‘*Run!*’

“As soon as I had entered the gate, I turned, expecting to see the engine pass upon the track, and saw it just behind me, coming towards the gate. It came about two thirds the distance from the road to the gate, and then made a sudden turn to the left, and entered the house.”

The little girl had heeded her mother’s cry, and had fled and escaped the danger, and Charlie, the boy who stood by his father’s side in the door, was found crowded into a narrow space of about eighteen inches wide, between the diagonal path of the engine and the front wall of the house, covered with the *debris* of the ruined building, but safe and sound.

The brakeman of the train was thrown from his elevated seat on to a pile of boards, and was severely injured; the engineer leaped from the flying engine, as it entered the house, and landed unhurt on the steps of the next tenement; while the fireman, sticking by the engine, was carried into the house amid the crash and ruin, but escaped alive with slight injuries and scalds.

Mr. Kitson and family were all safe. But had they remained where they stood another instant, all would have perished, as the engine struck the house in its center, just where they had gathered in fancied security to watch its passing.

The engine was still on the track when Mr. Kitson

and his wife, moved by a simultaneous impulse, each being ignorant of the other's feelings, started to run as for their lives, to escape a danger which, though imminent, was unseen, and would have been unknown had not that mysterious Voice rung its awful and imperative warning in their ears to save them from the jaws of destruction. The warning was timely, and so evidently unearthly as to create a life-long impression. There was thanksgiving and praise in two souls that night.

Such were the circumstances attending this terrible danger and this wonderful escape, as related in substance by Edwin Burnham, the evangelist, in the hearing of the writer several years ago, and confirmed by Dr. Josiah Litch, who received the story at the time from the lips of those who had thus been delivered from death, and immediately published it over his signature in the *Advent Herald* for April 21, 1849. More recent inquiries confirm the truth of the recital, and the persons concerned are, some or all of them, still living to bear witness to its truth.

This divine deliverance rebukes that scientific infidelity which leaves destiny to inexorable law, and ignores all special interference of God in the affairs of men. Why all persons in jeopardy are not similarly warned, and so permitted to escape, we do not know, nor are we required to know to enable us to see our way to faith in a higher, redeeming Power.

One thing we *do* know, namely, that many persons who have disregarded such warnings have done it to their sorrow, while those who have heeded them have

been saved from many ills. It is enough for us to know that, many and mighty as are the angels of the lost High, they are "all ministering spirits, sent forth," not like the messengers of Satan to tip tables and talk nonsense under the guise of ghosts, at the all, and for the delusion of skeptics and infidels, but rather "to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," over whom God has given them charge to keep them in all their ways; and that in just such ways and at such times as pleases God, the angel of the Lord who encampeth round about them that fear him, "*delivereth them.*"

HELP IN DISTRESS.

The following fact is related by a minister in Maryland, who had it from the person concerned :

"A man in the western part of Maryland was traveling at night, riding a horse quite wild and unmanageable, and the night was extremely dark. Passing through a narrow lane, where a cultivator had been cut near the fence, the horse struck the handle of the cultivator with his foot, became entangled in it, threw the rider, and immediately rushed forward, with full speed. The man, thrown to the ground, was completely stunned by the fall. The horse ran by a neighboring house, where the man of the house was just preparing to retire to bed. An impression came on his mind that some person was in danger, and he told his wife that they must go and search for the sufferer. He remarked that he could not possibly


go to bed; that some one was in danger. Accompanied by his wife and servant, he went out to search, and going through the lane, found the rider, who had been thrown, lying senseless upon the ground. They raised him up and carried him to the house, where his returning consciousness revealed to him that he was among strangers, who were taking care of him. Ultimately he was restored, but no doubt would have perished, had not the man living there been led, by a providential impulse, to go out and seek for him. Does not an instance like this plainly show the interposing hand of divine Providence?"

THE PACKED TRUNK.

In these days of the poured-out Spirit, says a writer in the *Home Journal*, one needs to speak and write cautiously of some of the manifestations. Many things not in keeping with taste and reason are done; but may not these very things be in conformity with the direction of the Holy Ghost?

The God-given directions of old were not always reasonable, judged from a human stand-point. No warrior would have walked around Jericho day after day with the expectation of thus overcoming a foe; no leper would have believed that a bath in Jordan would heal him; no blind man would have judged that there was efficacy in clay-salve to open eyes.

These very things were, however, of divine ordering. If God could command thus in ages past,



may he not do the same now? May he not have a David to dance, a Daniel to fall powerless, a Naaman to wash in a river, a Moses or a Paul to lay on hands, an Ananias to direct to some street called Straight, or otherwise? And if God leads thus, need spiritual minds be disturbed? If they cannot see the wherefore, need it cause a quivering? If a Joshua must march around Jericho, need those who stay at home feel disgust? If a Paul must lay his hands on the head of some disciple, need others revolt? If the Spirit tells Ananias to go to Straight street, need it be called a new inspiration? And if a Peter prays on the house-top, and the Spirit tells him to go below stairs to see strangers, need he be reckoned an enthusiast and fanatic? Can a reason be given from the Word why God may not ask these things of his own to-day?

In a Boston meeting, a lady said that she had been ready to go home for three weeks. Her trunk had been packed and waiting; but the Spirit detained her in the city,—why, she did not know. At a meeting a week later in the same place, the leader said, If any one has his trunk packed ready for departure, *t him go*,”—discarding spiritual direction in such matters. Yet patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and disciples, all had directions, at times, about going thither and thither. This lady referred to, learned afterwards that her home was *closed on account of a contagious disease*, and had she left when she first intended, she would have found her own door shut for a limited season against her.

CAPTAIN FANNING'S DELIVERANCE.

The following providential deliverance from imminent danger, is related by Captain Fanning, in the volume containing his "Voyages round the World." The incident occurred during a voyage in the Pacific, after seal-skin fur. Captain Fanning says:—

"At nine o'clock in the evening, my customary hour for retiring, I had, as usual, repaired to my berth, enjoying perfectly good health; but between the hours of nine and ten, found myself, without being sensible of any movement or exertion in getting there, on the upper steps of the companion-way. After exchanging a few words with the commanding officer, who was walking the deck, I returned to my berth, thinking how strange it was, for I never before had walked in my sleep. Again I was occupying the same position, to the great surprise of the officer—not more so than to myself—after having slept some twenty minutes or the like. I was preparing to return to the cabin, after answering in the affirmative his inquiry, whether Captain Fanning was well. Why I came, or what had thus brought me *twice* to the companion-way, I was quite unable to tell; but lest there should be any portion of vigilance unobserved by those in charge, I inquired of the officer how far he was able to see around the ship. He replied, that although a little hazy, he thought he could see a mile or two, adding that the lookout was regularly relieved every half hour.


“With a strange sensation upon my mind, I again returned to my berth. What was my astonishment on finding myself the *third time in the same place*, with this addition: I had now, *without being aware of it, put on my outer garments and hat!* Then I conceived some danger was nigh at hand, and determined upon laying the ship to for the night. She was then under full sail, going at the rate of five or six miles per hour. All her light sails were accordingly taken in, the top-sails were single-reefed, and the ship brought to, forthwith, on the wind. I gave directions to the officer to tack every hour, and to pass the direction to the officer who should relieve him, that we might maintain our present position until morning; adding a request that he would call me at daylight, as he himself would then be again on watch. He was surprised and looked at me with astonishment, appearing half to hesitate to obey; supposing me to be out of my mind. I observed, I was perfectly well, but that something, what it was I could not tell, required that these precautionary measures should be taken. A few minutes before eleven I again retired and remained undisturbed, enjoying a sound sleep until called at daylight by the officer. He reported the weather to be much the same as the evening previous, with a fine trade-wind from E. N. E. Giving him directions to make all sail, after attending to some little duties, I followed to the deck just as the sun came above the clear eastern horizon.

“The officers and watch were busily engaged. All was activity and bustle, except with the helmsman.

Even the man on the look-out was for a moment called from his especial charge, and was engaged in reefing and sending down on deck the steering-sail halyards. This induced me to walk over to the lee-quarter, not expecting, however, to make any discovery. In a moment the whole truth flashed before my eyes, as I caught sight of breakers, mast high, directly ahead, and towards which our ship was fast sailing.

“The helm was put a-lee, the yards all braced up, and sails trimmed by the wind, as the man aloft, in a stentorian voice called out, ‘Breakers! breakers ahead!’ This was a sufficient response to the inquiring look of the officer, as perceiving the maneuver without being aware of the cause, he had gazed upon me to find if I was crazed. Casting a look upon the foaming breakers, his face, from a flush of red, had assumed a death-like paleness. No man spoke. All was silence, except the needed orders, which were promptly executed with the precision that necessarily attends the conduct of an orderly and correct crew in a critical emergency.

“The ship was now sailing on the wind, and the roaring of the breakers under her lee, a mile’s short distance, was distinctly heard. The officer to whom the events of the night were familiar, came aft to me, and with the voice and look of a man deeply impressed with solemn convictions, said, ‘Surely, sir, Providence has a care over us, and has kindly directed us again on the road of safety. I cannot speak my feelings, for it seems to me, after what has passed



ring the night, and now what appears before my eyes, as if I had just awakened in another world. Why, sir, half an hour's further run from where we lay by in the night, would have cast us on that fatal spot, where we must all certainly have been lost.'

"All hands, by this time made acquainted with the discovery, and the danger they had so narrowly escaped, were gathered on deck, gazing upon the breakers with serious and thoughtful countenances. We were enabled to weather the breakers on our stretch to the north, with a fair view of them from aloft. We did not discover a foot of ground, rock or sand, above water, where a boat might have been hauled up; of course had our ship run on it in the night, there can be no question but we should all have perished."

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" Rom. viii. 31.

Is God for me? I fear not, though all against me rise;
When I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies;
My Friend, the Lord Almighty, and he who loves me, God,
What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a flood?
I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the highest, mightiest, forever loveth me.
At all times, in all places, he standeth at my side;
He rules the battle's fury, the tempest, and the tide.
A Rock that stands forever is Christ my righteousness,
And there I stand forever in everlasting bliss;
No earthly thing is needful to this my life from heaven,
And naught of love is worthy, save that which God has given;
Christ, all my praise and glory, my light most sweet and fair,
The ship wherein he saileth is scathless everywhere.
In him I dare be joyful, as a hero in the war;
The judgment of the sinner affrighteth me no more.

There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
 The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see;
 For me there is no sentence, for me has death no sting,
 Because the Lord, who loves me, shall shield me with his wing.
 Above my soul's dark waters his Spirit hovers still,
 He guards me from all sorrows, from terror and from ill;
 In me he works, and blesses the life-seed he has sown,
 From him I learn the "Abba," that prayer of faith alone.

And if in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
 He prays the prayers within me, I cannot ask or think,—
 'The deep unspoken language, known only to that love
 Which fathoms the heart's mystery from the throne of light above.
 His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,
 How God the weak one strengthens who leans on him in faith:
 How he hath built a city of love and light and song,
 Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart hath loved so long.

And there is mine inheritance, my kingly palace home;
 The leaf may fall and perish, not less the spring will come;
 Like wind and rain of winter, are our earthly sighs and tears,
 Till the golden summer dawneth of the endless year of years.
 The world may pass and perish; thou, God, wilt not remove;
 No hatred of all devils can part me from thy love;
 No hungering or thirsting, no poverty nor care,
 No wrath of mighty princes, can reach my shelter there:
 No angel and no heaven, no throne nor power nor might,
 No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fight,
 No height, no depth, no creature that has been or can be,
 Can drive me from thy bosom, can sever me from thee;
 My heart in joy uleapeth, grief cannot linger there;
 She singeth high in glory amidst the sunshine fair;
 The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and his love;
 The fountain of my singing is deep in heaven above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

THE GUIDING HAND.

CONVERSIONS.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US, TO GIVE
LIGHT TO THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS AND IN THE SHADOW
OF DEATH, TO GUIDE OUR FEET INTO THE WAY OF PEACE."
Luke i. 78, 79.

"THE MEEK WILL HE GUIDE IN JUDGMENT, AND THE MEEK
WILL HE TEACH HIS WAY." Ps. xxv. 9.

"WHEN HE, THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH, IS COME, HE WILL GUIDE
YOU INTO ALL TRUTH." John xvi. 13.

THE GUIDING HAND.

CONVERSIONS.

THE CZAR AND THE PSALM.

When Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, came to the throne, few Bibles were found in his empire, and great carelessness in reference to religion almost universally prevailed. A high place in the church soon came vacant, and the emperor appointed his favorite prince, Alexander Galitzin, to fill it. He at first declined the appointment, on the plea of his entire ignorance of religion, but the emperor overruled the objection as of no weight. Constrained to accept the position, the prince on his first interview with the venerable archbishop Platoff, requested him to point out some book which would give him a correct view of the Christian religion, that he might be better qualified for his official duties. The archbishop, rather surprised at the prince's professed ignorance of religion, recommended the Bible. The prince said he could not think of reading that book. "Well," replied the archbishop, "that is the only book there or ever will be, that can give you a correct view of the Christian religion."

"Then I must remain ignorant of it; reading the Bible is out of the question," was his reply.

The words, however, of the venerable Platoff remained upon his mind, and he shortly afterwards privately bought and read the Bible. The effects were soon visible. He was not known to be a "Bible-reader," but his manners were treated with contempt.

In the year 1812, when information reached St. Petersburg that Napoleon's armies had entered Moscow, a general panic came upon the inhabitants, and they packed up their valuables to flee to some place of security, fully expecting that the French would soon march upon the capital. The emperor was also preparing to go out with a body of troops from the city to withstand the invading foe.

During all this time Prince Galitzin remained calm and unconcerned, and had a large number of men employed in repairing his palace, which he continued to go on with, notwithstanding the prevailing fear. His companions were astonished at his course, and some envious persons told the emperor what he was doing, and ventured to hint that he might be a traitor. who had some secret understanding with the invading foe. Alexander sought an interview with the prince, who was glad of an opportunity to acquaint the emperor with the foundation upon which his confidence was built.

"Galitzin," said the emperor, "what are you doing? What means all this? every one prepares to flee, and you are building!"

"Oh," said the prince, "I am here in as sure a place of safety as any I could flee to; the Lord is my defense."

"Whence have you such confidence?" replied the emperor. "Who assures you of it?"

"I feel it in my heart, and it is also stated in this divinely inspired volume," answered the prince, drawing from his pocket and holding forth a small Bible,—a book which the emperor had never seen before. He put out his hand to receive it, but by some inadvertence it dropped on the floor, opening as it fell. The prince raised the sacred volume, glanced at the open page, and said,—

"Well, permit me to read to you in that very place at which the Bible lies open before us."

It was that wonderful passage, the ninety-first Psalm :

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine

eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

“Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him; and show him my salvation.”

“Oh, that your majesty would seek this retreat!” said the prince, as he read the inspiring words.

The emperor stood for a while as a man astonished. His army was at this time marching out of the city, and as was customary, he repaired to the great church for public worship,—that being the last place the emperor visits when leaving the capital to be absent any considerable time. Entering there, the religious services proceeded, and the officiating priest read before the wondering emperor the same ninety-first Psalm. After the service he sent for the priest, and asked if Galitzin had mentioned the circumstances of their interview. The priest replied that he had heard nothing of the matter.

“Who told you to make choice of that particular

passage this day?" said the emperor. The priest replied that nobody had done it, but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the inspired volume he should read, to encourage the emperor, and that he apprehended that Psalm was the word of the Lord to him.

The emperor proceeded on his way some distance, and late in the evening, feeling a great seriousness of mind, he sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came and began to read—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"Hold," said the emperor. "Who told you to read that?"

"God," said the chaplain.

"How?" said the emperor. "Has Galitzin told you?"

He replied that he had not seen the prince, nor had any one told him what to read. "Surprised at our sending for me," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy Word clearly pointed out to me. Why our majesty interrupted me I know not."


The emperor felt astonished at this, and paid the greater attention to what was read, believing that this must be of the Lord's ordering; he was therefore cry solemnly and tenderly impressed, and from that time he concluded, morning and evening, to read privately a chapter in the Bible. The next day he

was with the Princess Metchersky, at Tver. They agreed to begin the Bible together, regularly to read it every day, so that they might both read the same portion on the same day, and be able to communicate to one another the particular impressions or reflections the reading of the day might have produced.

The world knows what was the end of the French invasion of Russia. Moscow was burned by its inhabitants, and of Napoleon's mighty army, one hundred and twenty-five thousand were slain, one hundred and thirty-two thousand died of fatigue, hunger, disease, and cold, in their disastrous retreat, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand were made prisoners; and the expedition, undertaken in a haughty contempt of the government and providence of God, ended in the downfall of its leader, and the overthrow of his mighty hosts.

As for the emperor, the impressions made upon his mind by that psalm were not transient. He took Galitzin's Bible, and, to use his own language, "I devoured it, finding in it words so suitable to, and descriptive of, the state of my mind. The Lord, by his divine Spirit, was also pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein;—it is to this inward teacher alone that I am indebted;—therefore I consider divine Inspiration, or the teachings of the Spirit of God, as the sure foundation of saving knowledge."

Such was his testimony to Stephen Grellet and William Allen, two members of the Society of



Friends, who visited him, while employed in gospel labor in St. Petersburg, seven years afterwards, in 1819. They found him a man of tender heart, and at repeated interviews the Czar of all the Russias bowed the knee and united in fervent prayer with these two lowly men of God, in the presence of Him who is higher than kings and mightier than emperors, whose throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all.

Most of the circumstances in this account are recorded by Grellet, in his journal, as received from the lips of prince Galitzin himself the day before they left St. Petersburg to pursue their journey to the regions beyond, whither they went to carry tidings of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will toward men.


A STREAM IN THE DESERT.

I knew a man of God who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was impossible to observe him and not to feel that he was separated from those around him by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He told me in deep humility that he could not "speak for the Lord," by which I discovered that he meant that he could not accost strangers on the subject of their personal salvation. If he could not speak to man, he could to God; and never shall I forget the first time I heard his voice raised in supplication and prayer at a little wayside gathering. I knew not from whom it proceeded, but I felt, whoever it was, that soul had power with God.

He went to live in a village where none cared for anything beyond this present life ; he was a stranger, indeed, among them. Early and late he labored in the fields, but the Lord of the whole earth had ordained a blessing for this dark hamlet when he sent his servant there, and a river of the water of life was to flow through this solitary man, unseen by all save the One that keepeth Israel, and neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Yet the servant of God was not required for this ministry to forsake his calling, but to follow the Lord in it. He lived in a poor, thatched cottage, on the outskirts of the village ; and when his work was done, seated by the low casement of his room in summer-time, he rested his weary heart in close communion with his heavenly Friend. Dispirited by intercourse with the profane and the mocker, he refreshed himself with new contemplations of the covenant of grace, or pondered over the promises which he was every day proving for himself were priceless treasures for constant use.

As he communed with God aloud, and poured forth his soul in prayer, a woman of ill character passed by the cottage door. The sound of the stranger's voice arrested her steps, and she lingered by the casement. She listened. Never before had she heard a soul speaking to the God of its life in such glad thanksgiving for redemption through the blood of the Crucified, or imagined such holy boldness in approaching a mercy-seat by her unsought : it seemed a new language to her ears. The prayer



ceased. The listener, astonished and perplexed, went on her way, and the solitary man, the charge of angels, lay down to sleep. None but God saw that tiny rill of life that followed a sinner's steps, whispering, "Come! and let him that heareth say, Come! and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."


Another day passed. The woman took up her station in the twilight to listen, and the freedom from condemnation in which the stranger rejoiced, seemed to bind her in chains of misery unfelt before. Her occupation was a degrading one. She possessed a voice of remarkable power and sweetness; her husband frequented the public houses in the neighborhood, and she accompanied him, for he procured from the landlord or his guests, the beer or spirits that he thirsted for, with the price of his wife's company and songs!

Day by day the singer marked the man of God, to see if his life contradicted in any way his desires after holiness, for his prayers set a sign upon him, and she watched for his halting week after week, and watched in vain. While in many a conflict and in humble brokenness of spirit this lonely man seemed to himself a cumberer of the ground, as far as bringing any honor to God was concerned, yet through him flowed the living stream which should "turn the wilderness into a standing water, and the dry ground into water-springs."

The servant of the Lord slept, unconscious of his ministry, little dreaming that the words he had

spoken to the Lord in the silence of that summer evening, were disturbing the midnight orgies of sinners to whom he had never spoken, and who had never heard of his existence. The woman's heart was heavy, and she could not sing! She turned away in bitterness of spirit from the scene of degradation in which she had hitherto been contented to dwell. The anger of her husband raged against her; his gains were gone, and all the means of procuring his evening's wild revelry were over. His persecution added to the poor creature's distress, but it was as nothing compared to the weight of misery on her soul. Heavier and heavier pressed the burden of her sins; the way of escape she knew not; despair took possession of her soul. Satan now thought the prey was his own; he whispered that in "death there is no remembrance;" but the enemy added not, "and after death the judgment."

The heart-stricken woman saw one way only, and she determined to rid herself of a life which had become intolerable to her. One morning, when she thought herself secure from interruption, she went to a neighboring stable, and, tying a noose in a rope, fastened it securely to a beam in the roof, and prepared to end an existence too miserable to be borne. But, as her foot was on the edge of the loft from which she premeditated casting herself down, the praise and thanksgiving of the stranger for redemption through the precious blood of Jesus, came flowing into her mind. She knelt; she repeated her prayer again and again: such sweetness came with the



words, "Redeemed ! pardoned ! through the precious blood of God's dear Son !" Nor did she pause ; nay, she could not. As if the flood-gates of her tears had opened the way for prayer, it poured forth in a wondrous tide. The sinner wept at the feet of Jesus ! The prey was taken from the mighty. Hour after hour went by ; she heeded it not, and daylight had fallen into evening before her new-born joy allowed her to perceive that the day was spent.

When the servant of the Lord returned to his solitary room, it was to find a rejoicing child of the faith awaiting him, the fruit of those days that seemed of no account, save that he walked in fellowship with Jesus. He had lived near the fountain ; the stream that flowed in refreshment through his own soul, had given life to the weary one without.

Year after year, from many a prayer-meeting, arose the voice of the rescued minstrel, clear and strong, in strains of praise to the Lord and Giver of life. And not alone ;—her husband was by her side, the first to give heed to her words, and to believe her witness to the Lord's long-suffering mercy to himself. Heaven alone can declare the harvest of that lonely man who walked with God.

The faithful Christian is mighty in unconscious power. His soul, as it gravitates towards God, impresses those with whom he may have to do. The silent life, the godly walk, the steadfast faith, the single-hearted service of a Christian man, is more potent than the strife and babble of many a noisy tongue that only proclaims the emptiness of the heart

from which it speaks. And the Christian can be in no circumstances however untoward, no position however secluded, where God cannot use him for his glory. The circle of divine possibilities reaches far beyond the stretch of human perceptions. Christ "must needs go through Samaria," in his journey to Jerusalem, and though the Jews might disapprove the act, yet it was a blessed necessity that led the Son of God to sit faint and weary by the side of Jacob's well in the vale of Sychar, for thus the poor water-carrying woman heard the tidings of the well of water springing up into everlasting life, and thus many of the Samaritans believed.

So we, in circumstances most unpromising, must remember that there is a "need be" for all our "heaviness through manifold temptations;" that if not useful to ourselves our trials may be profitable to those around us; and we may still be unconscious instruments of blessing to those about us when in our own hearts we feel ourselves but cumberers of the ground, or weary wanderers in a dark and desert land. In all the desert's dreariness, God yet will lead us by his clouded pillar, and guide us by his guiding hand.

THE LIGHT-COLORED COAT.

The influence of a right act, done under a divine impulse, can never be fully foreseen by man. No matter how slight the service, or how trivial the offering, the Lord who giveth the increase can cause its fruit to abound. Much zealous and bustling benevo-

lence does no good, but may be a fruitful source of evil, while again some little deed, like Shiloah's waters, "that go softly," carries refreshment and mercy to many a weary soul.

We sometimes hear of maladministration of societies, and diversion of benevolent funds to pay the salaries of the idle, the incompetent, or the selfish, who carry "the bag;" and the question arises sometimes, "*Was this really the Lord's money? or was it money ground from the poor by some hypocrite who devoured widows' houses in secret, and gave alms to be seen of men? Was it the spontaneous out-gush of benevolent hearts and hands? or was it money diverted from its proper purposes and uses by some professional beggar, employed to coax and tease and wheedle and misrepresent, to get money from men, which would not have been given with a full and fair knowledge of the actual facts in the case?*"

On the other hand, we hear of a tribe of heathen, converted by a single tract; or of a vile sinner thus brought to Christ and made a flaming messenger of salvation to the lost; and when the question is asked, "Whose penny paid for that tract?" though we can not always give a definite answer, yet our faith loves to believe that it was not the ample donation of some wealthy worldling, or the liberal alms given to be seen of men, heralded in newspapers, and mentioned in annual reports; but rather the scanty mite of some poor widow, who, out of her privation and necessity, cast in all her living, bedewing it with tears and flowing it with prayers, and whose offering, Jesus,


who "sat over against the treasury," and marked the gift, followed with his eye and attended with his blessing, until its fruits began to be manifest ; and who will continue to care for and increase it until its full perfection in the final harvest day.

But sometimes in this world the chain of causes and effects is more distinctly visible ; and they who labor in the service of the Lord, and strive to do good to their fellow-men, are permitted, even here, to see such results of their labors as give encouragement to their hearts, and teach them that they have not toiled in vain. Such an instance is seen in the case of the "light-colored coat."

We do not know the origin or early history of this useful garment. Who made it, sold it, bought it, wore it, and laid it aside, or who packed it up and sent it to the office of *The Revival* newspaper, in London, we can not tell.

We know nothing of all these matters, but this much we know, the "light-colored coat" was sent to some city missionaries in the east of London, who are fighting with might and main against sin, shame, dirt, darkness, disease, death, and the devil ; with preaching, prayer, porridge, knowledge, coats, garments, shoes, soap, water, fire, and every thing else that they can press into the work as an instrument of blessing to poor, lost, degraded, sinful men.

Among the distressed and lowly ones there was an aged weaver, who had lived all his long life in utter neglect of God. His daughter, the poor and afflicted mother of an afflicted family, mourned night and day



over her father's lost condition, and vainly strove to lead him to the house of prayer. His constant excuse for not going to church was, he had no coat to wear. If they would procure a coat, he would stay away no longer. The large, "light-colored coat" came in due time. It was given to him, and his excuse was taken away, and he was prevailed upon to enter the Gospel Hall, where Mr. Lewis preached the word of salvation; and there, in all his poverty, wretchedness, and sin, the Lord met him, and blessed him with light and life and joy and peace.

In his old age and his poverty he found his way into the "work-house" at Bethnal Green, where he ended his weary life in the grace and peace of Christ. Speaking of his closing hours the missionary says, in *The Revival*, "I much wish these lines could reach the eye of one from whom a large, light-colored coat was sent, and, through your kindness, forwarded to me; for a message has been brought me from a death-bed in Bethnal Green work-house, from one I have never seen, saying that he prayed with his dying breath, that every garment I gave away might be as dear and as precious to souls as that had been to him, then repeating again and again with tears, 'That coat has been the saving of my soul.'"

Those lines of acknowledgement may never have reached the eye for which they were designed, but when the great Judge shall remember and reward even a cup of cold water given in a disciple's name; when the poor old weaver who died among the paupers of Bethnal Green, shall stand in white raiment

THE RAILWAY INTERVIEW.

God finds work for willing hearts and ready hands : and there is no spot where we can not glorify him if we but follow him fully and trust in him with all our hearts. It needs only that we be personally purged from defilement, and thus be made vessels unto honor, fitted for the Master's use, and he will use such for his glory and the good of those around us. The following incident from the *British Messenger* will illustrate this truth :

A child of God in early life, residing in the suburbs of a large city, to which she rode daily by the railway train, was painfully exercised in soul about her duty to the crowds of perishing men who were her fellow-travellers ;—on the one hand, impelled to speak to every one of them of their guilt and danger ; and on the other hand, restrained by maidenly modesty and a fear that, by unbecoming forwardness, she might bring reproach upon the name of Him whom she desired to serve. Her sufferings on this account prepared her to be led into closer fellowship with the Lord ; and she was taught to place herself in his hands, to walk in him, looking for the opportunity as well as the strength for service.

On the first morning after she had been led to this blessed resting-place, she went out with a heart unburdened and free, rejoicing in the Lord, and looking up to know what he would have her to do. The carriage she entered was already over-crowded ; but soon he observed a woman beckoning to her, and removing

some bundles from a seat by her side. When they were seated together, the woman, seeking sympathy, as well as information about her journey, said that she had been summoned to a distant part of the country, to attend a sister on her death-bed.

"Is your sister prepared to die?" asked our young friend.

"Oh!" said the woman, "I wish I were as well prepared as she has been for many years."

"Are you not a Christian, then?"

The woman looked earnestly in the face of the questioner, as if to determine the motive with which the question had been asked; and then began to tell, with much emotion, how a letter from a dying sister had been the means of awakening her to a sense of her condition as a sinner, and of the agony she had endured for some weeks, while she knew no Christian to whom she could unbosom her trouble.

The opportunity had been given, and the message was not withheld, which was a word of power.

"I believe the Lord himself sent you to me," was the conclusion of the grateful and relieved sinner as they parted. And that was precisely the conclusion of the young believer, who found, in the very outset of a new course of service, that it is no vain thing to wait upon him.

Believer, you may have the same proof of his faithfulness at every step of your course. Here was a heart prepared for the message; here also was one prepared to bear the message; and both guided unerringly to the meeting-place, and *that* one of the last

places man would have chosen. Was it a chance meeting? No more than it was by chance that the woman came at that very time to Jacob's well, or that Jesus reached the gate of Nain just in time to meet that funeral procession, or that the same Jesus met Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus. But, O believer! how blessed it is to go thus quietly with your hand in His; not driven, but led to the place of service: knowing all the while that the work is not yours, but his "who worketh in you both to will and to do."

A HYMN IN A TAVERN.

I have read of a minister of the gospel, who, while traveling, I think in one of the western states, stopped at a wayside inn to obtain refreshments for himself and beast. During his tarry there, he felt strongly impressed to sing a certain hymn; and unusual as it might seem, he was not disobedient to the Spirit's voice, but lifted his solemn song, and through it, poured out the pent-up longings of his heart for the salvation of those for whom Christ had died.

The song ended. He called for his horse, and pursued his journey, little thinking what precious seed he had planted in that lonely spot. Many years after he passed that way again, and was greeted as a friend by those whom he had almost forgotten.

He found the lady of the house, and some of her family, had entered the path of Christian discipleship,

and were striving to follow Jesus in the way; and they told him there that that sacred song was blessed of God, and made the instrument of awakening them from their carnal slumbers, and arousing them to seek and serve the Lord.

How many souls, groveling in the midst of earthly cares, have thus been caught up on wings of sacred song, and borne heavenward with new and strong desires. Let us bless God for this precious gift, and so use it here that when the eternal song begins, our voices shall not be found untrained, but shall take up the blessed anthem, and sing the praise of Him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and redeemed us by his blood out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, under heaven.

A SUICIDE PREVENTED.

The *Evangelical Messenger* records the following incident, related by Mrs Wittenmyer, in an address at Cleveland, Ohio:

On a Monday morning, not very long ago, a Christian lady sat at her sewing machine, busy with her work, but thinking on other things. Her heart was troubled because of her unfaithfulness. She had neglected to labor for the conversion of sinners, and queried, "But what can I do?" A still small voice suggested, "You might have spoken to Mr. B——, when you purchased Carrie's shoes on Saturday; it is not too late yet." Her thoughts turned to the fact that she had known and traded with Mr. B—— for

nearly three years, and had never spoken a word to him about his spiritual and eternal welfare. The question arose, "Would I be willing to meet him at the judgment, with such a record of unfaithfulness against me?" The thought was startling. She could not take such a risk. She promptly left her work and went to his store. He was alone. Addressing him, she said :

"Mr. B——, I have been thinking of you this morning, and I am troubled on account of my unfaithfulness, I have known you for nearly three years, and have never spoken to you about the interests of your soul; and I have come to talk with you now, for I could not be willing to meet you at the judgment-seat of Christ, without speaking to you on that subject."

While she spoke, he was powerfully affected, and said to her, "You little know what I was thinking of when you came in: I had made up my mind to take my own life, and was trying to determine whether to use poison or a pistol. But when you made known the object of your coming, I knew that God had sent you to me." He was led to abandon his wicked purpose, and turned to Christ for salvation.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" You can never know what you can do for the salvation of sinners until you have made the proper effort. Oh, neglect not this important duty! Labor daily to win souls to Jesus. "He that winneth souls is wise," said the "wise shall shine as the brightness of the sun." "He that winneth souls is wise," said the "wise shall shine as the brightness of the sun."

THE SCATTERED TRACTS.

A Christian lady, whom I shall call Miss E—, narrated to me the following interesting coincidence:

“The other day,” said she, “I happened to take up, quite casually, an old magazine, and found in it a story of a man who was converted in India, in a rather curious way. The man called on a missionary, and begged to know if he had ever heard of Dr. Hawker, and if he could direct him to any of his writings. The missionary gave him what information he possessed, concerning the works of the venerable doctor, and wished to know what special reason he had for making the inquiry.

“‘Sir,’ said the stranger, ‘I once went down to the shore near the place where I was residing, in order to see a vessel sail for England. The ship was gone before I arrived, and the people who had gathered to see her off were dispersing. As I was turning to go home, I noticed, scattered along the beach, a number of pieces of paper, many of which I picked up. I found that they were tracts, written by one Dr. Hawker; I read them with interest, and God blessed them to my soul. Before then, I was ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing experimentally of Christ. They led me to see that Christ was everything; they led me to my Bible, to my God, to my Saviour. And now I feel a great desire to read whatever other works this good man has written, if I can procure them.’

“Such,” continued Miss E—, “was the substance of the narrative, and it was perused by me with the

most engrossing interest ; not merely as an example of the strange ways in which sinners are sometimes brought by the Holy Spirit to receive Christ, but because of its remarkable coincidence with a circumstance in which I was personally interested, and which I will now detail to you.

“When I was a child, I lived at Plymouth ; and my dear mother, who had long loved the Lord, was a constant attendant on Dr. Hawker’s ministry, which, in common with all who heard him, she greatly valued. My father had been dead many years ; but I had one brother, who was, unhappily, rather wild, and fast getting beyond my poor mother’s control. Living in a great sea-port, he had imbibed a strong desire to see the world, and nothing would serve but that he must go to sea.

“This resolution was most painful to my mother, who labored hard to dissuade him from it, though with little success. In her trouble she sought the counsel of her kind friend and pastor, who, soon perceiving that my brother was not likely to settle on shore, exerted his interest to procure him a berth on board an East Indiaman, the commander of which he knew to be a worthy man, and likely to look after him. He also took an opportunity of giving my poor brother much sound advice ; and my mother took care that he should not depart without his Bible, and a copious supply of good Dr. Hawker’s tracts. The former she instructed him to read daily ; the latter she made him promise to distribute during his voyage in India.

“My brother remained abroad several years, and when at length he returned, my mother, who had not forgotten the tracts, reminded him of his engagement, and asked what he had done with them. He acknowledged that a false shame had prevented him from giving them away until he was upon the point of returning to Europe, when the remembrance of his promise, and his unwillingness to face his mother without some kind of a performance of it, induced him to think what he could do with them. ‘So,’ said he, ‘I took the whole packet, and strewed them along the shore, the very day we sailed. I thought, perhaps some one may pick them up and read them, and so my mother’s intentions may be fulfilled in this way.’

“My brother soon after went to sea, and we never saw him again. But my mother was a woman of much faith and prayer, and she always believed that the tracts were not lost, and that her poor son, also, would ultimately be saved.

“From the tenor of his last letter home, and from the accounts we received of his dying hour, we had good ground for hope that her prayers for him were answered, and that the poor wanderer really found a rest in the bosom of his Saviour. As to the tracts, I had not the least expectation of hearing any more of them in this world; but when I read the story in the old magazine, I felt convinced that my mother’s prayers for a blessing on them had also been heard. For, from the agreement of place and time, I have not the slightest doubt but that the tracts which the

poor man picked up, and which were made the channel of light and blessing to his soul, were the identical tracts which my brother had strewn on the shore. How much further the benefit flowing from them may have extended, eternity may declare."

Such was my friend's tale, which I thought worthy of being taken down, because it shows how God may make use of means, the most simple, and apparently the most unlikely, to work his effectual purpose. Of course I do not recommend such a mode of distributing tracts as scattering them on the sea-shore, especially when the motive was the unworthy one of avoiding the cross of confessing Christ. But there are two lessons suggested by the incident, the one addressed to believers, the other to unbelievers.

Should this narrative fall under the eye of a servant of Christ, I would say, let it encourage you to sow the good seed of the kingdom in hope. When Dr. Hawker wrote those tracts, and when the good lady sent them abroad, neither of them could form the least notion how the Lord would bless them; but they acted in faithfulness and in faith, and the result, (perhaps only a portion of the result,) we have seen. Every testimony to the fullness of Jesus is something, however feeble, that the Holy Spirit may use, and therefore is not to be despised. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccl. xi. 6.)

But to my unconverted readers I have another

word. The story is to you a lesson of encouragement, and a lesson of responsibility. What particular line of truth the scattered tracts pursued I know not; but they testified of Christ; and thus they put him that found them under responsibility to believe the record. Now I wish that this page should be to you what they were to him. To you, as a sinner, Christ is offered as a Saviour. You have destroyed yourself, but help is laid on Him. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." (Isaiah liii. 6.) God saw that you were under the guilt and curse of sin, and that you could do absolutely nothing to deliver yourself. But in his wonderful mercy he ordained that his beloved Son should become a man; that he should be made a sacrifice for sin, that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

And now that you have read this message, God holds you responsible for believing it. He commands you to believe it, and it is at your peril if you do not. "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son." (1 John v. 10.)

But if you feel your heart inclined to come to Jesus, there is great encouragement for you. See, by the poor man's case, how simple a matter is salvation. He heard the testimony; he believed it; he was saved. Go, and do likewise, and thou shalt prove the same blessed result. Salvation has ever been just this: the acceptance by a poor, lost sinner, of Jesus as a mighty Saviour.

PRAY OVER THEM.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, an eminently zealous and useful minister of Christ, relates that a young woman, on his asking her if she had read the tracts he gave her, answered with embarrassment, "Yes;" though conscious that she had not done so. He then gave her others, entreating her to pray over them. She took them, and when she got home, threw them behind her chamber door, saying, "Pray over them, indeed! No, I shall not begin to pray over books!" But as they lay there her eye often rested on them, and she thought she heard them say, "Pray over us! Pray over us!" Probably her conscience reproached her at such times for the falsehood she had uttered in telling Mr. Kilpin that she had read them, and her imagination made the tracts vocal in repeating again and again the minister's injunction to pray over them.

At length she thought she would read them, merely that she might know what she was asked to pray over. The first contained an anecdote which interested her; the next was on eternity, and affected her; the third was on prayer, and brought her to her knees. How remarkable and appropriate were the tracts to her case, as well as the order in which she was guided in their perusal! Was there not a special providence in the subjects presented to her, and divine influence exercised to lead her to pray? She soon became a member of Mr. Kilpin's church, and an active distributor of tracts. She afterwards continued to be an

honorable member of the church, married, and became a mother; and two of her children, as Mr. Kilpin believes, were brought into the fold of the Saviour by her pious care and instruction.

THE PERTINENT TEXT.

One Sabbath morning, while the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was preaching, a young man passed by, with a number of companions, as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to go into the church, saying, "Let us go and hear what this man has to say, that everybody is running after." The young man made this awful answer: "No; I would not go into such a place if Christ himself was preaching."

Some weeks after, he was again passing the church, and being alone, and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door, he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher who was about to begin his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding." Prov. vii. 7. His conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that *he* was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and, for the first time, he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained in the church till the preacher and

congregation had passed out ; then slowly returned to his home. He had early received infidel principles, but the Holy Spirit, who had aroused him in his folly, led him to a constant attendance on the ministry of Dr. B., who had been the instrument of awakening his mind. He cast away his besetting sin, and gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness. He afterwards declared openly his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his desire to devote himself to his service.

THE WAYSIDE BETHEL.

The purposes of divine grace are so entirely beyond the wisdom of mortals, both in their conception and their execution, that man, unable to comprehend them or pass judgment on them, has only to follow the direction of the word and Spirit of the Lord, and leave the results with him. The conviction of duty, impressed by the Holy Ghost, is never to be disregarded; and if we can assign no reason for our obedience to a divine monition, yet in days to come it may be made plain to those who know and love the Lord.

I have read of a servant of God who once, while on his journey to fulfill his ministry, stopped at a betel for refreshment, and while there was impressed upon him a hymn. He sung the sacred song in deep and melting strains, and having satisfied his conscience, went his way. Long afterwards, however, he came to know that that solemn song had been the

arrow of God to sinner's hearts, and that lost souls had thus been won to Christ.

And often in such methods as this, our heavenly Father, choosing his way, his means, his time, and his place, causes his people, when guided by unseen guidance and in unknown ways, to become instruments of wondrous blessing to those whose faces they have never seen. The following circumstance is an instance illustrating this truth :

In the month of July, 1867, Mr. H., a laborer in the gospel field, called at the Repository, and said, "If you have got anything for me, I want it in ten minutes,—I am going to sail for Nova Scotia."

We immediately packed up some fifty or sixty dollars' worth of tracts, papers, pamphlets, etc., and started them for the vessel which was just ready to sail. The voyage was made, and the missionary party of four, consisting of Mr. H., his Christian friend Captain C. and his wife, and Mrs. P., one of "those women that labor in the gospel," landed safely at Y., and started on their journey, preaching, praying, singing, and distributing tracts and copies of THE CHRISTIAN along their way.

One evening, while on their journey to S., they held a meeting in a church at A., and at the close repaired to the hotel where they tarried for the night. In the morning, as they had a long journey before them, they arose early, and started, not waiting to eat, and rode twelve miles to another tavern, where they breakfasted.

Though they had not had time for their accustomed

family devotions, yet they felt no freedom of spirit to tarry there and pray, and so started again on their journey. After a short ride they entered "the long woods," a vast forest, where for nine miles not a house was to be seen on the road. They had gone a mile or two into these woods, when the impression came upon them to stop there and have family worship. They did so. The sisters remained in the carriage, while the brethren alighted upon a large, flat rock by the wayside, and there in the solitude of the primeval forest they read from the Holy Scriptures those words of eternal life which are able to make us wise unto salvation, and kneeling upon the great rock they poured out their hearts to God in prayer for his blessing, his guidance, and the assistance of the Holy Spirit.

Prayer was no novelty to that little company, nor was the divine blessing a strange or unwonted experience to them; but rarely in all their lives had they felt such a consciousness of the divine favor as in that blessed hour. It seemed as if the Lord was specially near to help and bless and comfort their pilgrim hearts, and make that place forever sacred to their memories.

"I thought of Bethel," said Mr. H., "for surely the Lord was in that place, and we knew it; and so said, 'Let us build a monument.' So I got hold of the end of a big stone, and Captain C. hold of the other, and we laid it upon the rock, and then another upon that, and so put stone upon stone, till the monument was finished.

“Then we said, ‘Let us leave a tract here ;’ and so the sisters in the wagon selected one, entitled, ‘One more Invitation,’ and we put it on the top of the pile, and put a little stone upon the corner of the tract to hold it down, that it might not blow away, and then we knelt down again and prayed to God to bless it, and make it the instrument of converting some sinner, and then started on our journey.”

For nearly a hundred miles they scattered tracts and papers all the way along their course, and sent them back into the interior as opportunity was afforded, and proclaimed from place to place the glad tidings of the kingdom of God to those who had an ear to hear. Returning over the road some two weeks later, they stopped beside the great flat rock ;—the tract was gone,—they left another and a copy of *THE CHRISTIAN* with it, prayed again, and having finished their mission returned to their homes.

On arriving in Boston, Mr. H. visited the Repository, and expressed his regret that he had no means to pay for the tracts that had been distributed, one solitary silver half-dollar being the sum total of the receipts for the tracts and papers,—though afterwards, when he had expressed a desire that some one would give another like it, “so that the two might *jingle*,” a lady handed one in. But we told him to make himself easy on that score, for the tracts were free, and we were glad that they were so well distributed. He told us then of the scene by the way-side in the “nine-mile woods,” and of the tracts left and the prayers offered there for the blessing on them.

A few weeks after we saw him again. He was full of joy. He rehearsed the story of the Bethel rock, and said he, "We have heard from *that tract*. A man on his way through the woods noticed the tract, took it down, carried it along with him, and it was the means of his conversion, glory to God!"

The eye of sense might see no special reason why these praying ones could not have enjoyed their daily devotions as well at the hotel as in the dense shades of the "nine-mile forest," but the Lord fore-
v the results of that blessed hour of prayer upon
e way-side rock. The other tract and papers have
t been heard from, but perhaps "after many days"
e scattered bread may be found again.

Till then we must wait and work and pray. And
ile to many this record may seem as an idle tale,
l while others may pass and repass that way-side
nument as carelessly as the Canaanites passed by
stone that Jacob reared at Luz, yet in the memory
the few that worshiped at the way-side Bethel,
l in the sight of angels that wing their way from
even to earth, that rude heap of stones in the "nine-
e forest" of Pubnico, may have a grandeur which
ny a lofty monument does not possess, and a
embrance when the sculptured memorials of
thly greatness shall all have passed away; for
beginnings of a new and endless life in one soul,
y be traced to that lonely place of worship. It
y be that around it will gather something of the
rest which attaches to that Zion of which it is
l, "The Lord shall count, when he writeth


up the people, that this man was born there. 7

Thus does our Father, by his Spirit's guiding,
Direct the ways of those who trust in Him;
Thus does he bless the saints who walk confiding,
Thus does he save the perishing from sin.

And when earth's solemn mysteries are broken,
In the eternal light that God shall shed,
Then shall our praises loud and glad be spoken,
For all the ways where he our feet hath led.

A SLEEP—AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The importance of any single act in human life can not be estimated by ignorant and short-sighted mortals. Insignificant circumstances may shape the mightiest destinies, and untoward events may be freighted with the richest blessings. Through the tangled by-ways of disappointment and trial, God leads us on to blessedness and rest. Jesus "must needs go through Samaria," and the need was not merely because that region lay upon the route to Jerusalem, but also because there were there lost sheep who awaited the good Shepherd's coming, and longed to hear his voice. And though the eye of sense only saw a faint and weary pilgrim sitting by Jacob's well, while his disciples had gone into the city to buy bread, the eye of faith, looking back upon the scene, beholds there the anointed messenger of God, waiting at the appointed time and place, ready to speak "a word in season" to the sinful water-carrier,—having meat to eat unknown to those around, and bearing a message to the poor Samaritans, which led many to believe on Him. And so also the servants



of God are made instruments of blessing, often without their knowledge and against all their own calculations. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Near the close of the month of August, 1866, Mr. S——, a Christian brother from Philadelphia, passing in the vicinity of Boston, took occasion to call at THE SCRIPTURAL TRACT REPOSITORY, that he might renew the friendship of other days, and also personally acquaint himself with a work in which he had felt a deep and active interest. A few pleasant hours were spent in inspecting and discussing the operations of the Repository, and the day drew to a close. The distance of the writer's residence made it inconvenient for Mr. S—— to accept the invitation to share his hospitalities for the night, and as he was a stranger in the city, it was proposed to send him to the house of a friend residing in the vicinity. The arrangement was accordingly suggested to the parties concerned, and proved acceptable; and at the appointed hour Mr. S—— started for his abiding place, in company with his host, who proposed, as there was a public gathering in Faneuil Hall, that they should stop for a little while, on their way home, and listen to the proceedings there.

They stopped. Mr. S——, feeling little interest in the objects of the meeting, seated himself at one side awaiting the pleasure of his companion, and soon fell asleep. His companion, after passing around the hall, staying awhile, and satisfying his curiosity,

sought his guest to escort him to his residence, but could not find him. After a somewhat thorough search in all parts of the crowd, he, concluding that Mr. S—— had grown tired of waiting and had left, started for home, expecting to find him there, but to his mortification, on arriving he learned that nothing had been seen of his guest; nor did he come that night.

Meanwhile Mr. S——, having awakened from his slumber and vainly sought his companion among the crowd, passing hither and thither, and waiting till nearly all the people were dispersed, but finding no one that he knew in the hall, took his leave.

His position was rather embarrassing, for he was a stranger in a strange city. He returned to the Repository, and would have taken shelter there, but all was dark and the doors were closed. After some wandering among the crooked streets of Boston, he found a hotel, and secured a resting place for the night.

In the morning, needing refreshments, he entered a dining saloon near the Repository, and ordered breakfast. He was served by a young man of intelligent appearance, whose jet black hair and dark complexion indicated that his Caucasian blood had felt the burning sunshine of a tropical climate; and he was led by an impulse such as Christians understand, to inquire into his history, and speak to him concerning the faith of Christ, and the blessed hope. He found an attentive listener, one "whose heart the Lord had opened," and who desired to know the grace

of God in truth. Returning to the Repository he narrated the haps and mishaps of his night's experience, which were sufficiently embarrassing to the parties concerned, but which were quickly passed over to their place among the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God;" and he spoke particularly of this young man, whom he had met, and made arrangements by which he could receive THE CHRISTIAN and other religious publications, and be more perfectly taught in the way of life. Dining in the same place, he had an opportunity to speak again to the young stranger, concerning the things of God; and so he departed to his distant home, not forgetting to pray for, and subsequently to inquire after, one whose welfare the Lord had thus laid upon his heart.

The good seed took root, and the young man was led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to confess him before men, and lift the voice of prayer and praise to God, and humbly testify of the grace that he had found.

Once he was in darkness. Born amid the palm groves of Hindostan, but a short distance from the far-famed temple of Juggernaut, his early life was one of ignorance and heathenish superstition. Brought to this country by a gentleman some years since, and living in various cities, he was yet without God, though in a land of Bibles and Sunday-schools. But at length, in this, his own mysterious way, the Good Shepherd found the wandering sheep, and led him to his fold; and it was cheering to hear him tell the story of his former lost estate, and how Jesus died

for him though he knew nothing of it ; and how at last he had brought him home to rest and peace.

When the woman at Jacob's well found Christ and heard him speak the words of truth and life, she "left her water-pot and went her way into the city," forgetful of her former pursuits, and only seeking that others might share the blessing she had gained. And this is but the expression of the feeling of all who hear the Saviour's voice. So this young man thought and spoke of his father and mother in a far off heathen land, bowing down to dumb idols, ignorant of Christ, and without hope in the world ; and longed to go and tell to them the tidings that the woman of Samaria told to those whom she had known. The providence of God afforded him an opportunity to attend school ; and his future is in the hands of Him who loved him and pitied him in the darkness of far-off Hindostan ; who led him all his way in mercy, and brought him to a knowledge of his grace.

THE FIRST AWAKENED.

In a church with which the writer was acquainted, destitute at the time of a pastor, but not without some members who walked with God, the following fact occurred :—A young lady in making a visit to one of her acquaintance, took an unfrequented path through a deeply shaded grove, and as the day was very warm, after pursuing her walk some distance up a somewhat steep acclivity, she stopped to rest herself on a beautiful mossy bank. While seated there,

tones of a human voice very unexpectedly broke on her ear. On turning her eye the way from whence they came, she saw Deacon M—— on horseback, making his way up the same hill.

The thought occurred to her that she would retire from the sight of the road, let him pass, and remain undiscovered. This she did. As the Deacon approached leisurely on his horse, she was wondering what could be his object in being so busily engaged talking to himself, as she could distinctly discover no fellow-mortal accompanied him. As he drew nearer, and she could hear his voice more plainly, she ascertained that he was engaged in *prayer*. The only impression that left a distinct impression on her mind was, “O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth in this case.”

He passed on praying, till the sounds which came from his lips died away on her ear. But an impression was made upon her heart, as it may be hoped, which will never die away, but prepare her to mingle the symphonies of the redeemed in ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb. A new discovery respecting Christians was at this instant made to her. “In this manner,” she reflected with herself, “in which they live, and pass on their way about the town? Do they thus pray for the youth? How unlike to a Christian have I lived! I have never prayed in this manner; I have seldom thought of the souls of others, cared but very little for my own. While others pray for me, I live without praying for myself.” Her sins, particularly her neglect of prayer to Him

who is everywhere, now became a distressing burden to her. Soon, we have reason to hope, there was joy among the angels of God over her as a penitent, and over many others in the town. She was the first awakened in a revival.

THE SKEPTIC AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

A short time since, a gentleman, conversing of his visit to South America, spoke of an interview with a young man, whom he had formerly known in New York, and who, like many others, having more money than good counsel left him by his parents, soon became self-sufficient, and went on from vice to another till he became an open infidel. He had remained thus when he left New York for South America, but when this gentleman met him, the avowed infidel had become a humble believer in Jesus Christ, and the tongue that was wont to blaspheme was lifting the voice of supplication for the blessing of God upon his guilty soul. Greatly surprised at seeing the young man "clothed and in his right mind," the gentleman inquired what had wrought the change.

Said he, "You know I spent much of my time in fishing and hunting, and a few weeks since, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, I went in search of game. Being weary of roaming about the woods, I sat down on a log to rest. While thus seated, my attention was attracted to a neighboring tree, by the cries of a

bird which was fluttering over her nest, uttering shrieks of anguish as if a viper were destroying her young.

"On looking about, I soon found the subject of my dread, in that apt emblem of all evil, a venomous snake, dragging his slow length along towards the tree, his eye intent on the bird and her nest. Presently I saw the male bird coming from a distance with a little twig covered with leaves, in his mouth. Instantly the father bird laid the twig over his mate and her young, and then perched himself on one of the topmost branches of the tree, awaiting the arrival of the enemy.

"By this time the snake had reached the spot. Coiling himself around the trunk, he ascended the tree at length; gliding along the branch till he came near the nest, he lifted his head as if to take his victim by surprise. He looked at the nest, then suddenly drew back his head as if he had been shot, and hurriedly made his way down the tree.

"I had the curiosity to see what had turned him from his malicious purpose; and on ascending the tree, I found the twig to have been broken from a thorny bush which that snake was never known to approach.


"Instantly the thought rushed across my mind, 'Who taught that bird its only weapon of defense in this hour of peril?' and quick as thought came the answer, 'None but God Almighty, whose very existence I have denied, but in whose pardoning mercy, through Jesus Christ, I am now permitted to hope.'"

God sends men to the ant to learn industry, to the ravens and the lilies for lessons of trust; and here in the protection of a defenseless bird's nest from a cruel foe, shines out the same kind providence which watches the falling sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads. No wonder that the infidel was convinced of his error; for surely, none but the fool can say in his heart, "There is no God."

BRANDS PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

In the Spring of 1847 I was traveling with a brother clergyman, on our way to an ecclesiastical meeting in P——, Va. Having to pass through the county of A——, we proposed going by the village at the court-house, and to call on friends there, but being engaged in conversation, we passed a cross road leading to the court-house, and did not discover our mistake until we had gone several miles, when it was too late to return. While we reproached ourselves for our inattention, the Lord was guiding us in a way we knew not, and for a purpose we could not perceive.

We had not proceeded far when we perceived a house on fire about half a mile distant. The younger of the two put his horse into a gallop, and soon came up to the fire. It was a log house, and the roof was in a blaze in three places. On entering the house he was met at the threshold by the piteous cry of an old man, who was lying on a trundle-bed in one corner, entirely crippled with rheumatism, and as helpless



as an infant. "O, sir," cried he, "for mercy's sake take me out, or I shall be burned up alive!" He became a little more calm when assured that he was not in immediate danger, and that he would be taken care of in time. In the loft above was found his aged and terror-stricken wife, who had been trying in vain to extinguish the fire with a little tin bucket half full of water, and a small gourd. As soon as the young minister found an axe, he went heartily to work; and after knocking off a large portion of the roof, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and had the pleasure of assuring the old couple that the danger was over and all was safe. They expressed their gratitude with flowing tears and many thanks. The minister told them to give thanks to God, whose providence alone had saved them,—that they intended to have taken another road, but had been led this way.

"Wonderful mercy!" said the old man; and trembling and turning pale at the thought, he added, "Oh, had you gone by the court-house, we had by this time been burned to ashes. What a mercy, what a mercy!" he continued to repeat, and said, "Oh, how wicked I have been! I have never believed in a providence. I laughed at it, and hated the thought that God took any notice of us; but now I feel there is a providence. Yes, there is a providence that sent us here to save us from the fire."

He then inquired who we were, and where from; and when told that we were ministers of the gospel, and that one of us lived twenty-five miles and the other one hundred miles distant, he was deeply

affected, and said, "How strange it is! I have always hated ministers, and would not permit them to cross my door-sill, and now God has sent two of them to save such an old, vile, crippled creature as I am from death!"

He began then to confess the sins of his past life, and particularly expressed regret that he had so long opposed his wife, who, he said, always wanted to be a Christian. He had been a soldier in Wayne's army, and there, he said, he had learned to drink liquor, to scoff at religion, and to make Tom Paine's book his bible; "and now," said he, "I begin to feel the guilt of it all. It comes upon me like a mountain's load."

They were told that their sins had kindled ^{the} more dreadful fire of perdition, from which no ^{only} earthly arm could save; and they were both urged to ^{see} flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on the ^{and} hope that was nailed to the cross. A tract entitled, "The ^{the} Conversion of John Price," was read to them. It contains a brief notice of the downward course of: ^{an} a habitual drinker and gamester, and of his wonderful ^{al} reformation and conversion to God. One of the ^e most touching passages in the tract is that in which he asks his little daughter to read the Bible to him. She read the fifty-first psalm and the one hundred ^l and third. The father was much affected, and wept ^t and said, "Surely, God made her choose those two ^o psalms."

The old couple, both in tears, listened to the reading, and when it was completed, he said, "Surely,

God made you choose that for us,—every word of it comes home to my heart ; and now will you be kind enough to read to us the same chapters of the Bible that the little girl read to her father?" The request was granted, and the fifty-first psalm was read. "Have mercy upon me, O God," etc. It was distinctly read. There he lay upon his bed, a man of large frame, with a finely developed head, a high and full forehead, a large blue eye, and expanded chest, but with his arms and legs so contracted by rheumatism that for sixteen years he had been unable to move himself without aid. As the reading proceeded, his broad chest began to heave with emotion, and the tears ran down his cheeks. On hearing the fourth verse, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned," he cried out, "Yes, that is the worst of it ; it is all against God,—all against God. Have mercy on me, O God." He became more composed, and when the reading was finished, he said, "That is God's word, and seems made on purpose for me."

His aged wife, who was filled with wonder and delight at what she had both seen and heard, asked at the other psalm might be read. The hundred and third psalm was accordingly read, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," etc. The old lady was greatly gratified ; she walked up and down the room, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, O my soul ! bless the Lord, he has saved us this day from fire, and he will save us from our sins ; he forgiveth all our iniquities. Praise the Lord, that I have lived to see this day. My old man will now let me read and sing and pray ;

he will let ministers come to our house, and we will both seek and serve the Lord together."

After much such talk, we kneeled and prayed,—the first prayer, as the old man said, that was ever made in that house. We bade them farewell, not expecting to meet them again until the judgment day. The old couple lived about three years after this event, and we are credibly informed that they lived in a manner to illustrate and magnify the wondrous grace of God to the chief of sinners, and then died, both in the same year, fully fourscore years of age, in the faith and lively hope of the gospel of Christ.

A COLLEGE AND ITS PRESIDENT.

On the twenty-sixth day of December, 1831, died Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, at the age of eighty-one years. Born near Bordeaux, in France, May 21st, 1750, the son of a seaman, and bred to his father's calling, he rose in time, to be master of a vessel, and accumulated sufficient property to establish himself as a small trader in Philadelphia in 1769. After his settlement there, various shrewd ventures and favorable circumstances contributed to increase his possessions. Some fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, placed for safe-keeping on board of two of his vessels in one of the ports of Saint Domingo, fell into his hands in consequence of the slaughter of the owners and their families during the insurrection there. His diligent hand made him rich; he exacted

his dues to the uttermost farthing ; and by labor, foresight, and economy, he amassed a fortune of some nine millions of dollars, most of which, by his will, was devoted to purposes of benevolence and public utility. So unsocial, frugal, grasping, and parsimonious was he that it is said, "he never had a friend ;" yet he was generous in his benefactions, and especially mindful of the necessities of those who were sick ; and during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, 1797, and 1798, he gave not only his money, but his personal labors, for the relief of the suffering ; performing the most menial services, acting as both physician and nurse, and for some two months taking charge of one of the yellow fever hospitals.

Shrewd, but uneducated ; inheriting French ideas and traditions ; in religion a "free thinker," and a disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau ; his early training and experience left him with little faith in priests or ecclesiastics, and when, at his death, he bequeathed more than two millions of dollars, together with a plot of ground in Philadelphia, for the erection and support of a college for orphans, he expressly declared in his will, that, while the officers of the institution were to instruct the pupils in the purest principles of morality, no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever, was to hold any connection with the college, or be admitted to the premises *even as a visitor* ; so that students might be left free from sectarian influences, and allowed to form their own religious opinions upon their entrance into active life.

Work on the college was commenced in July, 1833, and more than \$1,930,000 was expended in building and preparing. The college was opened for use January 1st, 1848. The main edifice is a splendid marble structure, 169 feet long, 111 feet wide, and 97 feet high ; which, with other appropriate buildings, stands in the midst of forty-one acres of playgrounds and gardens. Since its opening, this place has been the home of hundreds of orphan boys, who have there been educated, trained, and fitted for active life ; though no minister of the gospel has been allowed to visit or address them.

The importance of religious teaching in early years can hardly be overestimated ; but it is a matter of gratitude that men need not be dependent on ministers or ecclesiastics for the knowledge of God, or for instruction in righteousness ; and hence, while clergymen of all sects are excluded from Girard college, men of devout and earnest faith have not been wanting to teach the pupils there the way of life and peace.

Dr. Geo. E. Adams tells, in the *Boston Recorder*, how one president was prepared for Girard college : "On the 25th of September, 1829, a new class entered Bowdoin college,—among them, William Henry Allen. The first recitation of the class, in Latin, was to Prof. T. C. Upham. At a very early date, the professor, who never seemed to see anybody, but always saw everybody, marked Allen, in his own mind, as one who was bound to be a power in the world ; and resolved to do whatever he could

to make him a power for Christ ; and following his rule to say some word in regard to personal religion to some one, every day, soon and repeatedly approached this young man, and endeavored to persuade him to consecrate his life to the Saviour. Allen, however, was rather worldly and ambitious, and disposed to make of religion a very pressing subject of attention just then, and though the professor, strong in faith and prayer, and in the power of God's truth, was not wont to be defeated in any Christian enterprise to which his heart was given, it was not ill the young man had been away from the college or some time, that he confessed to Prof. Upham that the seed he had sown had sprung up, and begun to bear fruit.

“ ‘Now, then,’ said the professor to himself, Allen must be induced to enter the ministry.’ On his point, the professor failed. ‘And I never could understand it,’ said Prof. Upham to me, one day, ‘till I learned that he had been made president of a college, within whose walls he never could have entered, had he become a minister, and, within those walls, was delivering two excellent Christian discourses every Sunday.’ ”

The care, education, and support of a college containing five or six hundred orphans, between the ages of six and eighteen—including provision for food, raiment, and an apprenticeship to honest occupations—is a matter which might well deserve the attention of Him who is “a Father of the fatherless ;” and so, while he was leading the mind of a worldly

skeptic to devote his hoarded millions to so good an end, he knew how to train the man he needed to administer such a weighty trust, keeping him free from ecclesiastical titles or sectarian bonds, that he might serve his generation by the will of God, on a broader basis than a denominational platform, and in a ministry beyond the reach of professional ecclesiastics. And the fact that William H. Allen, LL.D., President of Girard college, was elected and for years served as President of the American Bible Society, leads us to infer that, after all, Girard college, with its magnificent marble buildings, and its grand endowment, is not an entirely godless concern, but that He who watches over all the interests of his creatures, has wrought out its destinies according to the counsel of his own will.

HOWE AND THE MAGISTRATE.

The eminent John Howe, who died in England in 1705, had many remarkable experiences, of which he kept some records. But in his last illness he called his son, and sending him to his private desk for a number of small manuscript volumes, he, for reasons which he did not explain, made him solemnly promise that he would immediately destroy them all. But though he left no memorials of his history, yet the savor of his piety and zeal remains, and a biographer writes of him: "We know of no individual of that age who stands before us with a character so fair and perfect as John Howe; who maintained so signally,

throughout many a checkered scene, a walk and conversation becoming the gospel."

The following incident in his life, illustrates the guidance of the Lord; both in the deliverance of his faithful servant from danger, and in making him an instrument of the salvation of a cruel persecutor:

When the melancholy state of the times compelled this excellent man to quit the public charge of his beloved congregation at Torrington, in Devonshire, oppressed with a sense of duty, he embraced every opportunity of preaching the word of life. He and Mr. Flavel used frequently to conduct their secret ministration at midnight, in different houses in the north of Devonshire. One of the principal of these was Hudscott, an ancient mansion belonging to the family of Rolle, between Torrington and Southmolton. Yet, even there, the observant eye of malevolence was upon them. Mr. Howe had been officiating here, one dark and stormy wintry night, when an alarm was made that information had been given, and a warrant granted to apprehend him. It was judged prudent for him to quit the house; but in riding over the large common, he and his servant missed their way. After several fruitless efforts to recover it, the attendant went forward to seek for a habitation, where they might find directions or a lodging. He soon discovered a mansion, and received a cheerful invitation to rest there for the night. But how great was Mr. Howe's surprise to find, on his arrival, that the house belonged to his most inveterate enemy, a country magistrate who had often breathed the most implacable

vengeance against him, and, as he had reason to believe, was well acquainted with the occasion of his traveling at such an hour. However, he put the best face he could upon it, and even mentioned his name and residence to the gentleman, trusting to Providence for the result. His host ordered supper to be provided, and entered into a lengthened conversation with his guest; and was so delighted with his company, that it was a very late hour before he could permit him to retire. In the morning, Mr. Howe expected to be accosted with a commitment, and sent to Exeter jail; but, on the contrary, he was received by the family at breakfast with a very hospitable welcome. After mutual civilities, he departed to his own abode, greatly wondering to himself at the kindness of a man from whom he had before dreaded so much. Not long after, the gentleman sent for Mr. Howe, who found him confined to bed by sickness, and still more deeply wounded with a sense of sin. He acknowledged that, when Mr. Howe came first to his door, he inwardly rejoiced that he had an opportunity of exercising his malice upon him, but that his conversation and his manner insensibly awed him into respect. He had seriously meditated on the observations which had fallen from the lips of the man of God, and had become penitent, earnestly anxious for the blessings of eternal life. From that sickness he recovered, became an eminent Christian, a friend to the conscientious, and an intimate companion of the man whom he had threatened with his vengeance in his sinful days.

A STRANGE OPENING.

Among the many remarkable ways in which God opens the door for his truth to reach the hearts of men, the following instance was narrated by an English town missionary, not long ago :

There was a lodging house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friends, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy from his convictions of duty, that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away. "Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said :

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and our lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right

you may call at this house, and read and pray with us and our lodgers as much as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear the clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say—for I am a man of my word?"

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said, "I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word *girl* in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word *girl* is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel, iii. 3. The words are, 'And sold a *girl* for wine that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat; I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word *girl*, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely his hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised at this manifest token of providential direction, and were thus led to serious reflection, and this remarkable incident has been overruled to the hopeful conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.

COLLINS AND THE FUNERAL.

Among the mighty men of God who labored to spread the gospel of Christ in the newly-settled portions of America, was John Collins, who was born in New Jersey, in 1769, and died in Maysville, Kentucky, August 21st, 1842. Earnest, logical, devout, and eloquent, many souls were given him as seals of his ministry, among whom was John McLean, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to whose pen we are indebted for a sketch of Collins' life, and various incidents connected with his ministry.

Unlike many at the present day, Collins could not harmonize in his own mind the practice of war with the gospel of peace, and hence, when he would follow Christ, he forsook the world. When he was converted, he held the office of major of the militia; but he laid down when he received a commission in Emanuel's army. The one who succeeded him came to purchase his uniform and arms, and Mr. Collins said to him, in his own peculiar style, "*My friend, when you put these on think of the reason why I put 'em off.*" The remark made an indelible impression upon his mind, sunk deep into his soul, and led to important results. It led him to reflect, and his reflections led him to act. He, also, renounced his commission, and became a man of prayer; he yielded to the most illustrious of conquerors, enlisted in the army of the redeemed, and fought under the great Captain of our salvation."

In the experience of Collins, there were frequent instances which illustrate the direction of the Guiding Hand. The following interesting instance is an example :

When the country was new and but thinly settled, Mr. Collins was riding upon the banks of the Ohio river, some thirty or forty miles above Cincinnati, in company with a friend, when they came to the forks of the road ; the left-hand road led more directly to their place of destination, the right was more circuitous ; but Mr. Collins, against remonstrance, preferred the latter, from an impression which he did not particularly define. It led to the mouth of Red Oak, where the town of Ripley is now situated.

As they approached this point they saw a funeral procession, which they immediately joined, and followed it to the grave. It was the *first* funeral in that place. The corpse was the wife of Mr. Bernard Jackson, an avowed infidel. The scarcity of ministers in a newly-settled country often prevents the holding of religious exercises in connection with the burial of the dead, and the skepticism of Mr. Jackson may have tended to the same result. But whether he desired it or not, God had purposed that to those people who had gathered to open the first grave in their forest settlement, the gospel of Him who brought life and immortality to light should be proclaimed for the salvation of those whose probation was yet extended. The hour had come, and the messenger of God was ready with his tidings. After the grave was covered, Mr. Collins stepped forward

and made known to the people that he was a preacher of the gospel, and would then preach a sermon to all that remained. No one went away. Solemnly and seriously they stood around the new-made grave, where one of their number had just been laid, and listened while he read for his text, "I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ;" and preached to them the word of everlasting life.

The word was quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. The circumstances of the occasion, and the manifestation of the hand of God in guiding his servant to that mourning group, added to the solemnity of the hour ; and while death and judgment, and life and immortality, were set before the people, all hearts were moved by the power of the truth. There were many tears and sobs in the congregation. The infidel husband was overcome ; and from that day and hour he renounced infidelity, shortly after became a member of the church, lived to adorn the Christian religion, and died in peace. He had one son, who was afterwards a traveling preacher in the state of Indiana.

Mr. Collins believed in a special providence. The inclination to take the right-hand road, he believed was prompted by it, of which he could entertain no doubt when he saw the funeral procession and reached to the mourning crowd.

"And is this," says Judge McLean, who relates this incident, "too small a matter for Deity? Peter was called to preach to Cornelius ; and his objections

were overcome in an extraordinary manner. Philip, being prompted by the Spirit, joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch, and 'preached unto him Jesus.' And who that believes the Bible does not believe that the same Spirit operates more or less upon Christians at the present day?"

Would that this inward guiding was more devoutly sought and teachably accepted; then, where we now see sinners scoffing at a money-seeking ministry, we should see them filled with solemn awe at the providence which guides the servants of the Lord, and the might that clothes and seals his quick and powerful Word.

A BLESSED MISTAKE.

One day as Felix Neff, the Swiss Evangelist, was walking in a street in Lausanne, a city in Switzerland, he saw in the distance, as he supposed, a person with whom he was acquainted. He ran up behind him, and overtaking him, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The person turned quickly about at the abrupt query, and proved to be an entire stranger. Neff saw his error, apologized, left him, and went his way.

Some three or four years afterward, a person came to Neff and accosted him, saying that he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize him, and desired him to explain his meaning. The stranger answered, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in

a street of Lausanne, and whom you asked, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I; your question led me to serious reflections, and now I find it is well with my soul."

By such strange and inexplicable means does God bring about the accomplishment of his purposes of mercy and grace. Time, place, and circumstances are all subservient to his will. And the anointed sons of God are often led by a way they know not, and upon errands unperceived, for the glory of God and the benefit and salvation of mankind. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel," said David. Blessed are they who are guided by such a gracious hand.

A RABBIT CHASE.

More than sixty years ago, in a retired New England parish, three youths met by agreement every Sunday morning, and walked together to church. One, who was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, was an earnest Christian; another was a skeptic; and between these two, during the walk, the subject of religion was warmly discussed. Each, however, remained firm in his own convictions.

It chanced one day that the apprentice was in the hay-field, looking at the men as they were mowing. Suddenly a rabbit started up among the mowers, who threw down their scythes and gave chase. The dog, too, joined in the pursuit, and, carried away by the excitement, he unwarily set his bare heel on one of the sharp scythes. Help was immediately called,

but such was the loss of blood from the several arteries, that the surgeon gave no hope of recovery.

The young skeptic called on his companion. In the apparently dying lad he saw the power of that religion he had so often attacked. Where argument had failed, the calm confidence, the lively hope, and the dying joy of his companion, reached success. He went from that presence a converted soul.

The lad, however, recovered, but was a cripple for life. Giving up the thought of learning a trade, he pursued a course of study, entered the ministry, and became the well-known and much loved missionary to the Choctaws, Cyrus Kingsbury, D. D. The converted companion became the no less distinguished Dr. Joel Hawes, for so many years a preacher in Hartford, Conn. Two glorious lives dating from the chance running of a rabbit!

The truth of this story is vouched for by a son of one of the three friends, Rev. H. D. Walker, of Bridgewater, Mass.

CONVERSION OF COUNT GASPARIN.

Adolph Monod, one of the most gifted and faithful evangelical ministers of the present century, preached Christ crucified and his free grace, to his church in Lyons, France. One Lord's day, preaching from the text, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he spoke of the person of Christ as the true God-man.

He announced, at the same time, that the next Sabbath he should show how men could be saved through faith in this God-man. But the authorities of this church were full of Catholic and other errors, and opposed to a doctrine so truly evangelical. Hence, they informed Monod that if he did not omit the sermon he had announced, they would have him arrested and brought before the prefect, and dismissed from his office. Monod, notwithstanding, preached his sermon, and the authorities made their complaint. The prefect demanded the two sermons of the accused, and Monod sent them to him. The prefect was a Catholic count — Count de Gasparin. He came home that evening to his wife, and found the sermons. He never liked sermons, especially evangelical sermons. But he was a man who discharged faithfully the duties of his office. It was necessary that the sermons should be read. He came to his wife with the manuscripts in his hand, complaining that he would have to give up the whole evening to this irksome and protracted labor. She offered, as her husband's worthy helpmeet, to read the sermons with him, so that the task might seem to him less tedious. They began. They read the first. With every page they grew more interested. They forgot that it was evening and night. That which was at first an official duty, became a service of the heart. They finished the first, and eagerly grasped the second. And what was the result? As a magistrate — as a prefect — Gasparin was forced to deprive Monod of his place, because all the authorities demanded it. But he and

his wife became evangelical Christians ; yes, living, joyful, and happy believers in Christ. They found that night the pearl of great price, and it has remained in the family. Their son, Count Agenor de Gasparin, has long been the head and pillar of the evangelical party in France.

A STRAY BIBLE.

A missionary in India was descending in a boat the river Gunduck, when he saw near a village a group of Hindoos seated on the ground. One of the number was reading ; the rest were deeply attentive. Curious to witness this scene, he landed and approached them, when, to his surprise, he found that the book around which the circle was gathered was the Holy Scriptures. When he made himself known, the reader manifested the greatest joy. He immediately asked many explanations, and while the missionary remained in the vicinity, he often sought for him and had many serious interviews with him. His faith was weak, and he had not sufficient strength to make a public profession of faith in Christ. But subsequently he visited the missionary many times at his station, traveling for this purpose a considerable distance. The result was his entire and sincere conversion. Some time afterwards the Hindoo was baptized, and his example was blessed as the means of bringing into the church his brother, and two or three of his friends.

But whence came this copy of the Holy Scriptures?

Some time before, another missionary, passing down the same river, had landed and distributed a few volumes containing the four Gospels and the Acts. This man, of a naturally thoughtful disposition; and already disgusted with the idolatry in which he had been brought up, found in the sacred volume a foundation for a better faith. And, as Andrew communicated to his brother the knowledge of the Saviour whom he had found, so did this Hindoo to his friends; and the volume, apparently cast upon the wind, was made the means to several souls of a happy acquaintance with the way of salvation. What an encouragement thus to toil on, and sow with tears the precious seed in faith and hope!

THE MOHAMMEDAN BOOK-BINDER.

When Henry Martyn, during one period of his Indian career, was located at Cawnpore, in northern India, he resolved to extend his labors beyond the soldiers and English residents to whom the regulations of the East India Company would have confined his efforts, and to be in reality a missionary as well as a chaplain. In his "compound" or garden, was a *labootra*, a slightly elevated platform of masonry, such as natives always have in their gardens, for the purpose of sitting, in the summer evening, where they may catch every breath of air. On this he used to gather together on Sunday afternoons all the *queers*, or Hindu devotees, of the neighborhood—men deformed, filthy, and sometimes depraved, whose

self-inflicted deformities and voluntary filth were accepted as marks of superior holiness. These he would address in terms of most earnest exhortation on the holiness and purity of the gospel.

Overlooking this garden, and within hearing distance of the *chabootra*, stood a small *kiosk*, or summer-house, in which several young Mohammedans of the city were accustomed to assemble to smoke and interchange city gossip. They were always leering and scoffing at the young *Ferringhee Parde*, or English clergyman, and his most unattractive and unpromising group of listeners.

Among these young Mohammedans was one who distinguished himself by the coarseness and scurrility of his remarks. Being somewhat in advance of his companions in intelligence, he aspired to take the lead in abusing and insulting the unoffending chaplain. However, one Sunday afternoon, some remark of Martyn's appeared to produce an unusual effect on the young scoffer. His whole manner underwent a change. He seemed to be listening with interest and attention, and almost with reverence, so much that he drew down upon himself the jeers and taunts of his licentious companions. From that day it was noticed that his customary seat in the *kiosk* was empty. He was never seen there again. What had become of him?

He was by occupation a book-binder; and about this time he was required to bind a book for one of the English residents. The book was written in Hindoostanee. As the sheets were passing through

his hands he glanced at the contents, and was struck with their marked similarity in language and thought to the addresses he had heard from the chaplain. He read it carefully through before returning it to the owner. It was a copy of the Hindoostanee translation of the New Testament which Henry Martyn had recently completed. And the result, under the divine blessing, of that "arrow shot at a venture," and the earnest perusal of that book, led the young scoffing 'Mohammedan book-binder of Cawnpore to become, after long and prayerful preparation, an ordained missionary in the church of Christ, and a very faithful and able preacher of that faith he once despised.

THE FRIGHTENED ROBBERS.

It is related that after John Wesley had been preaching one winter's morning, at five o'clock, at the Foundry chapel in London, a pious young woman, who was dressed in white, in returning home, midway across the fields, saw two men advancing towards her with no good intention, as she judged from their very profane language.

She dropped immediately on her knees, with the lantern in her hand, and said, "O, Lord God, thou hast promised to be a very present help in time of need; help thine handmaid in this time of danger!"

The two men immediately fled, and she went on her way, thankful to God for her deliverance from unreasonable and wicked men.

Some time after this, as she was going over the field again, to the chapel, she saw a man sitting on the fence, looking very ill and emaciated. She spoke to him about his soul. He confessed his wickedness, and said that once he came over that field with a companion, with a design to rob, as they supposed, a young woman. On approaching her, the object, which was dressed in white, sunk into the earth, when they instantly fled, supposing that they had seen an apparition. He said that his companion was thrown into a fever, and died raving mad, and that he had been wretchedly lingering to that time, filled with apprehension and remorse. The surprise of the man on learning that he was now speaking to the same person, as well as her interest in one so providentially brought under her influence, must be imagined. It seemed as if the hand of God had brought them together, and that for purposes of mercy; and the opportunity was duly improved in the fear and in the love of the Master whom she served. She exhorted him to go to the chapel, where he would hear of Jesus. He did so, and became a Christian.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

I was standing by the side of my mother under the spacious porch of Dr. B——'s church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk toward the church. They were dressed in their working-clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly

intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I don't feel right. I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. A most excellent sermon was preached from Ecclesiastes xi. 1. The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" said she. "Yes, na'am." "Well, take my son's Bible till you procure one of your own, and come to church again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed

fervently for the conversion of that young man. Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church without giving my mother the opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed, "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on ; my praying mother passed to her rest ; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, Sabbath, at the conclusion of public worship, a gentleman seated behind me asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at "The George ;" and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon

as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions — my name, age, occupation, birth-place, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. B——'s church. I was astonished — the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed; after which Mr. C—— gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and traveled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he,

also, had a mother, — a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in Southern Africa.

“The moment I saw your Bible this morning,” he said, “I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. B——’s text on the day of my salvation,—‘Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.’”

THE MYSTERIOUS UNKINDNESS.

The late ingenious Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, was once engaged to deliver “the charge” at the ordination of a minister. He exhorted him notwithstanding every possible discouragement to persevere in the work to which he was called, assuring him, that in the end; God would succeed his labors. With a view to encourage him, he should relate an anecdote which had been lately

told him, and though the names of the parties had been carefully concealed, he had no doubt of its authenticity.

He then stated that a certain minister, being about to travel in the country, was particularly requested by a friend, to call at the house of a farmer, an intimate associate of his early years, and a man whom he often yet visited, and to take up his abode there for the night. The minister pleaded that he was a perfect stranger, that he might be considered a sort of interloper, and several other things, all of which were overruled by his friend, who assured him of the piety, and unbounded liberality of the farmer, and promised him a letter of introduction; he farther stated that he had often conversed with the farmer respecting him, and, in a word, the good farmer would feel his mind much hurt, if he passed that way and did not spend a night under his roof. Under these circumstances the minister consented, and one summer's evening rode up to the farmer's gate.

He found the good man standing near; but instead of meeting him with the smile of politeness, he demanded in a surly tone who he was. The minister gave him his name, handed him his letter of introduction, and assigned his reasons for paying him a visit. The farmer eyed him with suspicion, half insinuated that he was an impostor, but at length told him he might put his horse into the stable, and walk into the house. At first the minister hesitated; he almost determined to ride to the

village; but on second thoughts he resolved to stay. He unsaddled his horse, and walked into the house; and not being asked to walk into the parlor, he took his seat with the servants in the kitchen.

Supper time came. The servants whispered among themselves, "It is a wonder master doesn't ask the gentleman into the parlor." At his request, he was supplied with a basin of milk. After supper, the family was collected to engage in the devotions of the evening; the minister followed at the heels of the servants, and took his seat near the door, not a little surprised at the treatment he received. The farmer read a portion of the Scriptures; a pause ensued; there was evidently a violent agitation in the farmer's breast; at length he asked the minister to pray. They knelt down, and the worthy preacher forgot his trials; and, elevated to a high state of holy feeling, his prayer was eminent for spirituality and power. When he concluded and rose from his knees, the farmer, with tears streaming from his eyes, stepped up to him, and before the whole family, solicited pardon for the treatment he had given him; assuring him that he had never before so treated a minister; and from all that he had ever heard of him, he had for him in particular a high personal respect; and finally, that in reference to his conduct that evening, it was to himself the most mysterious event of his life. He concluded by begging him to stay with him a few days, that his kindness might make up for his past unkindness. The minister begged he would forget what had passed,

assured him that what degree of shyness he had witnessed should on his part be forgotten, and that his engagements would not allow him to stay longer. Nothing, however, would satisfy the farmer but that the minister would stay one day longer, and preach in his house in the evening; to this he at length consented, and went off in the morning, attended with the best prayers and wishes of the man who had received him with so much coldness.

“And what, my brother,” asked Robinson, “do you suppose was the result? No less than three branches of the farmer’s family were brought to a knowledge of themselves and of the Saviour, under the sermon delivered in consequence of this mysterious unkindness.”

The whole congregation were deeply impressed with so interesting a detail, made in Robinson’s best manner; but the effect on the mind of the newly ordained minister was overpowering: he blushed, then turned pale, fainted, and was carried out into the air; the usual remedies were administered, and he gradually recovered. The scene was then unfolded; he was the very minister who formed the hero of the story; he had followed Robinson throughout till he came to the effects produced by the sermon; this he had never heard till then; and his feelings were overpowered with joy and gratitude.

“Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.”

THE MINISTER AND THE SICK GIRL.

The following authentic instance of divine direction is furnished by the son of the minister referred to; who often heard his father relate the circumstance:

Mr. R——, a faithful minister of the gospel as well as a merchant, some few years before railroads were known, left his native village for the city of P——, to make his usual purchases of goods. The distance of about one hundred miles, was then accomplished in two days' travel by stage coaches. When near the end of the second day, some twelve or fifteen miles from the city, he became impressed with the thought that he would not reach his destination that day. He tried to dismiss the idea, and could only think that an accident would prevent it. However, the stage stopped at the last exchange hotel, and almost involuntarily, he said, "I took my carpet bag and walked into the hotel, asking for entertainment,"—concluding to follow the bent of his mind; not knowing why or wherefore.

Supper was announced; he was the only guest; and was waited on by a middle-aged lady. At an early hour he retired, or purposed to do so, but was interrupted by a rap at the door communicating with the room next the one he was to occupy. He answered the call, when the lady of the dining room requested permission to get something in the room. After having asked to be excused for the interruption, she had scarcely commenced the search, when turning around she asked: "Are you not a minister of

the gospel?" The answer was, "Yes, madam; and why do you ask?"

She replied that her daughter was lying very ill, and very anxious about her salvation. "To-day," said she, "I prayed God to send some one to pray and talk with her, and the moment you put your foot in the dining room something seemed to say, 'he is the man, ask him.'"

Mr. R—— complied with her request, found the daughter very sick in body and mind, prayed and talked till near daylight, when she was able to trust in the Great Physician of souls, and was made to rejoice in his pardoning love. Then it was clear to his mind why he was not to end his journey the previous day. Such are the ways of Providence oftentimes, ruling and overruling when we fail to recognize the Divine hand.

A CHILD'S TEXT.


Rev. Dr. Milnor was brought up a Quaker, became a distinguished lawyer in Philadelphia, and was a member of Congress for three successive terms. Returning to his home on a visit during his last Congressional term, his little daughter rushed upon him exclaiming, "Papa! papa! do you know I can read?" "No," he said, "let me hear you!" She opened her little Bible and read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." It was an arrow in her father's heart. It came to him as a solemn admonition. "Out of the mouth of babes" had proceeded God's

word, and His Spirit moved within him. He was driven to his closet, and a friend calling upon him found he had been weeping over the *Dairyman's Daughter*. Although forty years of age, he abandoned politics and law for the ministry of the gospel. For thirty years he was the beloved rector of St. George's church, in Philadelphia, the predecessor of the venerated Dr. Tyng.

THE TORN HYMN.

A few years ago a Jewish lady knocked at the door of a servant of the gospel, who dwelt in a German town. The object of her coming was one of benevolence. The minister was busy, and his wife received the Jewess. In the course of a short conversation she discovered her hostile sentiments towards the true faith, as well as her ignorance of its doctrines. Presently the minister entered, and began solemnly and faithfully to speak of the gospel of Christ. The Jewish lady boldly confessed her hatred to the doctrine of the despised Nazarine, and contemptuously rejected all other except the Jewish faith. As she was about to go away, the faithful servant of the Lord gave her a Bible, with the earnest request that she would read it. She accepted the Bible, but the request was disregarded. The Bible was laid aside, and considered as quite a useless article; the dust of days, months, and years collected on its sacred, unopened leaves.

But the eye of the God of Abraham watched over the Jewish lady, and he thought of her in love. Six



years after our friend's visit to the minister, she went out one morning to make a purchase in a neighboring shop. When she came home, and was looking at the articles she had bought, her eyes fell upon the lines of an old hymn in which the things were wrapped up. She read, and felt interested in it. The poetry was about a young lady, a portion of whose history was related; it told of a sin into which she had fallen, and of the misery which ensued. "I will try to get the rest of this poetry," thought the Jewess, "so that I may learn the end of this poor young lady." She went back to the shop, and among the torn paper, the remainder which she wanted was found, and given to her for a trifle. She hastened home, eager to learn the end of the story. But how little had she expected such an end: she not only read of the misery of the young lady, but also of the way by which she was led to Christ, and how in his atoning love she found peace and forgiveness. Finally, her happy end was described, and how simple faith in a crucified Redeemer had illumined her hour of death. "Christ!" said the Jewish lady to herself; "have I not once before spoken of this Christ?" Suddenly she recollected her visit to the servant of God, — his earnest request resounded in her ears, — she remembered his present so long neglected. "I will fetch the book which will tell me more about this Christ who gave peace and joy to the dying lady." She opened its pages, read, and continued to read for hours. The book, for six years forgotten, was read with all earnestness; light dawned in her soul; the


despised Nazarine stood before her as a rejected Saviour. "I will go to the man again who gave me the book," thought she, "and learn from him its meaning." No sooner said than done. She sought out the man of God, who still worked at his post. The Lord opened her heart, as he did Lydia's, and in a short time she received Christ with joy ; and now she counted every thing but loss in comparison with the unsearchable riches of Christ. With boldness she confessed her faith, endured trials and opposition, the loss of possessions and friends. She was baptized, and became a happy member of the church of Christ. *"Is not my word like as a fire ? saith the Lord ; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces ?"*

THE LOST BOOK AND THE SAVED SINNER.

Some years ago a little boy had a present from his grandmamma of a little book with verses of Scripture. It was bound in red leather and had his name written on it. One day, when he went to visit the lions at Lynn Mart, his little book fell out of his pocket. He was a very little boy, and much troubled at the loss of the book, for his name was written on it by his grandmother herself.

The matter was almost forgotten, when a year afterward the clergyman of a parish about eight miles from Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book :

He said he had been sent for to see the wife of a man living on a wild common on the outskirts of his



parish, a notoriously bad character. The message was brought to him by the medical man who attended her, and who, after describing her as being most strangely altered, added, "You will find the lion become a lamb;" and so it proved. She who had been wild and rough, whose language had been violent and her conduct untamed, lay on a bed of exceeding suffering, patient and resigned.

On arriving at the house, the clergyman heard the following story from the woman herself, explaining the cause of the marvelous change: Her child had picked up the book and carried it home as lawful spoil. Curiosity—or, rather, some feeling put into her heart by Him without whose leave a sparrow falleth not to the ground—had induced her to read it. The Word had been blessed to her, and the understanding opened to receive the gospel truth. Sin in her sight had become hateful; blasphemy was no longer heard from her lips. She drew from under her pillow her "precious book," as she called it, which had taken away the fear of death.

She died soon afterward, filled with joy and hope in believing, having in those portions of Scripture found a Saviour to bear the burden of guilt and thus present her, clad in his own spotless righteousness, before the throne of God. God's providence had brought to her that little book to lead her to Christ.

Who can tell the value of a little book or the scattering of a handful of gospel tracts? The seed may seem lost,—forgotten; but what glad surprises will the harvest bring! "Blessed are ye that sow!"

LIBERTY FOR A CAPTIVE.

A most striking instance of the faithfulness of God in fulfilling his promises, and in answering the prayers of his saints, is narrated in the *New York Observer*, by J. G. Bass, a city missionary.

In his labors in the King's County penitentiary, he found a young man, the son of an English clergyman, educated and cultivated, a child of many prayers, whose mother, a woman of deep religious experience, had labored to lead her children to the blessed Saviour, and even down through her last sickness and dying hour, had commended them to God in prayer, especially imploring the blessing of the Lord upon this, her eldest boy.

In the year 1871, he came to America, full of hope; spent a month in travel, and through letters of recommendation, joined with his intelligence and prepossessing appearance, obtained a respectable place in a mercantile house in New York. There, away from home, among strangers, he forgot the counsels of his father and the prayers of his mother. listened to the seductions of pleasure, formed sinful associations, contracted evil habits, and in less than four months from the time he left his father's house, became a convicted inmate of the penitentiary, with blasted reputation, and ruined hopes.

But while thus far from home and friends, the eye of God was upon the desolate prodigal, and this is the story he tells:—

“I was taken to the prison in company with several

other men, and put in a cell, to await my turn to have my hair cut and change my clothes for the prison garb. Alone in the cell, I felt my utterly helpless, hopeless, characterless condition; I was ready to fall; my eye measured the cheerless place, the like of which should be my home for months to come. In the corner of the cell, I saw a piece of paper, and I instinctively stooped and picked it up; I needed some human voice or some printed word *then* to call me back from despair. The paper was the first half of *Good Cheer*, No. 1, having on the first page an engraving of 'The Kind-hearted Policeman.' The first thing that struck my eye *was an article from the pen of my own mother*. It brought to my mind the image of my dear deceased mother, her smile, her counsels, her prayers; it was like a voice from the unseen world. As I raised my eyes from reading the article, blinded almost as I was with tears, I read at the head of the column, over my mother's article, these words: '*The last opportunity.*' Conviction for sin, deep, pungent, seized upon me; I cried unto God in my anguish, and on the Sunday following, in the prison chapel, while singing the hymn,—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I come!'

I was enabled to cast my guilty soul on the world's Redeemer and mine, and find peace and pardon through his atonement. *God suffered me to go to*

prison, that my mother's prayers might be answered."

J. W—— was still a prisoner, but his soul was free. He served out his sentence, and is now at liberty, rejoicing in Christ. The following hymn, which he wrote and gave to the chaplain, to read to his fellow-prisoners, will tell the story of his humble trust in Christ.

THE HYMN.

Just as thou art, with naught to plead,
But that I suffered for thy need ;
And for thy vilest sin did bleed ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

Just as thou art, no longer stay,
Hoping thy guilt to wipe away ;
My care with all thy fears allay ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

Just as thou art, though struggling still,
With unbelief and evil will ;
My grace can conquer every ill ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

Just as thou art, thy aching breast,
Shall find in me relief and rest,
I welcome all with sin oppressed ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

Just as thou art, with all thy need ;
Thy Father waits to clothe and feed,
And yearns thy wandering heart to lead ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

Just as thou art, do not delay ;
Yield thyself wholly from this day,
And thou shalt ne'er be cast away ;
Come then, O sinner, come !

THE INFIDEL AND THE PIRATES.


A native of Sweden, residing in the south of France, had occasion to go from one port to another in the Baltic Sea. When he came to the place whence he expected to sail, the vessel was gone. On inquiring, he found a fishing-boat going the same way, in which he embarked. After being for some time out at sea, the men, observing that he had several trunks and chests on board, concluded he must be very rich, and therefore agreed among themselves to throw him overboard. This purpose he heard them express, and it gave him great uneasiness. So he took occasion to open one of his trunks, which contained some books. Observing this, they remarked among themselves that it was not worth while to throw him into the sea, as they did not want any books, which they supposed all the trunks contained. They asked him if he was a priest. Hardly knowing what reply to make, he told them he was; at which they seemed much pleased, and said they would have a sermon on the next day, as it was the Sabbath.

This increased the anxiety and distress of his mind, for he knew himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking as it was possible for any one to be, as he knew very little of the Scriptures; neither did he believe in the inspiration of the Bible.

At length they came to a small rocky island, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference, where was a company of pirates, who had chosen this little sequestered spot to deposit their treasures. He was

taken to a cave, and introduced to an old woman, to whom they remarked that they were to have a sermon preached the next day. She said she was very glad of it, for she had not heard the word of God for a great while. His was a trying case, for preach he must; still he knew nothing about preaching. If he refused, or undertook to preach and did not please, he expected it would be his death. With these thoughts he passed a sleepless night. In the morning his mind was not settled upon anything. To call upon God, whom he believed to be inaccessible, was altogether vain. He could devise no way whereby he might be saved. He walked to and fro, still shut up in darkness, striving to collect something to say to them, but could not think of even a single sentence.

When the appointed time for the meeting arrived, he entered the cave, where he found the men assembled. There was a seat prepared for him, and a Bible on it. They sat for the space of half an hour in profound silence; and even then, the anguish of his soul was as great as human nature was capable of enduring. At length these words came to his mind: "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous: verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth." He arose and delivered them; then other words presented themselves; and so on till his understanding became opened and his heart enlarged in a manner astonishing to himself. He spoke upon subjects suited to their condition,—the rewards of the righteous; the judgments of the wicked; the necessity of repentance, and the importance of a change of life. The



matchless love of God to the children of men, had such a powerful effect upon the mind of those wretched beings, that they were melted into tears.

Nor was he less astonished at the unbounded goodness of Almighty God, in thus interposing to save his spiritual as well as his natural life, and well might he exclaim,—“This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.” Under a deep sense of God’s goodness, his heart became filled with such thankfulness, that it was out of his power to express it. What a marvelous change was suddenly brought about by Divine interposition! He who a little before disbelieved in God, was now humbled before him; and they who were meditating his death were moved to affection.

The next morning they put him in one of their vessels and conveyed him where he desired. From that time he was a changed man. From an infidel he became a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The ultimate effect of this strange sermon upon those ungodly men, can only be disclosed in the judgment; but if in the coming glory of the eternal day, it should appear that others who heard him then were sharers of the blessing, it would only add another to the many instances where the leadings of divine Providence have prepared the way for the manifestations of divine grace in the salvation of lost sinners. The word of grace, proclaimed by a sinner to sinners, had proved a savor of life unto life to him who spoke it, and had melted the hearts of those who had long been strangers to the message of salvation.

FATHER HARDING'S CONVERT.

The reverend Father Harding, though peculiar in many of his modes of action, speech, and thought, was yet in a remarkable degree a man of humble faith and prayer, and was often strangely used and directed of the Lord as an instrument for the conversion of sinners. Bold for the truth, firm in his conscientious judgment in controversies, and strong in the faith, giving glory to God, he was an ever ready witness for the Lord, and his testimony was with power.

The following anecdote was related by Albion Ross, an esteemed minister of Christ, who was sometimes his companion in labor. He received the story from the lips of Father Harding himself :

Father Harding once attended a meeting in B——, a town on the banks of the Petiscoot river, and while there, was moved to rebuke the prevailing worldliness and pride which were creeping into the church, and eating out the power of godliness like a canker. On this occasion, if we mistake not, the burden of his testimony had reference to the too prevalent practice of religious congregations relinquishing that exercise of praise which is so comely in the upright, and allowing this important portion of Christian worship to pass into the hands of wicked, worldly, and profane persons, who mock the Lord with falsehoods while professing to honor him with praise : and if they sing,

"Thou art ashamed to own thy Lord."

sing a lie, for they are ashamed both of Christ and

his words; and whose hypocritical praises, blended with dulcet strains of worldly melody, though in an artistic point of view they may be excellent, yet considered as worship addressed to the Almighty and ever-living God, are more impertinent than the antics of a monkey in the presence-chamber of a king.


The earnestness with which he rebuked the profanation of God's worship by those who uttered solemn words with thoughtless tongues, and the pointed testimony he bore against prevailing evils, enraged some of the people, and he was forcibly and summarily ejected from the house; and two rude men, confiding more, perhaps, in man's wrath than in God's righteousness, grasped him by his arms, and dragged him down the hill,—he quietly remarking as he went, “Christ was crucified between two thieves,”—hurried him to the river's brink, and pushed him down headlong amid the dirt and sand and stones.

Recovering himself from his fall, he meekly climbed the bank, where the two persecutors met him and pushed him back once more among the stones. Just at this moment a man, who, while employed in an adjacent field, had observed their brutal conduct, came running to the place, ready to fight, and willing to defend any one who was treated with such indignity and abuse. He reached the place eager to do battle, but as he was beginning to interfere, and preparing for a struggle, he was stopped by Father Harding, who exclaimed, “Don't you touch them!” and falling on his knees, he began to pray for those who so spitefully used him and persecuted him,

with a fervor and unction known only to those whose acquaintance with God is intimate, and whose faith overcometh the world. The prayer was ended; the old man was victorious through divine power; and, as of old on that occasion when an enraged multitude, filled with wrath at the teachings of the Messiah, had thrust him forth to hurl him headlong unto death,—“He, passing through the midst of them, went his way,” teaching and preaching as before—so the old man went on in peace, rejoicing in his deliverance from his enemies, and preaching salvation far and near.

But this was not the end. God, who sends his servants forth to sow the seed, watches and waters it himself when the sower's hand is busy in far off fields, and it was in his divine purpose to make a blessing abound even through such a scene of persecution as that. There was a “need be” for that trial, and so there is for all the Christian's tribulations, and oh, what blessings God will bestow amid them all if we will simply hold fast our integrity in obedience and faith, and endure all things as he has commanded us to do! Then he can work with us and make our defeats victories, and our sorrows joys.

So it was with Father Harding. Years passed away; the scene at the river bank was only remembered as one of many instances where he had been counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ, and had been called to endure violence for his Master's sake; nor did he dream of any special blessing on that hour. But one day as he was



traveling in a distant locality, he was hailed by a stranger who greeted him with all the warmth of Christian love and friendship.

"I do not know you," said Father Harding.

"Don't you remember when those two men were pushing you down the river bank at B——, a man came running to your defense?"

"Yes."


"I was that man; and when you forbade me to touch them, and knelt and prayed for God to bless those who spitefully used you and persecuted you, I thought in my mind, 'There, I must have just the kind of religion which that old man has.' And from that time, again and again, these words would ring in my ears, 'You must have the same kind of religion which that old man had,' until at last I sought and found the Lord, and now I greet you as a fellow-pilgrim bound for the land of rest."

Such was the substance of their conversation, and the reader can easily imagine what a blessed Ebenezer to the weary pilgrim was this memorial of God's guiding goodness, and his gracious care. Often in after years did Father Harding relate the story, showing how God could make the wrath of man to praise him, and feeling, like the apostle, that the things that had happened unto him had fallen out for the furtherance of the gospel, and that thus, in this strange and mysterious way, God was pleased to bring home a lost sinner who might not have been reached by any of the ordinary instrumentalities which could have been employed.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Mr. Thomas Champness says : "One snowy day I was preaching in Yorkshire on the top of a great hill, and there was a family that used to worship in that chapel that lived a long way from it. I had not a chance to say anything to them about spiritual things. There were two young women in the family for whom I was very much drawn to pray. I was anxious to get a word into their hearts about the Saviour. This snowy day prevented their return to their farmhouse after the afternoon service as their custom was. They had to stay until the evening service, and the gentleman they were invited to stay with was the same that entertained me. When I went into the drawing-room who should be there but the girl about whom I had been praying, and praying that I might have an opportunity of saying a word to. I felt that now was the time, and said just a sentence or two, and then somebody came in, so that no more was said. During the week she wrote me a letter in which she said : 'Nobody ever spoke to me about my soul, and I had been praying to God that you would do so some day ;' and the result was that she gave herself to the Lord Jesus Christ."

Thousands of unsaved souls are to-day waiting, as you, reader, perhaps once waited, that some one may say to them a word to guide them in the way of peace. Their hearts yearn as your heart yearned in the days when you knew not God. They shrink as you shrunk from a public avowal of their thoughts and feelings,



but they are hungering and thirsting for righteousness and for rest. Will you not speak to them some word, as God shall give you a word to speak, and trust that he will make the message effectual to their present and eternal salvation?

THE TRACT AND THE OYSTER.

A professional diver said he had in his house—what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, “I can hold out against God’s mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus.” He became, while in the ocean’s depths, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man,—“saved at the bottom of the sea.”

Are you doing anything to publish and scatter gospel tracts? A tract which costs a penny may save a soul. And tracts can be multiplied by millions if means are furnished to pay their trifling cost. Some can write tracts; others can publish them economically; others can pay for them; others, still, can distribute them judiciously; and so all can be helpers in the work, and sharers in the blessing.

THE SUICIDE AND HER BIBLE.

“When I am weak, then am I strong.”

The late Rev. T. Wills, in the course of one of his journeys, preaching at Lady Huntington's chapel, in Bristol, from, “My grace is sufficient for thee,” took occasion to relate the circumstance of a young woman who knew and loved the Lord; but was laboring under a strong temptation to put a period to her life by drowning herself. The enemy so far succeeded as to prevail on her to go to the river, in order to put the dreadful plan in execution; but as she was adjusting her clothes, to prevent her from floating, she felt something in her pocket;—it was her Bible. She thought she would take it out and look in it again for the last time. She did so; and the above-mentioned text immediately caught her eye. The Lord applied it with its own energy to her soul; the snare was instantly broken, the temptation was taken away, and she returned, blessing him who had given her the victory.

The relation of this circumstance was blessed to the conversion of a man and his wife then present; and to completing a similar deliverance. These persons, it appeared, previous to this time, had lived in an almost continual state of enmity; their habitation exhibited a scene of discord and confusion; and often their quarrels would end in a total silence. Some considerable time would elapse before a single word would be exchanged by them. In one of these unhappy seasons, the wife came to the dreadful

determination of drowning herself. She accordingly left her house for the purpose, and came near the river; but it being too light, she feared, on that account, she should be detected. She therefore knew not where to go till it grew darker. She at length espied a place of worship open. She thought she would go in, and when it was over it would be sufficiently dark.

She went in. Mr. Wills was preaching; and, as already observed, related the before-mentioned circumstance. She heard with attention; the Lord blessed what she heard to her conversion; and the devil lost his ends. She returned another person; and when she came home her husband looked at her with surprise. Her countenance, which before was the index of a malevolent disposition, now indicated the temper of a lamb. Struck with her appearance, her husband asked her where she had been. She told him. He immediately interrogates her, "And did you see me there?" She replied, "No." He added, "But I was; and, blessed be God, I found his grace sufficient for me also!"

WHAT A FLY DID.

Near by a church lived a very wicked man, a rum-seller, by the way, who seemed not to fear God or regard man. He despised all good things, and loved to do wrong rather than right. It happened that the church near him was remodeled, and an organ

was put in, and there was to be some good playing on it, and excellent music by the choir on the "re-opening" of the church. This man wanted to hear the music, but he did not want to hear the sermon. He was puzzled for the time, but finally hit upon this plan: he would go into the church, take a seat in an obscure corner and listen to the music, but stop his ears with his fingers when there was any praying, preaching, or talking. So he went in and enjoyed the singing and the sound of the organ, but when the minister prayed he stopped his ears as tightly as possible. When prayer was over, and singing commenced, he took his fingers from his ears, but stopped them again as soon as the minister began reading a chapter in the Bible. While he sat thus, self-made deaf, a fly lit on his nose and began to run round, and occasionally it stopped and thrust down its bill as if to take a bite from the skin. The man bore it as long as he could, and then involuntarily brushed the fly off with his hand, leaving one ear unstopped while he did so. Just at that instant the minister read the verse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The words struck him with peculiar force; he thought a moment, unstopped his other ear, and listened to the rest of the chapter and to the sermon following. He went from the church with a changed purpose, became a good man, and lived many years, trying all the time to do all the good he could to others, and to repair the mischief done by his former conduct. The improvement in the church, the organ, the attractive exercises, were all instru-

mental in drawing this man in where a good seed might be dropped into the soil of his mind, but that little fly was also necessary to unstop his ears.

A STAR IN THE CROWN.

A young lady was preparing for the dance hall, and standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown ornamented with silver stars, upon her head. While thus standing, a little fair-headed sister climbed in a chair and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus,—“Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!” Said the little one,—“I was *looking at* that, and *thinking* of something else.” “Pray, tell me what you are thinking about—*you*, a little child.” “I was remembering that my Sabbath-school teacher said, that if we save sinners by our influence we shall win stars to our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished I could save some soul.” The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation; the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the association of her friends. At a seasonable hour she left the hall and returned to her home; and going to her chamber, where her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her soft cheek, and said: “Precious sister, you have one star for your crown;” and kneeling at the bedside, offered a fervent prayer to God for mercy.

JUXTA CRUCEM.

From the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling

Like a trumpet, silver-clear.
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
It is FINISHED, is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load ;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

Love, its fullness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men ;
Love, the gladness past all naming,
Of an open heaven proclaiming,
Love that bids us enter in.

GOD IS LOVE ;—we read the writing,
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
GOD IS LIGHT ;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth ;
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of nature's second birth.

HORATIUS BONAR.

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